THE

AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.
S. AUG. EPIST. CCXXXVIII. AD PASCENT.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

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THE STRUGGLE FOR CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

"IN primary schools, the influence of religion must be habitually present: If the priest distrusts the teacher, or leaves him alone, or if the teacher looks upon himself as the independent rival, and not the faithful fellow-worker of the priest, the moral value of the school is lost, and it is not far from becoming a danger."

So speaks, in his "Memoirs," the illustrious Guizot, the greatest Protestant produced by France in modern times.

Now listen to M. Jules Ferry, the man who plumes himself on being the author of the present system of national education in France, which he has made, so far as the law can make it, compulsory and absolutely GODLESS:

"The scholar system of the Republic is not the work of any one particular person or party; it is the product of our Republican party as a whole. It is a living witness of what can be effected by unanimity and perseverance in a party thoroughly united.

"It is not an edifice merely begun; nor is it as yet completed. Nothing can ever be said to be finished in the matter of public instruction. It is not a structure the foundations of which are merely traced out on the ground. It stands erect before us; and we can survey its design and understand its harmony. . . . I say with pride, in the name of the whole Democratic party, this is the system dreamed of by the immortal authors of this great, complete

plan of (lay and godless) instruction, reported to the legislature by Talleyrand and elaborated by Condorcet.

"Yes, this system of national education, dreamed of by our fathers, is now a reality.

"We reproach the Revolution (of 1789) with having betrayed many hopes. History has, indeed, recorded more than one striking failure. But here the success is complete."

So spoke Gambetta's right-hand man and successor in the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 6th of June last. It was a memorable and stormy session. So long as the ex-minister confined himself to a history and defence of the process of *laicization* and *dechristianization* (for this term is now adopted) of the public schools and other institutions in France, he was cheered by his own—the Centre—party, and by the Radical Left. But this arch-persecutor, who had driven thousands of saintly religious from their homes, and spent hundreds upon hundreds of millions in erecting schools from which God is banished, had the effrontery to conclude his discourse by offering to Catholics proposals of religious peace. Then arose such a storm of indignation as never before raged within the chamber,—the Catholics repelling with scorn and defiance the peace offered by such hands, and the Radical Left denouncing with cries of fury the false-hearted hypocrite who dared to speak in their name or offer any truce to the Catholic Church.

Then came the sitting of June the 8th, when Count Albert de Mun, speaking in the name of Christian France, replied to Ferry. Never did the French Chambers behold such a triumph of Christian eloquence and patriotism over the cause of the anti-Christian revolution.

Ferry had been foolhardy enough to quote in favor of his lay schools and godless system of instruction the great authority of Guizot. The excitement and enthusiasm of the Chamber reached its height when Count de Mun, after refuting the statistics of his adversary, turned against him the well-known religious sentiments and declarations of the great Calvinist prime minister.

"Ah, you try to throw the great name of Guizot like a mantle over your hideous deeds!" he exclaimed. "No, no! Guizot is not with you, nor Saint-Marc Girardin, nor Victor Hugo. . . . Oh, no, no! You must not cover yourself with these great names. The memory of these illustrious dead rises up against you. You do not belong to their family; you have no right to call upon them. If you really need some one to father you, then claim Danton, who shouted out in the Convention these blasphemous words: 'Children belong to the republic before they belong to their parents.'"

Here the Extreme or Radical Left broke forth into frantic ap-

plause of Danton's sentiment, while the Conservative members were carried beyond themselves by the victorious eloquence of the speaker.

"Ah," said Count de Mun, turning toward the Left, "you are right in cheering these words; I know you thereby. In so far as Danton is concerned, you belong to his family." There was an indescribable outburst of cheering on the one side, and of mad, angry cries on the other. "Our children belong to France," shouted one, "before they belong to the Vatican!" But the entire assemblage was under the mighty spell of the Christian orator, and every interruption only drew down on the Republican majority some crushing rejoinder which silenced and stunned them.

"Yes," he said, with a superb gesture of scorn and defiance, "your ancestors are to be found in the Convention. Nowhere else must you seek them. From them you learned that educational *neutrality*, which you, M. Jules Ferry, dared the other day to defend here to our faces,—aye, to *our* faces, who know what is happening in every one of our departments. . . ."

So far, we are like one reporting from the battle-field the progress of some mighty conflict,—like Chickamauga, or Chancellorsville, or Gettysburg,—on the issue of which hangs the life of a nation.

Aye,—on the conflict now going on in France depends, in very, very deed, the life of the nation. And if the greatness, the very existence, of France is involved in the present struggle, surely the issue must be not only interesting to all Christendom, in which this noble people have played hitherto a leading part, but to Americans all that touches the life of France must be a matter of deep and loving interest. For her soldiers stood by ours beneath the stars and stripes, when our independence as a nation was won. And her peril as a nation, as a Catholic nation especially, must be to all Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen a subject of still deeper concern. For in the days when our ancestral faith was sorely persecuted, and the very existence of the Irish race was threatened, we found in Catholic France both warm sympathy and effective succor.

It will, therefore, most surely interest us now to study well the chances in favor of the sorely tried cause of Christian education in that same France. All the other questions raised by the present anti-Christian persecutors,—the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship and of the Embassy to the Vatican, the repeal of the Concordat, the complete separation of Church and State, the taking away from the clergy of cathedrals, churches, episcopal

residences, and presbyteries,—all these are secondary to the one great vital question:

Will the youth of France be educated henceforth in godless, anti-Christian schools? Or, will the great majority of the nation succeed in educating their children in the knowledge and practice of their ancestral faith?

We take it that the very existence of France as a nation depends on its remaining a Christian nation.

By carefully analyzing the discussion that has just ended in the French legislature, we shall be able to obtain a correct estimate of the real success achieved so far by the anti-Christian Republican majority in the Chambers, as represented by M. Jules Ferry, as well as of the heroic efforts and sacrifices made by the real majority of the French people, under the leadership of Count de Mun and Senator Chesnelong,—to educate the youth of France in Christian principles, and to keep its manhood on the royal road of Christian practice.

I.

Ere we come to examine M. Jules Ferry's utterances on June 6th, 1889, it will be instructive to give a brief history of his calamitous achievements as Minister of Public Instruction and Prime Minister.

The readers of the REVIEW will not have forgotten the lamentable want of moral courage shown in January, 1879, by Marshal MacMahon, when he allowed the intrigues and votes of the Republican majority in the French chambers to frighten him into abdicating the presidency. The veteran soldier should have stood to his post of duty without any thought of surrendering to a factious opposition.

Jules Grevy, chosen to succeed him by the majority of both Chambers united, was only a figurehead, Gambetta, the speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, being the real ruler of France. But his rule only lasted so long as he carried out the behests of the Masonic and anti-Christian power which controlled Parliament, and was aiming to be absolute and unchecked master of the military, educational, and administrative forces of France.

The first advantage which the lodges determined to obtain was to possess themselves of the schools of the nation, and to banish from them every master or mistress who believed in God or was likely to inculcate religious belief or practice.

In 1875, a law had authorized the creation of Catholic universities in Paris, Lille, Tours, Lyons, and Toulouse. These were erected and organized by private subscriptions amounting to three millions of dollars, one proof among many of the exhaustless

generosity of French Catholics. And this first subscription was only the beginning of the magnanimous support to be given to these great schools.

But the repeal of this law, and the abrogation of every disposition known to exist in favor of Catholic or religious instruction in French legislation, was made by the government a question of immediate urgency. Of course the Masonic press, all powerful for evil at the moment, cheered on the legislature in its work of destruction.

Jules Ferry, the Minister of Public Instruction, introduced a Bill, on March 15th, 1879, for organizing on a new footing the Superior Council of Public Instruction. Up to that time four seats had been reserved in that body for the representatives of the French Hierarchy. The new Bill eliminated from it almost every religious element and influence. The "free" or unofficial establishments of superior education in France were allowed, indeed, to have *four* members to represent them; but the remaining *fifty* members of the council were carefully selected because they were heart and soul in favor of LAICIZATION, that is, of taking the instruction and training of youth entirely out of the hands of the Church, or of any person or persons known to be or suspected of being tainted with "clericalism," that is, attachment to the ancient religion of France.

Against this outrageous invasion of the most sacred rights of the nation, such men as the extremely liberal Jules Simon and the Protestant Laboulaye raised their voices in indignant remonstrance. It was all in vain.

A second Bill deprived the great Catholic schools of the title of universities, and forbade their professors to fulfil the office of examiners for academical degrees. The matriculation fees which, in accordance with the former law, were exacted by the Catholic universities, were now done away with; and a heavy fee was demanded of all their pupils who presented themselves before the State examiners.

Under the second republic, in 1850, and while Louis Napoleon was President, Count de Falloux, then Minister of Public Instruction, had a law passed authorizing the religious orders of men and women to found schools all over France. These, as distinguished from the great Government university, its network of colleges and accdemies, and the tens of thousands of primary schools paid for by the State,—were called "Écoles Libres" or Free Schools. In 1879 the latter educated 71,000 pupils, while the total number of pupils in the State schools only amounted to 70,000.

This success of free Catholic education was the one thing which

the anti-Christian conspirators determined to get rid of without delay in 1879.

Here comes in what is known as the *Seventh Article* in the second of M. Jules Ferry's twin bills. This article excluded from teaching in any school, public or private, persons belonging to any religious congregation or order not authorized by the existing laws of France. This article, therefore, removed from their position as teachers or directors all the religious bodies in charge of colleges or establishments of secondary education, as well as the immense majority of masters and mistresses in the Catholic primary schools.

The Christian Brothers, the Lazarists, the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross, and a few others officially recognized by the Government, escaped proscription for the moment,—but, after all, only for the moment.

In both of the French Chambers illustrious jurists and statesmen demonstrated in vain the iniquity and illegality of M. Ferry's proposed measure. It was a violation of international law,—for there existed in France a Concordat with the Holy See, and this Seventh Article violated its most important stipulations. It violated the natural law, since it trampled on the most sacred rights of parents. It was, they contended, an infraction of French constitutional and common law, since it made an illegal discrimination against one class of citizens, whom it arbitrarily deprived of the rights guaranteed to all without distinction.

But the Religious Order particularly aimed at by this odious class legislation and proscription was the Jesuits. Their schools in France were numerous and most successful, although deprived of all Government patronage, of all support from the public treasury. Their professional schools in Paris and in Metz were rapidly filling with their pupils the polytechnic schools, the military and naval academies, and the central schools of arts and manufactures. Their colleges sent constantly increasing numbers of candidates to the annual State examinations. They were outstripping, overshadowing the University,—the great nursery of skepticism. This was not to be tolerated.

The first of M. Ferry's bills passed the Senate on January 30th, 1880, and at once became a law. The second bill,—the hateful *Seventh Article* especially, was twice rejected, on March the 9th and 15th following.

Thereupon the Prime Minister, De Freycinet (the present Minister of War), besought the senators to reconsider their vote, assuring them that the Seventh Article would only be applied to the Jesuits, and that their refusal to pass the bill would only call for a more general and rigorous application of the existing laws.

Just as this second bill was again laid before the Senate, on

March 16th, *and without the Seventh Article*, a member of the House of Deputies moved a resolution, passed by a vote of 338 against 147, peremptorily calling on the Government to apply immediately the existing laws to all non-authorized religious orders and congregations.

This stratagem or comedy was well devised, and succeeded in its purpose. It dispensed the government from waiting for the formal enactment of the Seventh Article, throwing over the measures it at once adopted a thin covering of parliamentary authority.

"Existing laws" might mean laws covering a period of hundreds of years, forgotten by all save by the bad men who wish to call them up from the dead past to justify the political crimes of the present. The best legal minds, the highest judicial authorities in France, protested against the second Bill and the Seventh Article in particular.

But MM. de Freycinet and Ferry only wanted the flimsiest of pretexts for the revolutionary action they contemplated.

On May 29th the law suppressing the Catholic universities was promulgated. And simultaneously two presidential decrees appeared, one directed against the Society of Jesus by name, the other against all unauthorized congregations.

The Government had set its spies to work, while parliament and the press were passionately discussing these measures of proscription; and the statistics, incorrect, garbled, exaggerated, or correct only in some few particulars, were given to the most influential journals, serving as ready materials for inflammatory denunciation and appeals to the worst passions in the human breast.

It was announced in the Chamber of Deputies that there existed in France fifty religious orders or monastic associations of men not authorized by law, with 8000 members living in 400 houses. Of this total membership the Jesuits counted 1500, the Trappists 1400, the Capuchins 500, and so on.

The association of religious women had a membership of 14,000, with 1000 establishments; 6000 of these women were "not authorized" by law, and were occupied in educating little children of their own sex; 3000 tended the sick; 1000 were in charge of orphanages; 2000 were devoted to a life of solitude and prayer.

On June 30th of that ill-starred year 1880, the Jesuit residences in Paris and the provinces were entered by force, and the inmates driven forth from their poor, bare rooms into the streets amid the protestations, the indignant cries, the mingled blessings and tears of the Catholics,—and to the great joy of the wretched rabble minority of the spectators, who jeered and insulted.

The Jesuit colleges were given a few weeks' delay. But their turn came in August.

Then occurred in the capital of France, and in almost every one of its great cities, examples of magnanimity and self-sacrifice on the part of the French judiciary and magistracy, unparalleled in the history of any known country. By November, 1880, no less than 382 magistrates had left their places on the bench rather than sanction the enormous iniquity of the Freycinet-Ferry proscriptions, rather than wound their conscience, or stain their ermine, by seeming to acquiesce in the sacrilegious wrong perpetrated by the persecutors. Two hundred and sixty-three other magistrates had, at the same date, been removed by the Government for resisting the arbitrary and illegal proceedings of the minister.

This justice must be done to M. de Freycinet, that after having let loose the torrent of anti-Christian hatred and violence against these thousands of devoted men and women, who could not or would not defend themselves against the unspeakable brutality with which they were expelled from their homes,—he endeavored to effect a compromise with the Holy See.

He drew up, or caused to be drawn up, a declaration to be signed by the superiors of all religious orders and establishments, pledging themselves, in substance, to refrain from all interference in politics, while obeying the constituted authorities.

The Pope was induced to advise the acceptance of this compromise, in order to avoid further measures of proscription. But Freycinet overrated his own influence over his colleagues, over the Chambers, over the Masonic conspirators behind the Chambers. He was kicked contumeliously aside by the irreligious majority; and was succeeded by Ferry, who had as Minister of the Interior the M. Constans who, at this writing, occupies the same position, and for Minister of Public Instruction M. Paul Bert—all three destined to live eternally in the memory of French Catholics.

So the flood of persecution, which had paused a moment as before a sudden obstacle, now rushed onward more furiously than ever, sweeping out of existence the holy abodes of learning, of charity, of prayerful piety and contemplation which the first rush of waters had not destroyed.

Then occurred scenes which recalled the suppression and sack of the English monasteries under the eighth Henry. Happily the *Triumvirs* who ruled France in 1880 did not care to dip their hands in blood.

But we must not forget that, in all this, they were only preparing the way for the execution of their ultimate design—that of *laicizing* or *dechristianizing* all the schools of France.

We have omitted to mention the noble resistance opposed to all these measures by Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, and his brother bishops, as well as the unavailing efforts of the Pope and

of the Nuncio in Paris to protect the men and women who were the glory of France and the very flower of Christian manhood and womanhood.

Nor must we allow ourselves to think that the French Catholic Conservatives in the French Chambers and outside of them were silent or passive, while the persecutor was abroad profaning, wasting, destroying the holy places of the kingdom of St. Louis. That band of unconquerable patriots and defenders of their ancestral faith, Count Albert de Mun, Lucien Brun, Chesnelong, Bernard, Keller, Barons de Ravignan, de la Bassetierre, and de Mackau, formed a defensive league, into which came the most honored names and the highest abilities of Catholic France. They instituted a permanent committee of inquiry, composed of the leading Conservatives in both houses of the legislature, who watched and denounced, with unslumbering vigilance and fearless courage, every act of violence and outrage committed by the Government or its officials against the rights and liberties of Catholics.

These are the men who planted high above the level of party politics and paltry passions the banner of the new crusade they have undertaken in favor of the freedom of the Church, of Catholic education, of the elevation of the working classes, of the preservation of French manhood and youth from the taint of the prevailing unbelief and moral corruption.

What Count de Mun and Senator Chesnelong have achieved in this glorious cause it would be pleasant to tell. But we shall have to say something of their priceless services before the end of this article.

As is well known, MM. Ferry, Paul Bert, and Constans did not pause in their career of oppression. Nor could they pause even if they would. The Masonic power, whose willing instruments they were, pushed them onward to enact a worse law after a bad one. The chaplaincies were suppressed in the army and navy; they were soon to disappear in every State institution of education and charity, as well as in the prisons. The public hospitals were to be taken away from the sisterhoods that had served them with such heroic and uniform devotedness as to make their services the theme of enthusiastic praise even from Protestants. Cemeteries consecrated exclusively to the burial of Catholics were, perforce, thrown open to all without distinction.

Nay, what never until then had been heard of, a network of associations covered all France, the members of which were solemnly pledged—and the pledge witnessed and subscribed—not to ask for or accept the services of any minister of religion in sickness, at the hour of death; not to permit the rites of Christian

burial to be performed either in their own behalf or in behalf of their dependents.

More than that: special organs in the press were established in every province of France, whose main duty it was to watch over the faithful execution of the rules of this satanic association, and to spread its principles through all classes of French society. We have seen in Paris and its neighborhood, within the last two years, more than one instance where men so pledged found means, in their latest hours, to baffle the vigilance of their anti-Christian associates, to secure the services of a priest and to receive the last sacraments of the Church. But it was in vain that the family of the deceased sought to have the rites of Christian burial performed. The society produced their deceased member's pledge; obtained for its fulfilment the support of the authorities, and carried off the corpse to an unblessed grave.

On December 31st, 1882, Léon Gambetta died of a wound inflicted a month previously by the hand of a woman. It was said, we know not if on good authority, that the ex-Dictator of France had been condemned by the lodges to die,—because, having it in his power to set aside the Concordat, to make an end of the Catholic Church in France, to push persecution to its extreme limits,—he had not dared to go far enough in the evil way. It was said also that, during his long agony, he, like Victor Hugo, asked for a priest, but that none would be permitted to approach him.

Be that as it may, the man who had given to the anti-Christian revolution the watchword, *le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!* (priestcraft is your enemy!), had for the unfaltering executors of his will and programme Jules Ferry and Paul Bert.

These, and the parliament which legislated for Antichrist, had done their best to annihilate superior Catholic education. But the Catholic universities, though shorn of their title, and deprived of all legal recognition or encouragement from the State, continued none the less to do their divine work; and the Catholics of France continued most generously to support them.

The most important, the all-important advantage to be gained by the men in power, was the absolute and exclusive control of the elementary schools of France. The young generations were to be, from the cradle, moulded in conformity with the principles of unbelief. The first step, after *laicizing* the primary schools, and banishing from them all religious teachers, was to impose such manuals on masters and pupils as would effectually impregnate mind and heart with anti-Christian notions and sentiments.

Thereupon M. Paul Bert, the Minister of Public Instruction and Public Worship (!), drew up, or caused to be drawn up, under his own special care, a *Manuel Civique*, in which it is openly affirmed

that any conception of a Deity is impossible to the human intellect; that the supernatural order is essentially opposed to progress; that religion is only a superstition devised by priests for their own benefit; that every individual has an inherent right to openly profess atheism, etc.

This catechism of impiety was, forthwith, officially imposed on all state primary schools as a manual.

Condemned at once by the Congregation of the Index, the French bishops courageously forbade its use. The government retaliated by punishing these daring prelates, as well as the priests who had obeyed them. Within a few days some 400 rectors of parishes, guilty of such an offence against M. Paul Bert's doctrinal omnipotence, had their salaries withdrawn. All children in the State schools who refused to accept the manual were expelled, and soon afterwards their parents were fined for violating the law which made the attendance of their children obligatory.

We have said that the Christian Brothers were not involved in the suppression decreed against the Jesuits and other "unauthorized congregations." Besides, it had been a recognized principle, both in French law and in the civil administration, that to each commune (or township) in France belonged the duty to build and maintain its primary schools, and the right to select the teachers thereof. The communes, therefore, for the most part, protected the Brothers in the performance of their holy work.

But the *laicizing* majority in the legislature was determined to make an end of this by depriving the communes of France of this sacred right, and by giving the State supreme and exclusive control over all the primary schools—buildings, teachers and expenditure. So, in 1882 and again on October 28th, 1886, by a vote of 361 against 172, this educational revolution was completed, and it was forbidden to all members of religious communities thereafter to teach in any public primary school. Six months were allowed for the carrying out in its completeness of this great work of *laicizing* the schools of France.

Such, in brief, is the history of this momentous change effected in the midst of a great Christian nation by a bold, daring, unscrupulous, but compact minority, who, although distracted and divided among themselves, had one object about which they acted as a unit—that is, the destruction in France of Christianity.

The discourse delivered by M. Jules Ferry on June 6th last will supply whatever was purposely omitted in the foregoing narrative.

II.

One feature of M. Ferry's oration was the stunning effrontery with which he produced statistics, the truth of which is contra-

dicted by the most eminent men of the Republican majority, without mentioning the no less eminent statisticians and statesmen among the Conservatives. This audaciousness in affirming that black is white and white black was still more startlingly illustrated when, in the last part of his discourse, he not only denied that in all the process of *laicization*, going on for ten years, there was anything savoring of religious persecution; but—and this capped the climax—that it was "the clericals" who were, or threatened to be, the persecutors!

He did not attempt to apologize for the enormous and useless expense incurred by the Government in constructing all over France a system of magnificent primary school edifices, in order to offset the local Catholic schools, and to make the new structures outwardly attractive to children and parents. They remind us forcibly of the government model schools built in Ireland as snares for Catholic pupil teachers, or of the handsome, well-appointed national schools put up in many poor districts of Ireland, where the free Catholic school by its side was only a thatched hovel, or at best a naked barn. But beneath the thatch and in the naked barn the priest was free to come and go when he pleased, to teach catechism, to question the children on the doctrines and practices of their faith; and in the poorest shell of a school-room the teacher was free to have the crucifix hung up on the wall along with the image of the Virgin Mother and her Babe. These had not to be taken down hurriedly and hidden away like something shameful when the school inspector appeared.

How M. Jules Ferry and his subordinates treated the image of Christ crucified and of His Blessed Mother we know too well. This the arch-persecutor found it prudent not to mention. But he will be reminded of it by Count de Mun. Of the sums expended in constructing his lay or anti-Christian schools we can form an estimate from his own words:

"At the end of 1888," he says, "we had built 19,044 new school-houses; we had refurnished, enlarged or repaired 8288 others—altogether 27,332. There remain to be built, furnished, enlarged or repaired some 6000 school edifices. How much did all this cost us? The total expense, to December 31st, 1888, was 563,000,000 francs ($112,600,000)."

The real total, according to M. Amagat, a Liberal member of the Chamber of Deputies, is nearer to $200,000,000 than to $112,000,000; and this figure is indicated as the only reliable one by other Liberal or Republican scientists. Add to this enormous sum, in a country where the other Government expenditure is yearly increasing at a fearful rate, the incredible sums lavished annually on *laicizing* the hospitals, etc., and one may see that France is paying

dear for the pleasure of creating a national system of atheistical instruction, and of banishing the Sisters of Charity from hospital, orphanage and prison.

"If we hold on to the *lay* school, the *neutral* or undenominational school, as the bulwark of all the liberties so dearly bought and won by our fathers," M. Ferry goes on to say, "our reasons for this attachment are no metaphysical reasons; this change is forced upon us by the historical evolution of French society. . . . The present situation is one which history has made for us. It has its regrettable side, for the divisions it gives rise to rather weaken than strengthen our great country."

"Who is the author of these divisions?" here exclaimed a member of the Right. "Is it not you?"

"There is," continued M. Ferry, "between civil society and religious society a divergency deep and impossible of decrease. For civil society and the power which represents and directs it, the first and the most precious of all goods is freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom to acquire knowledge. For the Catholic Church, on the contrary, the depositary of a truth which she holds to be absolute and eternal, this three-fold liberty is in every way damnable." (Great applause from the Left.)

A member of the Right: "You know very well that this is not as you say."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Ferry, "this question about our schools has been discussed for the last fifty years, and is still deeply agitating our country. It is a culminating point to which we are forced to come: To whom belongs of right the direction of the popular schools? Is it to the Church or to the State?

"The State is lay," he went on, appropriating to his argument the garbled language and imperfect thought of Guizot, "and the State must retain its lay character for the sake of all the liberties which we have won. The independence and sovereignty of the State is the first principle of our public law. It is a principle which we are necessarily forced to protect and maintain—this general secularization of powers, this lay character of the State.

"Hence it is that we can only intrust to a lay civil power the superintendence of popular schools, and that we hold it to be an article of the faith professed by Democrats that these schools should be neutral, uncontrolled by any religious denomination.

"So we remain profoundly attached to this lay system of schools. Nevertheless, as I have said on more than one occasion, I do not hesitate to declare here in this assembly that *we are anxious to see religious peace reigning throughout our country.*"

These last words let loose the whirlwind.

But M. Ferry was not to be balked in his purpose. He thought,

and probably believed, that the majority thought with him; that, having both education and religion completely at their mercy, Republicans ought to hold out the white flag to the vanquished. And this appeared to be good policy on the eve of a general election. He therefore went on to declare in favor of maintaining the Concordat and not suppressing the Budget of Public Worship.

This gave mortal offence to the Radical Left.

But he went further, and undertook to prove that there existed, ever since 1882, perfect religious freedom in the State schools as *laicized* by him. More even than that: he affirmed again and again that during the five years he had been Minister of Public Instruction not a single remonstrance ever reached him with regard to any act of persecution, intolerance, or interference on the part of his teachers or officials toward their Catholic pupils. He challenged his opponents to say where, or on what occasion, they had ever protested in parliament against such acts of persecution or annoyance.

"We have never missed an occasion of doing so," exclaimed the indignant Count de Mun. "We have protested always and everywhere," said in his turn Baron Reille.

"You never did!" rejoined the unblushing Ferry. "You never once did it, because such abuses were never known to exist, because the law—which you call 'the villainous law' (*la loi scélérate*)—is carried out by the University, by the Ministry of Public Instruction, in a spirit of the greatest toleration."

This will give the reader some faint notion of what M. Jules Ferry is, and of his ideal of religious freedom and toleration. Let us now hear what Count Albert de Mun has to say in reply.

III.

It was in truth a glorious opportunity for the great Catholic orator, the man who represents in his person and his life all that is most noble in the France of St. Louis, to vindicate the cause of religion, right, and justice so long oppressed by the allied sects in whose name M. Ferry had presumed to speak.

He confined himself, in the first part of his discourse, to a triumphant refutation of all the statistics of M. Ferry, establishing the success of the anti-Christian crusade against the primary schools of France. He takes as his authorities the statistical reports of four Republicans and anti-Catholic members of parliament, Senator Boulanger, Antonin Dubost, Léon Say, and M. Combes, together with the tabulated statements of the Government superintendent of primary schools. Having thoroughly mastered and arrayed his figures, the Catholic orator attacked, one after the other, every conclusion of his antagonist.

"I believe," he said, in terminating this first part of his oration, "that your statistics are wrong, that the progress of instruction has been constant in our country during a great number of years. Is it to your compulsory laws that this progress is due? No! And I find the proof of this in your official tables. . . . Only, and I leave you to meditate on this fact,—since the application of the compulsory law the progression has been much greater in the free schools taught by religious congregations than in your public 'lay schools.'" And he gives the figures of the official government reports.

"But have you, after all, been sustained in your work," he asks, "by the kind wishes and urgent solicitations of the people, by the constant sympathy and favor of public opinion?"

"We have! we have!" shout the Radical Left.

"You say you have?" rejoins the orator. "Well, I have only two figures to show you, and you will see that you have not. Your public schools numbered in 1884 to 1885, 3,732,143 pupils; in 1885 to 1886, you only had 3,712,754. In a single season you lost 20,000 pupils. . . . .

"It is with us that public opinion sides. Here are the figures of the last statistical tables: Our free schools in 1876 counted 440,000 pupils; in 1885 to 1886, they numbered 836,691 pupils. In ten years we doubled the number of our scholars. And in the year that you lost 20,000, we had an increase of 6000.

"This result has been obtained, not by burdening the taxpayers with new charges, but by asking voluntary sacrifices and contributions from all those who have a care of the freedom of their souls and of the souls of their children.

"I can tell you that in the single city of Paris our free (Catholic) schools have cost us 17,000,000 francs ($3,400,000), and that they demand of us 2,000,000 more every year for their support; all this we take from our own pockets. When free-thinkers and atheists will have done as much, they will have a right to shout victory."

Then come the magnificent passages which we quoted from Count de Mun's discourse at the beginning of this article. M. Ferry had challenged the right to produce a single instance of outrage or persecution against religion committed in the State primary schools. M. René Goblet, who had just been a member of the Floquet ministry, interrupted Count de Mun to repeat this challenge: "Give us facts!" he shouted.

"You dare to speak thus before us," De Mun replied, turning on Ferry, "before us who know what things are said in your schools; before us who know the lessons dictated to the pupils under pretence of being patriotic themes, but which your scholars are compelled to write in order that they may thereby learn to

hold in contempt the beliefs they had hitherto cherished; before us who have beheld the profanation of religious emblems,—like the crucifix of Benon in the Gironde, broken to pieces and cast into a cesspool! And then that wayside crucifix in a commune of Eure-et-Loir, shattered by musket balls fired at it by a schoolmaster.

"Ah, you challenge me to produce facts; here are a few more!" And he goes on to recite other instances of horrible profanation and brutal impiety: "These are facts of daily occurrence," he says, "the public press is full of them, and you say that we allege nothing that is precise and specific."

"But," replies poor whipped Ferry, "there have been since my time three Ministers of Public Instruction, and you have questioned none of them on these occurrences?"

The great orator needs push that matter no further; he is impatient to reply to the hypocritical offer of peace which his adversary had made on the 6th.

"You ended your discourse, Monsieur Jules Ferry," he said, "by speaking of a religious pacification. YOU!

"And it is on the strength of this scholastic achievement, so little needed for the progress of instruction, so disastrous to our finances, —a work which inflicts a direct wound on the freedom of our consciences and our families, and whose sole object must be to *dechristianize*, legally and systematically, this country; it is leaning on this work, as on a pedestal, that you come here,—you, Monsieur Jules Ferry, to stand before France as the representative of a government able to bestow on us religious peace! . . . .

"Well, you must tell us, before we proceed any further, on what grounds is to repose the peace you propose, and what surety you can offer us for its conclusion. It is not with the assurance of your repentance. You feel none."

"None!"

"Of course not. You are determined not to repent. For when, lately in the Senate, one of the most eloquent men of your party, one of your former associates, M. Challemel-Lacour, condemned severely, in a very fine discourse, the policy pursued during the last six years, instead of assenting to his opinion, you seized the first public occasion offered you by your friends to declare that, prouder than emperors or their great ministers, you would never go to Canossa! In proposing, in devising this religious pacification, you were, you said, resolved that it should not be purchased by a single regretful word uttered by you. And two days ago, in your discourse, you made certain declarations, but not a word was said in extenuation of your evil deeds. More than that, you gloried in them! . . . .

"Tell me, then, I pray you, on what reposes this religious peace you offer us? Is it on your political past?

"But, then, *you must have forgotten everything?*"

And here there was a storm of cheering. It was such a dramatic scene as had not been witnessed in the French Chambers since the time of Berryer. The Catholic orator had represented Ferry as placed before the country on his own evil deeds as on a pedestal,—and there he subjected the culprit to such a flagellation as few ever before received in public.

"And that infamous Seventh Article," he went on, while Ferry cowered, winced, and grew livid by turns, "that Seventh Article invented for the purposes of the Radicalism you then professed, inserted, like an unexpected provocation, in a law that you called by irony a law on the freedom of superior instruction; and all that campaign of violent and passionate accusation, begun here in this tribune by you and your friends, and continued throughout France, not alone against the Jesuits, but against religion itself, by assailing its hierarchy, its worship, its ministers,—reserving to yourself, as M. Lamy said to you, *to respect all the rest.* . . . . (Bursts of laughter and applause); that campaign in which, in order to get rid of a few religious men whose presence troubled you, you trampled under foot the freedom of association, individual freedom, freedom of thought, in spite of the protestations of the old Liberals belonging to your party,—of M. Dufaure, of Jules Simon; in spite of the legal advice of the most eminent lawyers in the land, of M. Rousse and M. Demolombe; in spite of the remonstrances poured in upon you and covered with 1,800,000 signatures."

Another outburst of cheering.

"And you have forgotten all that!

"You have forgotten the decrees of March 29th, which weigh down your name with a load of infamy you can never shake off (another irrepressible burst of applause), issued at that time when, beaten in the legal battle by the revolt of men's consciences and the resistance of the liberal-minded, you came here to make the Radical party give you orders to. . . . . Ah, I behold it still, that never-to-be-forgotten sitting; I still hear M. Madier de Montjau order you to bring back here to them the spoils of the religious orders. And then you began throughout the country a series of sieges of a novel nature, picking up for your offensive armor the rusty weapons of by-gone despotism. You burst in by brute force the doors which protected individual liberty and the personal inviolability of the citizen,—to cast forth on the street unoffending priests escorted by the public veneration, and obliging the soldiers of France to assist at these brutalities as if to cover them by their respected presence! (Enthusiastic cheering.) . . . .

"You have forgotten all this; and you were speaking here in front of the ministerial benches, on which the executor of these decrees has reappeared, like a living accusation; you were speaking of religious peace! And M. Constans is now a minister, and you are covering him with your protection!" (Prolonged and repeated cheering.)

The Chamber was utterly carried away by this flood of just and terrible invective.

"Am I to rehearse here for your benefit the whole of your history?" he exclaims. "Must I remind you of the crucifixes of the Parisian schools broken to pieces to inaugurate your new lessons, . . broken up by the prefect, M. Herold, before the eyes of the pupils, and then tumbled into carts to be carried away? And these laicizations so brutally effected, even before the law had been voted; the members of brotherhoods and sisterhoods thrust out of their homes, in spite of all the memories of our late war; aye, in spite of the Brothers, at Champigny, gathering up the wounded from the deep snow while the shells were bursting around them; and in spite of the Sisters of Charity dying by the side of our sick in the ambulances?

"You were in the Senate when that fatal law of the 28th of March was voted . . . ; when Catholics and Liberals united their efforts to save from your hands some remnant of the independence of souls, of the freedom of families, of spiritual morality,—endeavoring to save before all Christian instruction, then the notions relating to our duties toward God,—while you caused every amendment to be voted down pitilessly, until a man rose—the chairman of the committee—and exclaimed: 'I vote against these amendments, because I am an Atheist.'

"You were sitting on the ministerial bench, on that same bench from which Victor Cousin started up, indignant, when some one dared to accuse the University of teaching impiety. But you sat there; you said no word; you only bent your head!" (Renewed cheering.)

"And this is the way that what you call *neutrality* has taken possession of the law. And you have the audacity to pronounce the word in our presence!

"This is your past. Well, then, I must tell it to you candidly: If you forget, we do not, and never will forget!" (Exclamations and shouts of "No, never!")

Surely no statesman ever received such a castigation. There was another count in this terrible arraignment, which had to be brought home to M. Jules Ferry.

"You must be told it," Count de Mun went on to say, "no matter how hard the truth may be, there are, in our country, thousands

of Christian homes in which your name is mentioned only with tears.

"There are thousands of families of workingmen, of petty functionaries especially, who, having no free school near at hand, or because the father would lose his place if he were to send his child to a Christian school, are obliged to sacrifice their little ones to the lay school, the Godless school. Mothers weep over the bitter necessity, and they know it is you who created it!

"You must also know that there are men in France,—I am one of them, and I therefore speak of it with emotion,—men who may not give their sons the education they had planned for them, under masters of their own choosing, in the doctrines and principles they would have their dear ones inherit, and who are obliged to ask of the generous hospitality of a neighboring country the freedom which you refuse them.

"When, three or four times a year, one has to leave one's children over there, in exile, and as they are shown, from the cliffs of Dover, through the fog, that land of France for which they are told daily they are bound to give their whole strength and the last drop of blood"—The storm of applause broke forth anew before the speaker could end his sentence. The Radical M. Lyonnais thought to end it for him by calling out: "You fill them with hatred of France!' But the Christian parent and patriot heeded him not, and continued:

"What answer can you make when they ask you why they do not grow up to manhood in their native land, if it be not to pronounce your name?"

The Right again applauded frantically; for all were under the spell of the deep emotion of the speaker.

"These are the things which you ought to know," he went on; "when a politician, a statesman, has in the past incurred such responsibilities, he should not speak of pacification, or he should speak of it in the name of his deep sorrow."

Deep as must have been the humiliation of M. Ferry, his punishment was not yet ended. Count de Mun, next recalling the splendid opportunity had, in 1879 and 1880, as well as in the two following years, for appeasing the passions of political parties, described the criminal use he had made of the opportunity.

"Then it was you could speak of appeasement," he said, "you and the men of the moderate party. You had not then heaped up all the ruins which accuse you when you utter the word peace at present."

"That is perfectly true," exclaimed M. François Laur, a Boulangist and former follower of Gambetta. "Gambetta," he said, "wanted to pacify parties, but his *entourage* prevented him, and then M. Ferry thrust himself into his place."

This is a remarkable admission, and gives a strong color to the suspicion that Gambetta was hurled from power and put out of the way because he was in favor of stopping the war made on religion.

"I say," continued Count de Mun, "that when you took office in 1879, you could have done anything. What have you done?

"To gain the favor of the Radical party, and to obtain the popularity of an hour, you wilfully lighted the flames of religious warfare. You cut your country in two. On the one hand are the Jacobins, men who believe in nothing, and who want everbody to be like themselves; the men determined at every risk to get rid of priests, of the Christian Brothers and the nuns; and, on the other side, all those who believe, who practise any religion, as well as those—mark me well—who have any care of the freedom of the human conscience and the independence of human souls.

"These are the two Frances which you have made. And this republic which you had undertaken to render acceptable, in spite of the sad antecedents it had in history, to a country wearied with divisions and strife, you have succeeded in making it uninhabitable for more than one-half of our citizens.

"This is what you are responsible for. You are aware of it, and you are anxious, while avoiding to compromise yourself by outward acts of repentance, to pause on the road you have been following and to retrace your steps. . . . For the time of the general elections is near at hand. You have to account for your deeds. Religious warfare is not so much in vogue as of yore. It does not satisfy the people you have deceived, nor the country which has had enough of it, and which demands something else."

"What else?" exclaims a member of the Left.

"I shall tell you unhesitatingly," replied M. de Mun. "The country simply asks to be rid of your dictatorship (*i.e.*, that of the Radical majority), of your dictatorship, which is the most intolerable of all.

"People begin to understand that they have to retrace their steps; and so they quietly turn towards us, not with any expressions of regret for what they have done, but with a conciliatory tone. You come like one well-intentioned, who only asks for peace, for peace with everybody,—and who is ready to come to a good understanding with us, with these good *curés*, and these excellent fathers.

"And did you really believe that we were going to accept all that? No, no! (Applause and laughter.) No, sir; never! It is too late,—understand it well; it is too late!"

It is thrilling to read this magnanimous defiance uttered by the foremost orator of Catholic France, just when, after a century, religion seems absolutely at the mercy of the anti-Christian revolu-

tion. Triumphant unbelief seems to have possessed itself, with a power none can, apparently, resist or gainsay, of all the schools of France, of all the sources of public instruction; and all the means at the disposal of the Government are used to inculcate the baldest atheism and materialism.

Yet the sons of the Crusaders,—of the men who followed King Saint Louis to Egypt, and who fought and died by his side on the plague-stricken shores of Africa, stand forth in 1889 and pledge their efforts, their money, their lives, to rescue the land of France and her young generations from the invasion of worse than Mohammedan barbarism and corruption. The noble purpose which fires, at this moment, the generous men who stand arrayed around Albert de Mun, is not to rescue the tomb of Christ or the city in which He died from the domination of the Moslem, but to preserve France, her living millions, and her millions yet unborn, to the faith of Saint Louis.

American Catholics, those especially of Irish blood, may well sympathize with their brethren in France. The long battle against the British Government and the Irish Establishment for Catholic education did not end with the life and labors of John of Tuam. Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, was no whit less hostile to Catholicity than Jules Ferry and Paul Bert. And he and the Godless system of education which he had devised would have achieved their deadly purpose in Ireland had not John MacHale stood like a wall of brass between the young Catholic generations and their would-be educators.

The present Archbishop of Dublin is only taking up and laboring to complete the work of John of Tuam. He will surely succeed —as surely as Count de Mun and the Catholics of France will save French youth and France itself from the degrading yoke of Jules Ferry.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

IN the issue of this REVIEW for last July we alluded to the noble co-operation of the Popes and the powers in the ninth and tenth centuries in extending Christianity throughout Europe, and to the appointment of St. Ansgar as Apostolic Legate to the northern nations by Pope Gregory IV. We will here introduce a translation of the noted Bull of that Pontiff, whereby he appointed St. Ansgar, and wherein he refers to the efforts of Charlemagne and his son, Louis le Debonnaire, for the propagation of the faith. The introduction of this Bull is also important in connection with the debated question as to the time of the discovery of the western continent by the Northmen. This famous Bull was issued in 835, and we give the document at length as found in the *Bullarium Romanum*, published at Rome in 1739, volume i., page 174, including the words "*Norwegians, Faroë Islands, Greenland, Zealand, Iceland, Scridevindum,*" which we have placed in brackets and in *italics*, as upon these words turn the question as to when Greenland was discovered by the Northmen, and when that country became the object of Papal solicitude and missionary labor. If those words in italics properly belong to the Bull, then Greenland was discovered prior to 835, when the Bull was issued. Claudius Christophessen, the author of some Danish verses relating to Greenland, supposes that Greenland was discovered in the year 770, but he gives no reasons for his belief. Crantz, relying upon the date of the Bull of Gregory IV., places the discovery and colonization of Greenland in 830. M. Peyrene relies upon the same date for determining this question, and many authors, ancient and modern, have followed the same view. Rev. B. F. De Costa, author of "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen," while in his work he pronounces the Bull of Gregory IV. as "*beyond question a fraud*," and says "Gunnbiorn (876) was undoubtedly the first to gain a glimpse at Greenland," made inquiry of the present writer how the question could be investigated in the Roman archives, and then thought of visiting Rome with the view of searching for the solution of this date; this was before the election of Pope Leo XIII. and the opening of the Vatican Library to the researches of scholars. We will return to this question again. For the present we insert the Bull of Pope Gregory IV. for the purpose of illustrating how the Sovereign Pontiffs of that age, as well as those of every age down to the illustrious and truly apostolic Pontiff in our own days, have been ever inspired with an extraordinary zeal for the conversion of the far-off and heathen nations, and how this zeal under Gregory

IV. and Leo IV. and their successors led to the first introduction of Christianity into America.

"Gregory, Servant of the Servants of God.

"We desire that it be known to all the faithful that his Most Gracious Majesty, King Charles, of happy memory, in the time of our predecessors, influenced by the Divine Spirit, subjected the Saxon Nation to the Christian worship, and, in taming their fierce spirit, spread the yoke of Christ, which is sweet and light, even to the confines of the Danes and Slavonians; and had resolved to establish, in its own episcopal vigor, the remotest part of his own kingdom, beyond the Elbe, that lay exposed to the greatest dangers from the pagans, in order that it should not relapse into the worship of the Gentiles, and also because it seemed best adapted for gaining new nations to the Faith.

"But as death intervened, he was succeeded by his Most Gracious son, the Emp. Louis Augustus, who effectually carried out the pious design of his saintly father. Through the venerable Bishops Rotold and Bernold, and likewise Gerold Comes, and venerable Missus, tidings have reached us of the confirmation of this scheme. We accordingly, recognizing therein God's gracious providence, and likewise instructed by the presence of our brother and son, Anscharius, who was consecrated first bishop of the Nordalbingians (inhab. of country N. of Elbe), by the hands of Drogo, Bishop of Metz, have resolved, after the custom of our predecessors, to confirm the holy zeal of the great emperors, as well by the present sanction as by the donation of the Pallium; and that our aforenamed son, armed with this high sanction, and his successors, zealous for the conversion of nations, may be more secure against the attacks of the evil one, we appoint our son, Anscharius, above mentioned, and his successors, along with Ebbo, Archb. of Rheims, legates of all the surrounding Nations of the Danes, Swedes, [*Norwegians, of Faroë Islands, Greenland, Zealand, Iceland, Scridevindum*], of the Slavonians, and of the Northern and Eastern Nations, by whatever name they are called; standing before the body and tribunal of St. Peter, we confer upon them the public function of evangelizing, and ordain that the See of the Nordalbingians, called Hamburg, dedicated to the honor of the Saviour and of His holy and inviolate mother, the Ever-Virgin Mary, be henceforth archiepiscopal. But the consecration of succeeding priests, until the number of consecrators be increased from among the nations, we in the meanwhile intrust to the care of the Sacred Palatine. An energetic preacher, qualified for so important a charge, must be always chosen in succession; and all his pious projects, allotted by his Ven. Prelate, in view of this divine office, we by our sanction

confirm; and every one resisting, contradicting, or attacking in any way these our pious designs, we anathematize and condemn to everlasting punishment, as guilty of complicity with the evil one, in order that, in imitation of our Predecessors, we may fortify more securely, against attacks on every side, the Apostolic dignity and those who are piously zealous in the cause of God. And because the Divine Clemency had ordained that you, most loving son, Anscharius, should be the first Archbishop of the new See, we also invest you with the Pallium, for the celebration of the solemn rites of the Altar, and confer it upon you, to use in your days and, with its privileges perpetuated, upon your Church. Hence you must preserve the honor of this vestment, by the purity of your morals, for if shepherds, exposed to the sun and to the cold, in the care of their flocks, with ever-watchful eyes, take care that none of them be lost, or be torn to pieces by the jaws of wild beasts, let us consider with what toil and vigilance we, who are called the pastors of souls, should attend to our charge. We advise you to refrain from involving your charge in any way in temporal affairs. Be your life, therefore, a guide for your sons; let them thereby regulate whatever fortitude they possess, and therein behold what they are to imitate, so that it shall seem to be your gift, after God, that they should live well. Let neither prosperity, which pleases for a time, elate, nor adversity afflict, your heart; let the wicked know that you are severe, and the benevolent feel that you are kind. Let not another's malice render the innocent guilty in your eyes, nor favor pardon the guilty one; let your protection be extended to the widows and orphans that are unjustly oppressed. These, most loving brother, among many others, are the peculiar attributes of the Pallium, and by your zealous observance thereof you shall possess interiorly what you will show that you have received from without.

"May the Blessed Trinity vouchsafe to preserve your Fraternity many years in security, and after the trials of this life, lead you to perpetual bliss. Amen."

Viewing this document merely in a historical aspect, it would appear from its language, including Greenland among the countries confided to the Apostolic care of St. Ansgar, that Greenland had been discovered and colonized at the time of its date, 835; but as there were many historical evidences that Greenland was only discovered at a later date, doubts were cast upon the authenticity of the Bull itself. We have found this important document in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists and in all other collections of the Papal Bulls. But from the *Acta Sanctorum* we discover that the Bull of Pope Gregory IV., as given in the *Bullarium Romanum*, had been altered, and that the words which we have

placed in brackets and in *italics* had been interpolated in the Bull. In the *Acta Sanctorum*, Palmé (Paris, 1863), first volume for February, at page 407, we read under the heading, *Legatio S. Anscharii ad Aquilonares populos*, a passage which we translate as follows:

"The Papal Bulls and the documents of the emperors would satisfy us, and, in addition, the Acts of Saints Ansgar and Rembert, and still further what we have already said concerning the Sclaves, the Danes, and the Swedes, were it not that the acts themselves, which are often interpolated in the past in the Budecensian and Hamburghensian codices, extend the jurisdiction of St. Ansgar to the *last known* and *most remote* regions, in which St. Ansgar is said to have been appointed by Gregory IV. and confirmed by Nicholas I. as legate over all the surrounding nations of the Swedes, Danes, Faroës, *Greenland*, Iceland, Scridevindum of the Sclaves, and, furthermore, of all the northern and eastern nations, by whatever names they are called. Which (decrees) in the Acts of St. Rembert are repeated in the same words, of which acts we are at present able to procure no copy except from the same MSS. German codices. Pontanus in his fourth book *Rerum Danicarum* shows this diploma of Gregory IV. to be interpolated in the same form of words; the mention of the Faroës, Greenlanders, Zealanders, Icelanders, Scrichfinders being intruded: which words, moreover, are absent from the genuine French codices of the Acts of St. Ansgar, published at Paris and Corbie, and from the Pontifical diplomas of the Hamburg Codex published by Philip Cæsar, one of which diplomas of Pope Nicholas Krantz transcribes in the First Book of the *Metropolis*, chapters 38 and 39, and from him Baronius, in the year 858, section 14; where St. Ansgar is appointed legate over all the surrounding nations of the Swedes and Danes and also Sclaves, and over those nations, situated in whatsoever parts, in which divine piety has opened the door. Which words, finally, the Catalogue of Bishops joined to the Acts of Saints Ansgar and Rembert, published by Philip Cæsar after the lapse of three centuries from the times of St. Ansgar, shows had by anticipation been transferred to those times; in which (writings) they are mentioned in the same order in chapter xxvii., under the title of List of Bishops."

Accordingly the Bollandists publish the Bull of Gregory IV. without mentioning the names of the Faroës, Greenland, Iceland, and Scridevindum. The following are the words of the Bull according to the Bollandists: "over all the neighboring nations of the Swedes or Danes and also of the Sclaves, or over those nations, situated in whatsoever parts, in which divine piety had opened the door."

In the Life of St. Ansgar by St. Rembert, his contemporary and successor as Archbishop of the united dioceses of Hamburg and Bremen, we read:

"Having been confirmed by Gregory IV., he is appointed Legate of the Northern nations. And that these things might remain established for all time, he (the Emperor) sent him (St. Ansgar) with every honor to the Apostolic See, and by his ambassadors, the venerable Bishops Bernold and Ratold, and the illustrious Count Gerold, and requested that all his acts in the premises be confirmed by Pope Gregory, which the Pope then, after the manner of his predecessors, approved both by the authority of his decree and by conferring the *Pallium*, and then and there appointed him the Apostolic Legate over all the nations of the Swedes as well as of the Danes, and also of the Sclaves, and over all the other nations situated in the Northern Nations." See also the *Patrologia Latina*, vol. 118, page 974, n. 20.

In another life of St. Ansgar, by the ancient monk Gualdo of Corbie, published also by the Bollandists in *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. i. of February, page 439, the same facts are stated, excluding Norway, Faroës, *Greenland*, Zealand, Iceland, and Scridevindum, in the following verses:

> "Papa beatificus Regis mandata probabit,
> Ac pallæ tribuendo decus munimine sanxit
> Juris Apostolici; statuens ut episcopus orbi,
> Barbara Danorum quem gens colit et Sueonum
> Quemque colunt gentes Borae glacialis ad arcem."

It is not necessary to produce the Bull of the successor of Gregory IV., Pope Leo IV., which we have before us, and which contains the names of the same nations, omitting those of Greenland and the other interpolated names, in order to show that Greenland was not discovered, colonized, or Christianized before the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh centuries. St. Ansgar and his successors, as archbishops of the united dioceses of Hamburg and Bremen, had jurisdiction over the northern countries, and the dioceses of the latter were their suffragans, including the diocese of Lund. In 1099 Lund was raised to a metropolitan see, including within its jurisdiction the suffragan bishops of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, and all the northern countries. Two dioceses were erected in Iceland, one with its see at Skalholt, in 1055, and the other at Horlum, in 1106. Among the dioceses of Norway was that of Drontheim (Nidrosia), which, in 1154, was raised to the dignity of a metropolitan. In the meantime the episcopal see of Gardar, in Greenland, had been erected about the year 1121 22, so that the first episcopal see in the west-

ern world was suffragan to the Archdiocese of Lund and subsequently to the Archdiocese of Drontheim, in Norway. It is quite probable that at the time of the discovery and colonization of Greenland and the first advent of Christians there, the infant Church of Greenland was within the jurisdiction of the Archdiocese of Hamburg-Bremen, where Libentius I. (988) and Urvannus (1013), successors of St. Ansgar, were its archbishops. It is claimed by some writers that the first Bishop of Gardar in Greenland was consecrated by the Archbishop of Hamburg-Bremen at Bremen, and this first bishop, Eric, was the Apostle of Vinland in our own country. There is some discrepancy in ancient and modern writers as to the date of the erection of the see of Gardar in Greenland, and in the names and dates of the first three or four bishops.

This is owing, perhaps, to the fact that the archbishops in those northern regions so far from Rome, and in those early days, were invested by the Holy See with a general power or privilege of appointing and consecrating bishops for those northern nations, and the Bull of Pope Leo IV. to St. Ansgar seems to confer that power upon St. Ansgar and his successors. Thus the records of the early appointments may have existed, not at Rome, but only in the archiepiscopal sees, which were destroyed, with all their archives, at the time of the Lutheran (so-called) Reformation.

In 876 Gunnbiörn discovered the rocks which bear his name, and which are on the route from Iceland to, near, and in sight of Greenland. In 982 Eric the Red made his first voyage of discovery to Greenland, and in 1000 Iceland received Christianity as its established religion. From the time of St. Ansgar Christianity had been introduced into Sweden and Denmark, and in the time of the Olafs it had made great progress in Norway. The first vestige of Christianity in the western hemisphere is the fact that the islands known as Cross Islands, and which Finn Magnusson suggests were the same as Gunnbiörn's Rocks, were also located there; and, in the absence of other theories, we venture to suggest that the name Krossæyar, or Cross Islands, may have been given them by the English and Irish monks who were in the habit of passing between their island homes and Iceland, and who had made their cells and shrines in the rocks and caves of Iceland before the advent of the Northmen. The ancient chronicles give an account of a party of men who had spent a winter on those barren rocks of Gunnbiörn, and it would seem from the Landanama Book that, though famous for shipwrecks, and barren and dangerous in the extreme, they were not absolutely uninhabitable. They may have afforded a temporary shelter to the first Christian monks, driven by storms out of their course from England to Iceland.

And yet we have preserved the song of the maiden, who, less brave than Christian monks, warned Björn against landing there:

"None may be guests
On Gunnbjörn's isles
Who have garments rich
And precious wares.

"The host shall destroy
His stranger guests
As the sow devours
Her new-born litter."

In our first article on the Northmen in America we gave an account of the various voyages of the Northmen to the western continent and to the shores of our own country, and of their discoveries and settlements in Greenland and in Vinland on our own coasts. Commencing, as these expeditions did, before Christianity became generally adopted in Norway and Iceland, the movement was entirely pagan in its commencement and in its first religious aspects, for through those first adventurers and Vikings the worship of Odin and Thor was introduced into the western world. But after old Eric the Red had spent two winters in Greenland, in 985 or 986, he had returned to Iceland and fitted out twenty-five ships, which were filled with colonists for the new country, to which Eric had given the deceptive name of Greenland. The fleet sailed from Borgarfiord and Bredefiord with hardy adventurers and restless sea-rovers from many parts, and here we get from the Landanama Book an account of the *first Christian in the new world.* One of the leaders of the expedition was the Viking Herjulf, and on board of his ship was a Christian man, a stranger from the Hebrides (Sydreger), with which remote islands the Northmen were in constant intercourse, and, indeed, it is an interesting fact that the old Norse name of the Hebrides is still perpetuated in our modern churches by the title of the Bishop of Sodor. The great fleet of Eric the Red was overtaken by terrific storms, and of the twenty-five ships that sailed only fourteen arrived at Greenland. Most of the others were wrecked on the inhospitable eastern coast of Greenland, and Herjulf's ship became entangled amongst the breakers. More fortunate than the others, his ship had on board the Christian from the Hebrides, who, at least, could address his prayers to the true God for the safety of the ship. It is to be regretted that the name of this first Christian is not given, either in the Landanama Book, the Grönland's Historische Mindesmœrker, nor in any of the ancient Icelandic Sagas, for he was not only a Christian, but he was a Christian scald or poet of no mean ability, and was the author of the poem *Hargerdingr.* This Christian, in

the midst of the storm, arose on the deck of Herjulf's ship and sang his prayer for deliverance; and the safe arrival of the ship was attributed to his supplications. We will give the five following English versions of this first Christian prayer in the west from different sources:

"I pray to Him that is without sin,
The Lord that rules the halls of Heaven
That arch over this our earth,
I pray that He will hold His strong hand over me."
—*Dublin Review*, 1849.

"Oh, Thou who triest holy men!
Now guide me on my way.
Lord of the earth's wide vault, extend
Thy gracious hand to me."
—*Beamish.*

"May he whose hand protects so well
The simple monk in lonely cell,
And o'er the world upholds the sky,
His own blue hall, still stand me by."—*De Costa.*

"I to the monk's protector pray
That he will give my voyage luck!
The heaven's great Ruler
Save me from danger."—*De Costa.*

"O thou, who holy men dost try,
Benignant,—Guide me on my way;
Of heaven and earth, thou Lord on high,
From ill protect my path alway."—*J. T. Smith.*

Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, returned to Norway in 994 from his first voyage to Greenland, where his father remained, after having become there the founder of a growing colony. With the exception of the Christian colonist from the Hebrides all was pagan in Greenland, and there were erected the altars of Odin and Thor, who had no more earnest worshipper than Eric the Red. In Norway Leif Ericson met Biarne Heriulfson, son of the Viking whose ship had been saved from destruction by the Christian's prayer, who had also returned from the New World, after having discovered and coasted along the shores of our New England States, and all Iceland and Norway were excited over the startling news. Leif Ericson, having gone next to Norway, in 999, visited the zealous Christian king, Olaf Trygvasson, was received most graciously at the royal court, and became a guest of the king. As stated by the article already quoted from the *Dublin Review*, "that most Christian, but somewhat impetuous monarch seems on this occasion to have employed soft words instead of

his more usual argument of the sword." And the ancient Icelandic narrative states that the king "exhorted him, as he did all pagans who came to him, to embrace Christianity, to which request Leif consented without any difficulty, and he and all his sailors were baptized." Under the persuasive arguments of the king, Leif Ericson, having become a zealous Chrisrian, and fired with a true Northman's ambition, as well as with zeal to extend his newly embraced religion, determined to go again to the Western World in search of the land which Biarne had seen and had not explored. Having purchased Biarne's vessel, and having taken on board a crew of thirty-five picked sailors, he prepared to sail in quest of the land to the south of Greenland. King Olaf charged him with the glorious mission of converting the Greenland colony to the Christian faith, and with this view supplied the expedition with a priest and several other holy men, "*sacri ordinis*," probably monks. Leif's vessel was driven on the voyage to Greenland southward out of its direct course, and thus he saw and coasted along the American shores of New England. Arriving finally at his father's home at Brattahlid in Greenland, he was well received, although it is related that the old pagan reproached his son for bringing the Christian missionaries to Greenland. It is related in the *Grönland's Historische Mindesmaerker*:

"Leif straightway began to declare the universal faith throughout the land, and he laid before the people the message of the king, Olaf Trygvasson, and detailed unto them how much grandeur and great nobleness there was attached to the new belief. Eric was slow to determine to leave his ancient faith, but Thjodhilda, his wife, was quickly persuaded thereto, and she built a kirk nigh unto Brattahlid, which was called Thjodhilda's kirk. And from the time that she received the faith, she separated from her husband, which did sorely grieve him."

Here we have mention made of the first Catholic Church erected in the New World. The accounts differ as to the conversion of Eric the Red, for some of them represent him as finally embracing Christianity, which must have been followed by the reunion of his family, while other accounts represent him as remaining obdurate and dying a heathen. The following version is from Crantz's *History of Greenland*: "On his (Leif's) return he picked up several shipwrecked sailors who were swimming on the fragments of their vessels and brought them with him to land. His father was much displeased with him for this act of charity, and for bringing with him a Norwegian priest, dreading lest foreigners might find their way to his new settlement, and dispossess him. But he was calmed by the remonstrances of his son, who represented that in saving the unfortunates he had only fulfilled one of the common

duties of humanity, which nature requires of men, and which Christianity enforces still more strongly, and rewards more gloriously; he even consented to listen to the priest, and the result was that he embraced the Christian religion, and the rest of the colony followed his example." The same author says: "Greenland was continually receiving new colonists from the mother countries, part of whom were already Christians. Amongst these a wonderful story is told of one Thorgils, a new but zealous convert, who went to Greenland *in spite of his former gods*, and underwent a long train of persecutions from the Arch Fiend, together with many disastrous accidents by sea and land, after which, like Job and Tobias, he attained to great honor and happiness."

The founding of the first colony and the erection of the first Christian church were followed by the founding of a second and then of other and numerous colonies and the erection of many churches. As the population and settlements increased, Greenland was divided into two sections, one called Oestre Bygd, or Eastern settlement, and the other the Vestre Bygd, or Western settlement. The West Bygd at a later period contained ninety farms and four Christian churches; the East Bygd contained two towns, one hundred and ninety farms and twelve churches, including a fine Cathedral dedicated to St. Nicholas, and, according to Father Moosemuller, three monasteries, one of which was a convent of Benedictine nuns. But before proceeding to give an account of the church and convents of the western hemisphere in the eleventh and succeeding centuries, we will mention the first erection of the Christian cross in our own country. Leif Ericson, who, as we have seen, was the first Christian Viking to introduce Christianity into Greenland, in the following year undertook the great expedition southward which resulted in the exploration of the American coasts and the founding of a settlement of Northmen at Vinland, the location of which is now incontestably established at and about Newport, Rhode Island, and the southern portion of Massachusetts. It is probable that he carried with him one of the missionaries he had carried to Greenland, but of this we have no account, On his return voyage to Greenland he rescued the shipwrecked sailors of Thorer's expedition, including Thorer himself, and Gudrid his wife, the latter of whom became a prominent figure in the after-history of the Christian Scandinavia. In 1002 Thorwald, a brother of Leif, sailed for Vinland, and having spent two winters there, he made a voyage in his great ship along the coast of New England, landing at several places and exploring the country. In an engagement with the natives, whom they called Skraelings, Thorwald received a mortal wound from a poisoned arrow, and as the shadow of death came over the Christian Viking he called his

followers around him on the deck of his stout ship and telling them of his approaching end, he pointed out the place of his interment and the place where the cross should first be erected; he thus addressed his companions: "Now it is my advice that you prepare to return home as quickly as possible, but me you shall carry to the promontory, which seemed to me so pleasant a place to dwell in; perhaps the words which fell from me shall prove true (for he had before, in passing this point, said that he would wish to reside in so beautiful a spot) and I shall indeed abide there for a season. There bury me and place a cross at my head, and another at my feet, and call that place forever more *Krossaness*" (the Promontory of Crosses). Thus was the first Christian cross planted in our soil, at a spot now identified by historians and geographers as *Point Alderton*, southeast of Boston Bay. So also it should be mentioned that on the Dighton Writing Rock, which is situated six and a half miles south of Taunton, Massachusetts, on the east side of Taunton river, and is believed to bear an inscription commemorating the presence of Thorfinn Karlsefne, Gudrid, his wife, and one hundred and fifty Northmen, who accompanied the expedition, in 1007, the cross appears cut in the rock in several places and forms a part of this celebrated inscription. This inscription contains the forms of several human beings, and among them the forms of Gudrid and her son Snorre.

The history of Gudrid deserves a special mention. She was the most beautiful, accomplished and the most judicious of the Norse women in America, and yet her history is associated on one occasion with a ghost story and on another with a superstitious pagan ceremony. Daughter of Thorbjorn the Icelander, she was first married to Thorer the Eastman (Norwegian), and the rescue of her husband, herself and their sailors from shipwreck by Leif Ericson has already been mentioned. Her second husband was Thorstein, son of Eric the Red, and him, too, she accompanied on the perilous and unsuccessful voyage to Vinland and the New England coasts in search of the body of Thorvald, her husband's brother, who was buried at Crossaness. She and her family were among the earliest Christian converts in Iceland, and her life exemplifies the difficulties which beset the early converts from heathenism among the Northmen. So rude and warlike a people were slow to be withdrawn from all their old heathen usages and observances. Even in England, long after Christianity was established among the Anglo-Saxons, King Edward the Confessor is said to have put his mother to the proof of the burning ploughshares. Given to war and to the custom of drinking at their religious festivals in honor of Thor, the go ! of war, the early missionaries had great difficulty in weaning the converted Northmen from their old

customs, and in many instances they showed great skill in leading the rude Vikings to adopt better ideas and better habits. Having been as pagans the most zealous worshippers of Thor, the enemy and destroyer of giants, monsters, demons and every other type-fied evil principle, now as Christians they became enthusiastic clients of St. Michael, the Archangel, the champion of good, the terror of evil, the defender of heaven and the conqueror of demons. Thus, in the beginning of the eleventh century they made pilgrimages to Mount Gorgona in Apulia, in honor of their new patron. Their love of war remained unabated, ar d they took an active part in the wars of the Lombards, Germans, Byzantines and Saracens for the possession of Southern Italy. The drinking orgies in honor of Thor were abolished by the Christians; the Catholic clergy organized guilds among the Scandinavian Christians in their place; each guild was named after a patron saint; the crooked drinking horns were replaced at the guilds with cups; the convivial guilds held their meetings and the habitual drinking of the Northmen was now done under the restraint of the public eye and of the presence of a presiding pastor; and though toasts were drunk in honor of the patron saints, these new restraints gradually led to the discontinuance of the custom. It is also a circumstance worthy of mention, as showing the esteem in which Christianity was held by the pagan Northmen, though one which must have subjected new Christian converts to disedification and trials, that the pagans sought the fellowship of the new Christians; for it is related in Gisle Surson's Saga that "at that time (about 962) Christianity had been introduced into Denmark, and Gisle Surson and his brothers in arms were received in Viborg as Catechumens (Letu primsignez), for this was a frequent custom among those men when out on trading voyages, and thereby they participated in all fellowship with Christian men."

Thorstein and Gudrid, returning from their fruitless search for the Promontory of Crosses and the remains of the Christian Viking, Thorvald, were thrown upon the western settlement of Greenland, at Lusfjord, among strangers and without a shelter; they generously provided shelter for their seamen first, and thus, without shelter for themselves, they remained upon their ship. Then an inhabitant of Lusfjord, Thorstein the Black, visited them and prevailed upon them to accept the hospitality of his home. The Icelandic Saga thus relates the incident and the ghost story: "Then was Christianity yet new in Greenland. Now it came to pass one day that some people repaired early in the morning to their tent, and the leader of the party asked who was in the tent. Thorstein answered; 'Here are two persons, but who asks the question?' 'Thorstein is my name,' said the other, 'and I am called Thor-

stein the Black, but my business here is to bid ye both, thee and thy wife, to come and stop at my house.' Thorstein said he would talk the matter over with his wife, but she told him to decide and he accepted the bidding. 'Then will I come after thee in the morning with horses, for I want nothing to entertain ye both; but it is very wearisome in my house, for we are there but two, I and my wife, and I am very morose; I have also a different religion from yours, and yet hold I that far the better which you have.' Now came he after them in the morning with horses, and they went to lodge with Thorstein the Black, who shewed them every hospitality. Gudrid was a grave and dignified woman and therewith sensible, and knew well how to carry herself among strangers. Early that winter came sickness amongst Thorstein Erikson's men, and there died many of his people. Thorstein the Black had coffins made for the bodies of those who died and caused them to be taken out to the ship and there laid; 'for I will,' said he, 'have all the bodies taken to Eriksfjord in the summer.' Now it was not long before the sickness came also into Thorstein the Black's house and his wife, who hight Grimheld, took the sickness first; she was very large and strong as a man, but still did the sickness master her; and soon after that the disease attacked Thorstein Erikson, and they both lay ill at the same time, and Grimheld, the wife of Thorstein the Black, died. But when she was dead, then went Thorstein out of the room after a plank to lay the body upon. Then said Gudrid, 'Stay not long away, my Thorstein!' He answered that so it should be. Then said Thorstein Erikson, 'Strangely now is our housemother (Grimheld) going on, for she pushes herself upon her elbows and stretches her feet out of bed and feels for her shoes.' At that moment came in the husband, Thorstein the Black, and Grimheld then lay down, and every beam in the room creaked. Now Thorstein made a coffin for Grimheld's body and took it out and buried it; but although he was a large and powerful man, it took all his strength to bring it out of the place. Now the sickness attacked Thorstein Erikson, and he died, which his wife, Gudrid, took much to heart. They were all in the room; Gudrid had taken her seat upon a chair beyond the bench, upon which Thorstein, her husband, had lain. Then Thorstein, the host, took Gudrid from the chair upon his knees and sat with her upon another bench just opposite Thorstein's body. He comforted her in many ways and cheered her up, and promised to go with her to Eriksfjord with her husband's body and those of his companions; 'and I will also,' added he, 'bring many servants to comfort and amuse thee.' She thanked him. Then Thorstein Erikson (the dead husband of Gudrid) sat himself up on the bench and said, 'Where is Gudrid?' Three

times said he that, but she answered not. Then she said to Thorstein, the host, 'Shall I answer his questions or not?' He counselled her not to answer. After this went Thorstein, the host, across the floor and sat himself on a chair; but Gudrid sat upon his knees and he said, 'What wilt thou, namesake?' After a little he answered, 'I wish much to tell Gudrid her fortune, in order that she may be the better reconciled to my death, for I have now come to a good resting-place; but this can I tell thee, Gudrid, that thou wilt be married to an Icelander, and ye shall live long together and have a numerous posterity, powerful, distinguished and excellent, sweet and well-favored; ye shall remove from Greenland to Norway, and from thence to Iceland; there shall ye live long and thou shalt outlive him. Then wilt thou go abroad and travel to Rome and come back again to Iceland to thy house; and there will a church be built, and thou wilt reside there and become a nun, and there wilt thou die.' And when he had said these words Thorstein fell back and his corpse was set in order and taken to the ship. Now Thorstein, the host, kept well all the promises which he had made to Gudrid, and in the spring (A. D. 1006) he sold his farm and his cattle and betook himself to the ship with Gudrid and all that he possessed; he made ready the ship and procured men therefor, and they sailed for Eriksfjord. The bodies were now buried by the Church. Gudrid repaired to Leif (her oldest brother-in-law and head of the family of Eric the Red), in Brattahlid, but Thorstein the Black made himself a dwelling at Eriksfjord and dwelt there so long as he lived and was looked upon as a very able man." Of this passage Mr. Beamish remarks: "This prophetic announcement of Thorstein Erikson is highly characteristic of the superstition of the times, and, although pertaining to the marvellous, is not the less corroborative of the authenticity of the narrative. 'Such incidents,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'make an invariable part of the history of a rude age, and the chronicles which do not afford these marks of human credulity may be grievously suspected as being deficient in authenticity.'" We might add that whether the prophecy preceded the sequel of events in Gudrid's life, or the facts in her subsequent life suggested the prophecy, the narrative corresponds accurately with what subsequently occurred to Gudrid.

In the next incident we shall relate of Gudrid she does not appear to the best advantage in a religious point of view. The description of a heathen incantation supposed to have taken place nearly nine hundred years ago, and, after transmission by oral tradition through the Scalds and Sagamen, reduced to writing historically by the monks of Iceland in the beginning of the thirteenth century, has been compared to the best literature of the

same kind in "Waverly" and the "Pirate," and is too unique for description. It must be given as the Saga renders it:

"At that time there was sore scarcity in Greenland; the men who had gone out to the chase returned almost empty-handed, and some, indeed, had never come back again. Now, there dwelt in the colony a woman named Thorbjôrg, she was a spaewife (spae-kona) and was called the lesser Vala. She had had nine sisters, and all were spaewives, but she alone survived. It was her custom in winter to travel around to the different guilds, and in particular was she welcomed by those who wished to know something of their fate, or of the prospects of the year. And as Thorkel was the chief man of the colony, so seemed it meet that he should learn when the scarcity which now pressed on them should be lightened. Thorkel invited the spaewife to his house; she came, and was well received, as was the custom when this sort of women were guests. A high seat was prepared for her, and a cushion (stuffed) with hens' feathers was laid thereon. But when she came after mid-day, conducted by the man who had been sent to meet her, she was clad after the following fashion: Her upper garment was blue and set with jewels down to her girdle, and she had glass pearls around her neck, and on her head a hat of black lamb's skin, lined with the skin of white cats. And she bore in her hand a staff, whereon there was a knob, ornamented with metal, and set all around with stones. Round her waist was a girdle fashioned of old and dry wood (hniaskulinda) and thereat hung a heavy purse of leather, wherein she carried her materials of incantation. On her feet were heavy calf-skin sandals, attached by long cords (or ties), each terminated by large tags of tin. On her hands she wore gloves of cat's skin, which within were white and shaggy. And as she entered the house, all men thought it their duty to greet her with honorable words, and Thorbjorg received each salutation graciously. Then Thorkel took her hand and led her to the seat that was prepared for her, and besought her to cast a favorable eye over his house and flocks. But she answered briefly to all that was said. Then was the table decked for the feast, and it behooves us to note what was prepared for the witch's meal. There was a porridge of goat's milk, and a dish of the hearts of all the animals that could be procured. Thorbjorg had a knife case of metal, and a knife of copper, which was fastened in a shaft of walrus tooth with two rings, but the point was broken off. When the feast was done, Thorkel addressed the spaewife and besought her to inform him and his guests of that which each most desired to know. Thorbjorg answered that she could say nothing until the next morning, till she had slept one night in the house. The next day, after noon, all was made ready for the incantation. And now the

witch commanded that they should cause to approach the women who could sing the magic song, and the song was called Vardlokkur, or the invocation of the protecting spirits. But in the house were no such women found, and they sought for them elsewhere. Then said Gudrid (Thorbjorg's daughter), 'Though I know not magic, and am no spaewife, yet did my foster-mother, Halldis, in Iceland, teach me a song which she called Vardlokkur.' 'Thou art lucky, Gudrid, with thy knowledge,' quoth Thorkel. But she answered, 'It is a song such as I do not hope for help from, for I am a Christian woman.' Then said Thorbjorg, the witch, 'It may be that you may do the guests some good thereby, and yet be yourself not less esteemed than you were before.' Thorkel now pressed Gudrid till she answered that she would sing. The women formed a circle around the magic mound, but Thorbjorg sate thereon, and Gudrid sang the song so clearly and so well that all thought they had never heard a voice so sweet. The spaewife thanked her for the song and said: 'Now are many spirits come to us, and find great joy in the sweetly-chanted song, who before would have kept themselves aloof, and would not have aided us, and now are many things clear to me which before were concealed. But I tell you, Thorkel, that the scarcity that now prevails will last only through the winter, and when the spring comes there will be plenty.'"

Gudrid, whose pagan name was Thurid, derived from the god Thor, on her conversion to Christianity is believed to have changed her name to Gudrid. As the winter of 1006 approached, Thorfin, who had also received the name of Karlsefne, which means *destined to become great*, an Icelander of munificent wealth and generosity, and of a noble character, visited Leif at Brattahlid, and when Christmas approached, and Leif apologized for the poorness of his stores of good things for the celebration of the festival, Thorfin Karlsefne opened his rich stores, and the festival was held with feasting and joy. "And after Yule" (Christmas), says the Saga, "Karlsefne disclosed to Leif that he wished to marry Gudrid, for it seemed to him as if he must have the power in this matter. Erik answered favorably, and said that she must follow her fate, and that he heard nothing but good of him; and it ended so that Thorfin married Thurid (Gudrid), and then was the feast extended, and their marriage was celebrated, and happened at Brattahlid in the winter." Gudrid accompanied her husband in his brave attempt to plant a colony of Northmen in Vinland, in 1007 and 1010, an account of which is given in our article on the Northmen in America in this REVIEW for April, 1888. It there occurred that a scarcity of food threatened the existence of the members of the expedition, and Christian prayers were offered up to heaven that they

might find an abundance of food. As their prayers were not immediately answered, Thorkel, who was evidently a pagan, pretended to pray for the same relief to the god Thor; soon afterwards a whale was found, and the hungry Northmen eagerly commenced to devour its fetid blubber; but when the pagan Thorkel taunted the Christians with the failure of their prayers for food, and alleged that the whale they were eating had been sent to them by Thor at his intercession, all the Christians immediately threw the whale into the water, and again looked famine in the face rather than countenance the pretensions of the pagan. Thorkel and all who ate the whale were made sick, and after this blasphemous pagan, with his ship and crew, had abandoned the expedition, the prayer of the Christians was heard, and their faith rewarded with an abundance of fresh fish and game.

In further illustration of the difficulties which the Church and her newly converted peoples had to undergo, especially where Christianity and paganism were face to face, struggling for the mastery, we will relate, from the Saga of Nial, that a female Scald is represented as saying to a newly converted Christian, "Do you not know that Thor has challenged your Christ to single combat, and that he dares not fight him?" No passage in all the Sagas and poems of the Scalds more thoroughly and characteristically illustrates the national sentiment of the Northmen, which recognized war as the arbiter of all things, even the sacred interests of religion. And we may add that Longfellow shows his keen appreciation of the same historic fact in the following pointed verses, in which he says that King Olaf

> O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
> He made of the Cross Divine,
> As he drank, and mutter'd his prayers.
> But the Berserks evermore
> Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
> Over theirs.

Indeed, it is impossible for us easy-going Christians of the nineteenth century to understand the ordeal through which the Church and our ancestors in the faith have passed in the olden time, unless we consult and sedulously study the annals of the ancient Church, the antiquities of the national churches of Europe and the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Snorre, the son of Thorfin Karlsefne and Gudrid, was born in Vinland in 1008, in the State of Massachusetts; the precise spot is not known, but it is quite certain that it was near the present Buzzard's Point, in Massachusetts; he was the first Christian born within the limits of our country; they all returned to Norway, and finally to

Iceland, where Snorre became a man of influence and position; after the death of Thorfin, Gudrid made a pilgrimage to Rome, and on her return to Iceland she entered a convent as a nun at Glaumbae, and nearby thereto Snorre erected a church for the convenience of his mother and her sisters in religion. Among the descendants of Snorre, besides the great sculptor, Thorwaldsen, were several Catholic bishops and other distinguished men and families; the Saga thus speaks of them: "The daughter of Snorre Karlsefneson was Hallfrid, mother of Bishop Thorlek Runolfson. They had a son who Thorbjörn hight, his daughter hight Thorunn, mother of Bishop Bjorn Thorgier hight the son of Snorri Karlsefneson, father to Yngvild, mother of Bishop Brand the first. A daughter of Snorri Karlsefneson was also Steinum, who married Einar, son of Grundarketil, son of Thorvald Krok, the son of Thorer, of Espihol; their son was Thorstein Raviglatr; he was father to Gudrun, who married Jörund, of Keldum; their daughter was Halla, mother to Flose, father of Valgerde, mother of Herr Erlend Sterka, father of Herr Hauk, the Lagman (the last compiler of the Landanama Book). Another daughter of Flose was Thordis, mother of Fru Ingegerd the rich; her daughter was Fru Hallbera, Abbess of Stad, at Reinisness. Many other great men in Iceland are descended from Karlsefne and Thurid, who are not here mentioned. God be with us. Amen."

THE HOLY SEE AND THE GENTILES (461–604).

The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1888.

IN these days, when men are tending more and more to close analysis in nature, art, and science, the beginning of life has become a very burning and prominent question. There is a growing distrust for ready-made opinions, and a proportionate tendency to dissect and anatomize. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, the poet said in a heathen world, and at this hour of revealed religion every fact, every dogma, every development of a primeval truth, has to be carried back to its origin, and only such will stand the eternal siftings of men, that is, the restless cravings in time of an immortal intellect. In connection with physical science we may mention the discovery of the sources of the Nile, of steam, of luminiferous ether, as epoch-marking events, and even in the case of Darwin, where reason was unlighted by faith, the scientific world has been upheaved by the conclusions of a great mind gone astray whilst it confronted this question of origin. Newton's discovery of gravitation has no parallel in the physical world, but in the spiritual order it has been likened to the Blessed Sacrament, that cord which binds heaven to earth. The author of "The Formation of Christendom" has found out another analogy, and proved it, not with the unerring precision of mathematical problems, which is man's infallibility, but in the higher order of evidence furnished by historical facts. We say *higher*, because nowhere is the Hand of God more clearly seen than in the panorama of history. Gravitation itself affects the majority of men far less than those plain questions which must of necessity influence every human life. Our planet's position in space appeals chiefly to the learned, whereas the individual's course through life and beyond it is a personal one to each of us. The sources, then, of spiritual gravitation are laid bare, and we are told that "the heart of the Church throbbed in the Roman Primacy" with the overwhelming testimony of fact. We may say that it *is* throbbing, for loyalty to the Holy See is the distinctive mark of the Catholic. All other dogmas may be held, and yet if the seat of life be placed elsewhere than in the See of Peter, all the planetary gravitation in the spiritual order is awry. From the first, Mr. Allies has attached himself to the centre and bond of unity. Even as an Anglican he was

[1] *The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations*, p. 52.

erroneously true to the principle of supremacy as the axis on which everything turns, and since the dawn of light in his soul he has become the specialist of St. Peter's prerogatives. Twenty-seven years of labor expended on this study have produced "The Formation of Christendom," in other words, an account of Peter's Kingdom, which is marked with the folly of the Cross, a miracle strengthened by every age as it passes away whilst that Rock endures. The nobler the organ, the greater will be the specialist's fame, but the glory of *this* specialist will have been, and is, the recognition of the organ so labored for in unwearying years. We are far from assuming that he alone has defended Peter; what we *do* claim for him is the special aspect which he gives to the Holy See in the spiritual dispensation when he speaks of the Church's heart throbbing in the Roman Primacy. This sentence occurs in his latest volume, the sixth, of "The Formation of Christendom," but it is the mainspring of the whole work, and the key to his life-long devotion to St. Peter's Chair.

In the "Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations" he deals with old and with new Rome; with an expiring empire and the perfection of the Roman peace; with new peoples, whom Divine Providence was preparing for Peter's garner; in short, with the decaying embers of old Rome and that Christendom which the Popes founded on those smouldering ashes. The period embraced by him in this volume, 455 to 604, contains as if in embryo what was to constitute the probation of the Church in after ages; by the side of Popes St. Leo and St. Gregory, a Pope Vigilius; the secular power wielded in the strong hand of Justinian, the great ruler, who respected the office, whilst he did not always spare the person, of the Pope; the wiles and plottings of the Empress Theodora, typifying the human element of corruption, which is ever at work in the body of the Church, but cannot touch its heart. If Christianity was founded by the Cross, so was Christendom, and it is to the whole view of Christendom, which was built up by the Popes as successors of St. Peter, that we would call attention in the volume before us. Nothing is vaguer than the general conception of Christendom. To most minds it means Europe in its present state; but how many people ever go back to the sources of its being, and ask themselves who laid its foundation? Then, how were its walls builded up? Mr. Allies will tell us as, we believe, no other does; we shall read in these pages of Christian Rome's travail, of the pastors, not wolf-nurtured as its first king, but nourished on the Lamb to feed the sheep. Parallel with old Rome ran the fortunes of the beautiful city which Constantine called Nova Roma, or rather, as the one decayed and seemed to die, the other raised her shining face to heaven. It was in the nature of human things

that the fulness of the Roman peace should have passed to Byzantium.

Scarcely had the seat of empire been removed to it than its see became jealous of old Rome's spiritual primacy, and if the Eastern emperor could not make it second to none, it was not for want of will. He had something else to contend with, and this was the power of the Crucified in St. Peter's successor, a spiritual radiation typified in the act of Pope St. Leo, who, unarmed and defenceless, had gone out to meet Attila, and saved the city by his personal influence. Leo's word, which forcibly recalls that of Leo's Lord in the garden, when the armed men fell down before Him, upon His saying, "*Whom seek ye?*" was set forth in "The Throne of the Fisherman."[1] The phase of crucifixion, so to speak, in the Papacy, is not yet over, though the voice of the whole Church has spoken at Chalcedon, and has acclaimed Leo "as entrusted by the Saviour with the guardianship of the Vine." To underrate the importance of this testimony, is practically to give up the Church and revealed religion, for "schism generates agnostics."[2] It is followed by the witness of facts: the fall of the Western Empire, which unmade Rome's temporal sovereignty, barbarian invasions which produced in it a desolation approaching to the darkness of Calvary, and the moulding of these men of the North, Pagan or Arian as they were, into living stones for a future Christendom. This was accomplished by the Holy See, the generator of the episcopate, because it was the bond of unity which held together elements so scattered. "Arians became Catholics, Teuton raiders issued into Christian kings, savage tribes thrown upon captive provincials coalesced into nations, while all were raised together into, not a restored empire of Augustus, but an empire holy as well as Roman . . . whose creator was the Roman Peter."[3]

It would be a small thing to assert these results if history did not bear them out, and to show that it does is the scope of the volume before us. It has been a labor of love to put together this page in the birth of spiritual Rome, which is obscure only because it is not known. We will venture to say that ignorance on the subject is no longer possible.

Few, if any, Catholic historians have considered the simultaneous rise of the new Rome and the old, the one typifying the secular, the other the spiritual power. There was a singular feature about the withdrawal from Rome of the Roman emperor, and the reduction of old Rome to the rank of a provincial town under an

[1] Being the fifth volume of *The Formation of Christendom*. It was published in the spring of 1887.

[2] *The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations*, p. 5.

[3] Page 6.

Exarchate. It was as if Divine Providence wished to show whence the power of St. Peter's see came. All human elements of greatness were lavished on Byzantium and lacking in proportion at old Rome, and it was the radiation of the imperial court, its reflection, which gave lustre to its see. Byzantium would have had its state church if its claims had not been resisted by the Roman Peter, and the gates of hell would have prevailed if Cæsar had had his way. St. Leo had opposed the demands of St. Pulcheria and her husband that Nova Roma should have a spiritual rank secondary only to Rome. His seven successors "stood as one man,"[1] but their seven contemporaries at Constantinople showed unity of purpose only in one thing, subservience to the emperor, who made them what they were. Herein lies the interest and importance of the historical details so abundantly supplied by Mr. Allies. From Anatolius to John the Faster, the struggle was going on which really settled forever the burning question of the Primacy. Shorn by one stroke of imperial favor and of its human greatness, Rome made itself heard above the clamors of emperor and courtly bishop. Five times plundered, always, by its position, the goal of greedy invaders, it drew strength from Peter as Constantinople's bishop drew influence from the emperor. The claims which St. Leo had resisted were put forward later on, and the See of Nova Roma attained the second rank in the Church till the time when his prescience was borne out, and unsatisfied ambition developed into schism and heresy. The most that the new capital and its sovereign could do was to make an "ecumenical patriarch," for so he is called in the laws of Justinian. The process was a gradual one, extending over the one hundred and forty years from St. Leo to St. Gregory, and every succeeding Pope had the instinct of St. Leo. "We laugh," said Pope Gelasius to the then Bishop of Constantinople, "at the pretension to erect an apostolical throne upon an imperial residence."[2] The tower, nevertheless, was erected, and if it did not reach to heaven, that was not the fault of its builder. Whilst the Bishop of Constantinople was the second person in the East, claiming ecumenical authority over all except the Pope himself, he acknowledged the Primacy "seated in a provincial city, pauperized and decimated with hunger and desertion."[3] That which ought to have made an apostolical throne, if it could be manufactured by human hands wielding all earth's strong things, should have unmade the Primacy if it had not been founded on the Rock. Behind the crumbling walls of Aurelian the Pope looked out on a wasted, perishing city, and called himself in the person of St. Gregory, not ecumenical patriarch, but "servant of the servants of God."

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[1] Page 180. [2] Page 343. [3] Page 345.

The pretensions and disloyalty of Acacius, to quote the most prominent amongst the seven bishops we have mentioned, served to bring out the true position of the Pope, just as controversy in our day illustrates a particular doctrine. The thirteen immediate successors of St. Leo were all saints. Then came one into Peter's Chair whose election was due to the manœuvrings of the Empress Theodora, and if ever Nova Roma, representing the pride of the world, should have prevailed against the Primacy, it was now. Not only had Theodora succeeded in making a creature of her own Pope, but Vigilius spent seven years at Constantinople, during which time he was harassed by unrighteous demands and deprived of his natural counsellors. Yet Vigilius had put on the Apostle, in whose place he sat. "If you have made me a prisoner, you cannot imprison the holy Apostle Peter,"[1] was his answer to Justinian, who, with all his generous instincts, was a petty persecutor.

If, on the one hand, the splendor, might, and empire of Nova Roma, whilst producing, we might almost say manufacturing, a patriarch, availed nothing against the Primacy, whilst the greatest of Eastern emperors, Justinian, bore witness to the Pope as head of all the bishops, this volume attests the creative power of the Popes in old Rome. Before laying the foundations of modern Christendom they built up, without stones, that city which was the capital on earth of their spiritual kingdom. Scarcely had the seat of empire been removed by Constantine than the very existence of Rome was threatened by the barbarians who swept over it with the devastating fury of an avalanche. Twice did St. Leo stay the arm raised to give Rome its death-blow. Attila and Genseric passed away, and still the city lived on in agonized life, yet those fierce invasions were only the beginning of strife. The warfare was carried on through three hundred years, and Christendom came forth from the Cross like the regenerating blood and water from the spear of the soldier. "The Papacy, delivered from the Western emperor, rose up, and the Church of Rome grew upon ruins. It took the place of the civil kingdom,"[2] says Gregorovius, who is no friend to the manifestation of Divine power, which he chronicles. The world is living just as much on the word of our Lord to Peter as on the creative word uttered in the beginning: "*Let there be light.*" Gregorovius speaks in this way because facts had spoken before him. The agony of imperial Rome lasted twenty-one years. After Attila and Genseric came Vitiges and Totila, who, though inflicting terrible misery upon her, stopped short of the Primacy, which was her vital element. Under Narses, the general of Justinian, who finally conquered her for his master at Nova Roma, "the spiritual power of the Primacy was the spring of all action."[3]

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[1] Page 233. [2] Quoted p. 9. [3] Page 294.

The abomination of desolation resulting from two centuries of barbarian horrors had reached its culminating point in St. Gregory's time, yet who, after St. Leo, typifies more remarkably than he the vitality of his see in a desolated city? From the moment when a heavenly vision consoled him as his plague-stricken people crossed the bridge of St. Peter's in the procession which he had ordered, till the end, when he laid down, at sixty-four, the burden of a life consumed by charity, his one care was for the Christian people, both at home and abroad. In Rome itself he fed the sick and starving with the patrimony of the Church; abroad he maintained the Primacy to the Empress Constantina, to the Emperor Mauritius, to the Lombard Queen Theodelinda, to the kings of the Franks and of the Goths, and identified himself with the Apostle Peter, and he brought together the ends of the earth in his pastorship by setting up the Christian faith in Britain, whose inhabitants were to be no more *Angli*, but *angeli*. Gregory worked with the mark of the cross upon him, knowing scarcely an hour without pain, and not one in which care for the churches did not trouble him. But more than that, he thought the end of all things was at hand, whereas he himself was laying everywhere the foundation of a people who were to endure as long as faith in Christ should be deemed a glory. Leo could contemplate the shadow of the great Roman peace, which had so lately departed; Gregory had before him another peace, an ideal one, as he looked upon it, and whilst he thought eternity was at hand, he built up time for the Church.

Another fact, in that history, proves the power of the Primacy, and this is the gradual conversion from paganism and heresy of Lombards, Goths, Franks, Saxons, and Alemans, a conversion noted by St. Chrysostom, as a spiritual sign which might compete with the miracles of the apostolic times. To realize what the bond of union offered by St. Peter's see was, let us suppose that those barbarous hordes had found Europe split up into national religions with as many creeds as countries, or, to take a concrete case, that they had invaded England in its present state with its hundred sects. What would have been the result? One of two things: The invaders would have clung to their native gods, and never have known our Lord, or they would have become the ancestors of our nineteenth century Agnostics, only the disease of unbelief would have set in before the world was so old as it is now. What actually happened was their gradual conversion to the one faith of Christ through the principle of unity represented by the Primacy. In no equivocal language Gibbon has spoken of Christianity's "two glorious and decisive victories: over the learned and luxurious citizens of the Roman empire, and over the warlike barba-

rians of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the empire and embraced the religion of the Romans."[1] In those days the Protestant element was represented by Arianism, a powerful enemy, which began by inveigling the new peoples into its rival camp, for to the Franks alone belongs the glory of having passed straight from Paganism to the pure faith of Rome. St. Peter had to deal not with a hundred false religions, but with one deadly heresy, which sat in high places. "The Catholic faith was considered throughout the West the mark of the Roman subject, and the Arian misbelief, the mark of the Teuton invader and governor."[2] Since Theodosius, Arianism had no longer a footing in the East, but the agony of the Western empire was troubled, perhaps increased, by this heresy, and at the time of its fall the Church was threatened by the loss of every advantage which the peace of Constantine had procured for it. "It was not a crowd of heresies which surrounded her, but the secular power at Rome, at Carthage, at Toulouse, and Bordeaux, at Seville and Barcelona, spoke Arian."[3] "The dominant heresy of the West" could be overcome and rooted out only by unity, for let us imagine, again, the same phenomenon arising in our own time. Arianism has reproduced itself over and over again. Since the great revolt of the sixteenth century, men have persuaded themselves that opinions, not dogmas, should rule them, so that for those who can be illogical enough to believe this, there are soon as many religions as men, whilst for those who think in earnest truth ceases to exist. Arianism, then, or its equivalent, falling into a world with no spiritual centre of gravitation, would have been a fruitful mother of destructive children, and the stronghold of Christendom would never have been built. The division of the Roman empire in the fourth century prepared a wide field for the action of the Primacy in the heart of the Church. Its dealings were no longer confined to one temporal government. If, as Gibbon says, the constitution of modern nations is largely due to the Church acting through her bishops, these were in their turn held together by the successor of St. Peter. It was this unity of all members under one head which saved the world from becoming Arian, and preserved undimmed the light which enlightens every man coming into this world.

In the course of an article we can do no more than point out the great lines of an argument which is carried over the space of two hundred years. These are of capital importance and will illustrate our starting-point, that what the heart is to the human body, or the centre of gravitation to the universe, that is the Primacy of St. Peter in the spiritual fabric of the Church. To Mr. Allies belongs the glory

[1] Page 325. [2] Page 47. [3] Page 50.

of this illustration, and of a life spent in the service of this dogma. "The Formation of Christendom" may be called its monument; neither flaw nor blemish can be found in the title-deeds which rest on Our Lord's commission to St. Peter. This volume completes the work up to the time of St. Gregory the Great. The whole purpose of the author will be carried out only when he has entirely built up the fabric of Christendom. There will be no missing link in the chain of human evidence, and as to the divine, we think readers of "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations" will admit that the finger of God is here. First, we are shown the Papacy living on the Cross in absolute dearth of first necessaries, living a strong life in the midst of death and destruction; unarmed, defenceless, and crucified, doing battle to all the forces of this world combined at Nova Roma. Then, we find the Popes building up a city without stones, the fortress of St. Peter in the heart of Pagan Rome, and lastly, gathering the new Gentile world into the Apostle's garner. They raised their structure with living stones, and filled the uttermost ends of the earth with the new seed of Abraham, fit emblem of the heavenly Jerusalem which the kingdom of St. Peter typifies in this world:

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem
Beata pacis visio,
Quæ celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris.—Ἀληθῆς.

THE UNIAT CATHOLICS IN RUSSIA.

IN June of this year a Jubilee celebration of a remarkable kind was held in Russia under the auspices of both State and Church. It was a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the decree of the Emperor Nicholas, by which the Catholics belonging to the Greek rite within the former Polish provinces were forcibly incorporated with the schismatic State Church. The celebration was held at Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, formerly an integral part of Poland, but now classified as one of the western provinces of Russia. Wilna has long been one of the most Catholic cities of the north of Europe, a fact which made more evident the political meaning of the official celebration, for purely official it was. The ancient city of the Jagellons was crowded with Russian officials and Russian troops, and on the 19th of June and the two following days the schismatic clergy and the governor of the province held solemn festival to commemorate the establishment of the schismatic State Church in Catholic Lithuania. With the customary audacity of Russian officials, the ukase of the Czar, which made the profession of the Catholic faith an act of treason for nearly two millions of his subjects, was described as an emancipation from Latin tyranny and the restoration of religious peace. The Russian Government proclaims the fullest toleration for all religions, and its assertions are widely believed outside Russia. It is well that, in America, at least, we should have a true idea of what this so-called liberty of conscience means for Catholics. The history of the suppression of the Uniat Church in Lithuania is an example of it, and it recalls the days of the English Henry the Eighth.

Before the iniquitous partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia and Austria, the Polish territory extended from Turkey to the Baltic, and from a few miles east of the Oder to beyond the great rivers Dwina and Dnieper, comprising an extent one-half greater than France has to-day. Its population of eighteen millions was more that three-fourths Catholic, excepting from the reckoning the Jews and the Mahometans scattered over its territory. In one respect the Catholic Church in Poland had a peculiar character. Its members were divided into two rites—the Latin or Western, identical with that of Western Europe, and the Uniat or Greco-Slavonian, which in its services and church language agrees with the Russian schismatic Church, but differs from it in acknowledging fully the supremacy of the Holy See.

The Uniat Catholics have a hierarchy of their own, distinct from

the Latin Bishops, even in the same districts, and wholly independent of their jurisdiction. Where a Latin and a Uniat diocese exist in the same city, as in Lemberg in Austria, the authority in church matters of each bishop is confined to the clergy and laity of his own rite. To a Latin Catholic the position of the Uniat archbishop is the same as that of the Archbishop of Boston to a Catholic of New York. He may attend mass in a Uniat Church, confess to a Uniat priest or receive the sacraments from his hands, but in all disciplinary matters he must be guided by the rules of his own bishop. In general discipline the most important differences between the two rites are that the Uniat liturgy is in the old Slavonian language instead of Latin, and that celibacy is not required of the parochial clergy. In these points the Polish Uniats follow the example of the Eastern Church, from whence their first missioners brought Christianity to them and the Russians. The Holy See has, from the earliest times, recognized the existence of the different rites within her communion. The Armenian, the Syriac, the Chaldæan and Coptic rites, as well as the United Greek and Slavonian rites, are all integral parts of the Catholic Church. Saints of all have been canonized by the Roman Pontiffs, and the Uniat martyr, St. Josaphat, is among the most illustrious of modern Catholic saints. The Uniat Catholics of Poland have given ample evidence in our own day that their attachment to the Church is as strong as that of the most Catholic nations of the West.

In Poland, before its territory was dismembered by the three Powers, the Uniat Catholics were a larger body than their Latin brethren. The Polish kingdom, though under one government, was made up of three races—the Poles, properly so-called, in the west, the Lithuanians, a non-Slavonic race with a totally distinct language in the northeast, and the Ruthenians in the southeastern and eastern provinces adjoining Turkey and Russia. Generally speaking the Poles belong to the Latin rite, having received their missioners from Bohemia and Germany, and the Ruthenians are or were Uniats. In Lithuania the population was almost equally divided between the two rites. Though somewhat less in numbers, however, the Latins formed the more important part of the nation politically, from their higher standard of cultivation. The Poles and Lithuanians were the warrior races, while the Ruthenians had been conquered by the Tartar invaders in the thirteenth century, and their old civilization rudely shaken by the Tartar dominion. Though all were politically equal, there was consequently a tendency on the part of the educated Ruthenians to pass over to the Latin rite, although the practice was discouraged by the Popes and the Church. As a result, the mass of the Uniats were a peasant population and their clergy, though zealous and

devoted, were not in point of cultivation equal to their Latin colleagues. The Russian Government, immediately after its first seizure of Polish territory, took advantage of this state of affairs to make a distinction between the Latin and Uniat Catholics. Both had been guaranteed freedom of religion by the treaty of partition, but Catherine of Russia was utterly unscrupulous in regard to promises or treaties. Personally she was wholly indifferent to any religion, but the policy of the Russian government had always been to enforce strict conformity with the State Church on its subjects as far as possible, and this policy she at once proceeded to apply to her conquests in Poland.

The first partition of that ill-fated kingdom in 1772 gave to Catherine the Ukraine and White Russia, with a population of some millions of Catholics. The Uniats, who formed the majority, had two dioceses in the ceded territory, while the Latins were subject to bishops in the still independent part of Poland. An assistant bishop, Siestrencewicz, resided in the Russian territory, and Catherine, of her own authority, at once declared him the head of the Latin Church in her dominions. To prevent worse consequences, the Holy See consented, in 1784, to establish the archbishopric of Mohilev within the Russian dominions, and accepted the nomination of Siestrencewicz as its archbishop. The character of the first Archbishop of Mohilev has been graphically described by Joseph De Maistre, but here it need only be said of him that he proved a docile instrument in the hands of Catherine for undermining the liberties of the Catholic Church. The fate of the Uniat Catholics was, from the commencement, separated from that of their Latin brethren. With the latter Catherine was satisfied to proceed slowly. She forbade their clergy to communicate with Rome except through the government agency, and she hampered their action by the numerous methods familiar to despotic government, but she did not deprive them of all religious freedom. With the Uniat Catholics her course was different. In spite of the toleration proclaimed in the treaty of partition, no sooner did she see herself mistress of the Ukraine than the Uniat bishops were expelled and schismatic bishops installed in their place. The Catholic churches were seized for schismatic worship and the Catholic priests replaced by schismatics through four-fifths of the parishes. In numerous cases it was declared by the Russian officials that the villages demanded schismatic priests, and such communities were at once officially declared to have joined the State Church. Thenceforth any of their members who professed himself a Catholic was treated as a criminal. The heads of families were sent into exile, their property was confiscated, liberty of conscience had no existence for them. How these so-called con-

versions in mass were actually effected may be gathered from the history of the Uniats of Lithuania, who were officially brought into the State Church within our own day, an event that will be briefly sketched hereafter. We will only say here that, according to Count Dmitry Tolstoi in his history of Catholicity in Russia, over one and a half millions of Catholics were thus incorporated officially with the schismatic Church in the last two years of Catherine's reign, and that Father Lescœur estimates the total number torn away from the Catholic communion during the reign of that empress at eight millions.

The reigns of Paul and Alexander the First gave a truce of thirty years to the Catholic Church in Russia. The first-named sovereign put a stop to the forced conversions, and concluded a concordat with the Holy See during the imprisonment of Pius VI. By this, three dioceses were established for the Uniats in place of five which had formerly existed, and six for the Latin Catholic Church in Russia, exclusive of one Uniat and eight Latin dioceses in Poland. It must be remembered that the provinces taken from Poland by the first and second partitions are regarded by the Russian Government as Russian and not Polish provinces. What has been styled the kingdom of Poland since 1815, when it was constituted by the Congress of Vienna, is a territory around Warsaw of about one-fifth the extent of the former independent Polish State. Its administration, until lately, has been quite distinct from that of the rest of the empire, though still subject to the despotic will of the Czar, and the higher state of civilization of its people has been some slight barrier against official tyranny. The eastern and southern provinces of old Poland are always officially described as the western provinces of Russia, and it is there that is to be found almost the whole Catholic population. The diocese of Saratoff in the south, around Odessa and Saratoff, where the Catholics are mostly German colonists, is the only body of Catholics in Russia that is not of Polish origin, however they may be styled officially.

Alexander I. continued the toleration inaugurated by his father, though the millions of Uniats forced into schism by Catherine were still retained in it by the force of the law. The Uniats of Lithuania, and those of the southern provinces that had escaped registration as schismatics during Catherine's reign, were allowed the exercise of their religion with comparative freedom, though forbidden, under the severest penalties, to receive their late brethren into communion. When Nicholas ascended the throne, in 1825, the Catholic Uniats in his empire numbered a million and a half, in four dioceses, and the Latin Catholics in the western provinces, outside the so-called kingdom of Poland, about two and a half mil-

lions. Within the kingdom the Catholics numbered nearly four millions, including the Uniat diocese of Chelm.

From the beginning of his reign hostility to the Catholic Church appears to have been a passion with Nicholas. A giant in stature and strength, and indomitable in will, with a fanatical belief in the divine right of his own power, Nicholas of Russia was the perfect type of a Russian despot. The Polish insurrection of 1830 excited in him a fierce hatred of everything Polish and Catholic. Two years before that event, indeed, he appears to have resolved on the destruction of the Uniat Church in Russia, but the failure of the insurrection gave him at once the means and a pretext for carrying out his plans. Those plans were laid with a skill equally clever and unscrupulous. The Czar publicly professed his respect for the Catholic Church and its head, and maintained an envoy at Rome as a proof of his amity with the Holy See, while he was plotting the destruction of Catholicity in his dominions. He found a suitable instrument for his work in a Uniat priest, Siemasko, whose career strikingly resembles that of the English Cranmer, and who lent himself, heart and soul, to the work of destroying Catholicity among his countrymen.

Joseph Siemasko was a native of Lithuania, and after his ordination had been appointed a member of the Catholic College at St. Petersburg. The latter is a kind of ecclesiastical board appointed by the Russian Government for the general administration of the Catholic Church in its dominions. It is copied from the "Holy Synod" of the State Church, which, since the abolition of the Patriarchate of Moscow by Peter the Great, has been the supreme power in that Church. As in the synod, the members of the Catholic College are appointed by the government, not by the Catholic Church or its head, and though some Catholic priests are among its members, there is no guarantee whatever of their orthodoxy. Siemasko's position in this college gave him an opportunity of fully learning the wishes of the Czar, and, with the prospect of fortune and power before him, he devoted himself privately to carrying them out. While openly professing his devotion to the Catholic Church, of which he was a priest, he presented, in 1827, a secret memoir to the emperor, in which he reminded him that Catherine had openly declared her intention of extirpating the Uniat Church in her dominions, and deliberately suggested the means that, in his opinion, were best adapted to attain that end. What those means were displays so well the character both of the man himself and of the Russian persecution that we will give a sketch of them as published in 1872 in the *Messenger of Europe*, a monthly review published at St. Petersburg with the indorsement of the Russian censorship. Were it not for such a witness, most

readers unacquainted with the Russian government would find it incredible that such methods should have been employed in a so-called religious propaganda.

In his secret memoir Father Siemasko reminded the Czar that Catherine, his grandmother, had determined to force all the Catholic Uniats into the State Church, and he recalled with approval the means she had employed for that end. The Uniats had been *invited* by the synod to join the schism, and her majesty had ordered the Governor Toutolmine to join *his action* to the invitation. He was specially directed to forbid any Catholic, whether priest or layman, to offer the *least opposition* to the propagation of the schism. The least attempt of such a kind was to be considered a high crime and punished with immediate confiscation. This threat, added Siemasko, *taken in connection with the state of siege* to which those provinces were subjected, produced its effect, and we saw orthodox dioceses spring up in Lithuania and especially in Volhynia and Podolia. It was true that when the vigilance of the local authorities was relaxed a strong reaction set in and the conversions to the State ceased altogether, while returns to the Catholic communion commenced on a large scale. Siemasko, the Catholic priest, carefully pointed out what appeared to him the chief causes of this change, and suggested to the emperor the most effectual means for renewing and perfecting the work of Catherine.

These measures embody a plan of Machiavellian craft for rooting out the Catholic faith. They were, first to create a state college or board of control for the Uniat Church which should have full control of its administration and of which the members should be all appointed by the Czar and devoted to his will. Secondly, to reduce the four dioceses then existing to two, and on the death of the actual bishops to permit to succeed them none but *sure men*, that is to say, men ready to obey the Czar even in opposition to the Pope. It must be remembered that the Russian Government had obtained from the Holy See the right of veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops within its dominions, such as the English Government, in 1814, tried unsuccessfully to obtain in Ireland and England. The third measure was to establish Government seminaries for the Uniat ecclesiastical students. These were to be nominally Catholic, but to be kept rigidly apart from all communication with the Latin clergy, and the professors and superiors to be appointed by the Uniat College, that is to say, by the Russian Government, whose creature it was. Finally, the monasteries and convents, which were among the firmest supports of the Catholic faith, were to be diminished as much as possible, and to be brought under the full control of the same college in the same manner as the schismatic convents are governed by the Russian Synod.

These measures were approved by the emperor, and steps were immediately taken to put them in execution. It is a striking comment on the morality of the system thus devised for changing the belief of a million and a half of Christians that the Russian Government professed to apply them with full respect for the Catholic religion, and while maintaining externally the most amicable relations with the Holy See. The author of the plot, Siemasko, was himself proposed on the next vacancy as a suffragan bishop and took the oath of fidelity to the Church and the Holy See while secretly bending all his efforts to destroy the faith of his flock. Subsequently, in 1833, he was appointed Bishop of Lithuania with the consent of the Holy See, which was kept in profound ignorance of his designs. To disguise the imperial projects more effectually, a perfectly devoted prelate of advanced age, Mgr. Bulhak, was nominated Archbishop of Polock, the other Uniat diocese, which was still permitted to exist. The government, however, succeeded in having a coadjutor appointed with him, Luzynski, who was fully involved in Siemasko's perfidy, and as the archbishop was obliged to reside at St. Petersburg, his coadjutor became virtually the ruler of the diocese. Siemasko also received a coadjutor, Zubko, who was devoted to his projects. Thus three secret apostates were vested with full canonical power over the Uniat Catholic Church, and enabled to mature their plans for its ruin with the apparent authority of the Holy See itself.

Siemasko lost no time in commencing his work. Assuming as a pretext that innovations had been introduced into the Uniat rite during the last century, he proceeded to assimilate its external practices to those of the schismatic church. The images and pictures in the churches were gradually replaced by Russian pictures in the peculiar metallic relief required by the schismatic discipline. The iconostases or rood screens, separating the sanctuary from the body of worshippers during the Mass, in Greek churches, had long been abandoned by the Uniats, but Siemasko ordered them to be introduced again. Organs, too, which are not used in Russia, he ordered to be removed from the Catholic churches, and the public Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was forbidden as unknown to ancient usage. A more important step was the substitution of schismatic missals and breviaries for the Catholic books among the Uniatic clergy in 1834. This drew forth the warmest opposition. Fifty-four priests in one district addressed a petition to the emperor demanding the right to practise their religion in the manner of their ancestors, and scarcely a hundred out of eight hundred priests could be found to accept the new books. This resistance met with the severest punishment. Several were banished, others imprisoned, and all were charged with canonical disobedience to the Catholic

Church itself. Father Micewicz, of Kamienec, was subjected to six months' imprisonment on bread and water for this crime, and subsequently banished from the diocese. Meanwhile, as the faithful priests were removed, Siemasko filled their places with newly ordained candidates whose conformity to his own orders was secured in advance. The Archbishop Bulhak was powerless to interfere. He was practically deprived of all communication with his priests by the Government, and Luzynski, his coadjutor, assumed his authority at will. The Government made every effort to win Archbishop Bulhak to its views, but in vain. He steadfastly refused to acknowledge its authority or to separate himself from the Holy See, and the formal defection of the Uniat Church was postponed until his death in 1838.

It was officially made in the beginning of the following year. Siemasko, and the two coadjutors, Bishops Luzynski and Zubko, held a synod and petitioned the emperor and the Russian Synod to unite the Uniat Catholics with the State Church. The request was granted, of course. An imperial ukase was addressed to General Protasoff, the procurator of the Holy Synod (in Russia, military officers fill ecclesiastical functions), ordering that body to examine the petition and refer their answer to His Majesty. The synod duly obeyed, and admitted graciously the three Catholic bishops and the whole body of Uniat Catholics to the communion of the State Church "by the will of the Sovereign and Emperor Nicholas Pawlovitch, autocrat of all the Russias." The so-called union of the Uniats with the Schism was celebrated with official rejoicings throughout the empire, and by order of Nicholas a medal was struck to commemorate the event. It bore the legend, "Separated by hate in 1595; reunited by love in 1839."

What was the nature of the "love" which had brought about the supposed conversion was speedily made clear. The Czar and the schismatic synod had assumed the full right of three bishops deliberately and fraudulently appointed to betray their trusts, to change the faith of a million and a half of Catholics. According to Russian law, if the name of law can be applied to a system which emanates from the arbitrary will of an irresponsible ruler the Uniat Church in Russia outside of Poland had ceased to exist.

The Catholic population, however, in spite of its isolation, and the crafty measures taken for its deception, declined to accept the schismatic worship. In many places they refused to allow the schismatic priests to enter the churches, in others they absented themselves altogether from public worship. Several villages addressed petitions to the governors of provinces, and even to the Czar himself, begging to be allowed the exercise of the Catholic religion, but all in vain. The doctrine laid down during the last

century by an English judge, that the law did not recognize the existence of any Catholic within the British dominions, finds a parallel in Russia to-day. The Uniat Catholics had been declared schismatics by the law, and hence they could have no right to be Catholics, was the tenor of the answers given to all their demands. As these demands, however, had an unfavorable effect on public opinion, the authorities proceeded to suppress them vigorously. Troops were called into requisition, and the Catholic peasants were driven, at the point of the bayonet in many cases, into their own churches to the Mass of a schismatic priest, or even to receive a sacriligeous communion at his hands. The scenes which took place at Dudakotwitz, a large village in the district of Vitebsk, in 1841, will serve as an example of the means used to force the Catholic population into the Schism. It is only one of many illustrations of the heroic attachment of the Lithuanians and Ruthenians to the faith from which the Government had publicly proclaimed their defection.

At Dudakowitz, in the beginning of the Holy Week, in 1841, two years after Siemasko's apostacy, a battalion of infantry was dispatched from Mohilev to enforce the attendance of the population at schismatic worship. The peasants gathered around their church and refused to admit the schismatic priest. They remained on guard day and night until Good Friday, when the soldiers commenced to burn their houses, and thus forced them to abandon their post. An old man named Lucas, who had been foremost in encouraging the resistance, with four others, was then arrested and required to profess conformity with the State Church. All five refused, whereon they were ordered to receive three hundred lashes each. Lucas, as the oldest and most respected, received his punishment first, and as each hundred lashes were completed, he was asked again if he would accept the Czar's religion, and on each refusal the blows were renewed. He was then removed to a cell in the neighboring convent, where he died the same night, after exhorting his children and grandchildren to remain forever faithful to the Catholic Church, and to bury him without any attendance of schismatic priests. One of his companions, named Gaspard, also died the same night, and a third, who survived, was sent prisoner to a schismatic convent at a distance from his home. Notwithstanding this example, the population of the town refused to abandon their faith, and during eleven years the church which had been handed over to the schismatics remained empty of worshippers. During that time they were deprived of all exterior worship; they baptized their own children and contracted marriage before the heads of the village, since no Catholic priest was allowed to approach them. Finally, in 1854, the Government ordered that the whole commu-

nity should be banished to Siberia in a body unless they consented to attend the State Church, and this menace at length forced them into external conformity with the Schism.

At Porozow, another village, the resistance of the Catholics was maintained up to 1862, and, indeed, it may be said to continue yet. On one occasion, all who refused to attend the schismatic service were sentenced to receive sixty lashes if men, and forty if women. Such were the means used to bring about the union which has just been commemorated in Russia.

The priests who refused to change their faith at the order of the Czar fared even more hardly. They were not only held guilty of apostacy from the State Church to which they had never belonged, but also of canonical rebellion against the bishops who had themselves abandoned the Catholic Church. Thus both civil and ecclesiastical penalties were poured on their devoted heads. Fourteen were imprisoned at Zachorow in 1840 in the former Basilian convent, where one, Father Slobotski, was left to die of hunger in a dark cell, and the others, after two years, were sent to finish their lives in different schismatic monasteries in Russia. A large number, estimated at from one hundred and six to a hundred and forty, were sent as convicts to Siberia. At Torokany, Father Baranowski, when imprisoned in the monastery, managed to address a petition to the Czar, and, by way of answer, was flogged and placed in a dark cell for several days. On opening its door at length his body was found stretched, without life, in an attitude of prayer. It was few, indeed, of those cases that came to the public knowledge. Once buried in the schismatic convents, the Catholic priests and monks who were imprisoned there were lost forever to sight. It must be remembered, that in Russia the publicity given to political events in America is utterly unknown. To criticise the acts of high officials is a crime which subjects those guilty of it to the severest penalties. The treatment of the Uniat nuns by Siemasko offers a striking instance of the secrecy which the Russian Government throws around the most atrocious acts of its officials. It is also a history of persecution unparalleled in modern times, and which recalls in our days the cruelties of the early persecutors of the Church.

Though there were a number of convents, both of men and women, in the Uniat Catholic Church previous to the apostacy of Siemasko, no account of their action in the question of a change of their faith was given to the world. It was assumed by the Russian authorities, and generally accepted by the outside world, that they had yielded to the pressure exercised on them and accepted the State Church doctrines either willingly or unwillingly. More than six years after the so-styled union of the Uniats to the

Russian Church, a woman, nearly exhausted with travel, and bearing on her person the marks of violent punishment, presented herself at the convent of the Sisters of Charity in Posen, in 1845, and asked for an asylum. She was the former abbess of the Basilian Catholic convent in Minsk, in the heart of Lithuania, several hundred miles from Posen, and had made her way on foot, after escaping from the prison in which the small remnant of her community was still expiating its fidelity to its faith. Of two hundred and forty-five nuns who had refused to abandon their faith, the Abbess Macrina Mieczyslawska alone escaped to tell their fate to Catholic Europe and the Sovereign Pontiff. The outburst of public indignation which her tale excited throughout Europe was immense, and the envoy of Russia to the Holy See, M. de Boutenieff, presented a note to the Pope in which he denied the possibility of such deeds having been done in his master's dominions, and endeavored to throw doubt on the fact that Sister Macrina had ever been in a Lithuanian convent. The note itself was a model of diplomatic evasion. A Paris journal, in giving its account of the abbess's relation, had inadvertently placed her convent at Kowno instead of Minsk, an error which was corrected in the following issue. M. de Boutenieff, in his note, attached himself mainly to this journalistic error, and declared that never had been a convent at Kowno, and that therefore the whole story was a fabrication. He further added that no nuns had been transferred to Russian convents, and that their convents had been left undisturbed, and even received new grants from the liberality of the Government. This fact would, if true, have been easily proved. It was only necessary to bring forward the testimony of the communities themselves, but that M. de Boutenieff carefully avoided attempting. Sister Macrina's story was submitted to a rigorous examination at Rome by a committee appointed by the Propaganda, and was found to bear intrinsic evidence of its accuracy. The abbess herself survived for twenty-four years in a Roman convent, only dying in 1869, and during that time she continued to impress the fullest confidence on the numerous visitors who came to examine her history, and on all who were in daily relations with her. Her account is too long for insertion here, but a brief summary of it, mainly told in her own words, will show how the Uniat Catholics of Lithuania were really "reunited" to the schismatic church of the Czar.

"During the summer of 1838 (that is, before the formal apostacy) Siemasko invited us three times in writing to go over to the Schism. Siemasko required that we should sign at the bottom of the invitation which he had sent us these words, 'We have read it,' which for him would have been equivalent to 'we have accepted

it.' After the third refusal he threatened us. Presenting himself in person for the first time after his apostacy, he asked me angrily: 'Why hast thou not signed the paper which I have thrice sent thee?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I have detected infamous falsehoods in it.' Seeing the same spirit in all our sisters, he cried out: 'I pardon thee on account of the emperor's benignity, who is willing to allow you three months for reflection; but if you persist in resistance, I announce to you all that you can imagine most terrible.' The third day after this scene, Siemasko, accompanied by the Governor of Minsk, Wznakoff, and a troop of Cossacks, broke open the convent gates at five in the morning, as we were going to the chapel. 'Where are you going?' he asked, and then added: 'This is the last moment of liberty that remains to you; you are still free to choose between keeping your property (with the additions which the generosity of the emperor is ready to make to it if you go over to the orthodox religion), or penal servitude and Siberia if you persist in your refusal.' 'Of the two, we choose penal servitude and Siberia rather than abandon Jesus Christ and His vicar on earth.' Siemasko then ordered the soldiers to remove us. At the church door I threw myself at the feet of the governor and asked permission to take leave of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament. He consented; and we entered the church and prostrated ourselves before the Host in prayer for a short time. There were thirty-five of us, and when the soldiers received orders to drive us out, thirty-four rose; the thirty-fifth lay dead before the Host. Her name was Rosalie Lanzecka; she was fifty-seven years old, and had been a nun thirty.

"When they had expelled us the orphans and our other pupils ran out crying. The inhabitants of the town joined them and attended us to our first halting-place, about a league off, where they stopped to tie us in couples and put irons on our hands and feet. The people were dispersed, and we had to proceed at a forced pace. They raised up such as fell and struck them. After seven days' march we reached Witebsk, where we were placed in a community of schismatic nuns (Czernice) who had been installed in the former Basilian convent six months before. . . . .

"The Czernice had been brought from the Don, and were women of coarse habits, chiefly widows of soldiers who received a monthly allowance of seven rubles each from the Government. Our sisters, six months before, had been put into a single room situated in the stable yard, and obliged to discharge all the menial offices of the house. At the time of the suppression the community numbered eighteen, but before our arrival the abbess and four sisters had sunk under the hardships inflicted upon them. . . . . The fetters which bound us in couples on the road

were removed and chains put on our feet, which we bore night and day for the whole seven years following. We were obliged to sweep the house, light the fires, and carry in water before six every morning, after which we were led to our hard labor, which varied according to the season. At first they made us break stones and draw them in barrows to which we were chained. At the end of two months the punishment of flogging began, twice a week, fifty lashes. We were flogged in the court-yard under an open shed, in the presence of the whole community, including the apostate priest Michalewicz, who had charge of us. What most affected us was, that we were beaten naked. The flogging over, we were led at once back to our hard work. After one of these floggings, Sister Columbia Gorska fainted on her way to work She was revived by a heavy blow, and dragged herself to the barrow, but expired on attempting to move it. Another died from a blow on the head given her with a log of wood by the Superior of the Czernice. Two others, Susanah Rypinska and Coletta Sielawa, died after more floggings in 1839.

"In the end of 1840, two years after our arrival, soldiers arrived who placed irons on our hands and coupled us as before, and obliged us to set out, we were not told whither. After two days we arrived at Polock, where we were shut up in the former Basilian convent, now occupied by Czernice, under control of the Archpriest Wierovkin. We found there ten sisters, the remains of the community which had been composed of twenty-five members two years before. The Abbess Rozanska and fourteen others had perished in that time. Two of the survivors had become insane from blows on the head. One of them, Sister Filihauser, died shortly, the other, Teresa Bienecka, survived about six months. On returning to our prison one day we found her dead and bleeding.

"The Czernice of Polock treated us in the same way as those of Witebsk. We had more work under them. We suffered most when we were employed on the building of a house for Siemasko; we lost three sisters on it in eight days by accidents. Their names were Ilgocka, Siecieka and Landauska. During the same summer five were buried alive in an excavation they were making for potters' clay. Shortly after nine more perished; the wall on which they were at work gave way, and my nine sisters were buried under the ruins.

"In the fall of 1841 Siemasko arrived at Polock. On meeting us he expressed his satisfaction that we had relinquished our obstinacy, and were ready to accept the benefits of the orthodox religion. I asked him 'who had invited him to come again to tempt us.' 'Yourself,' he replied. 'What!' I exclaimed. 'Then it is your sisters,' he rejoined. 'Which of them?' All the sisters in-

dignantly cried out a denial, and turning to him I said, 'Apostate, we are, and by God's help always will be, ready to die for the faith as our sisters have died before us.' He went away blaspheming, after giving orders to have us flogged. We were scourged till dark, and the same night Sister Holynska died in my arms."

It is too revolting to continue the further account of these barbarities, which continued until the escape of the abbess and three other sisters in the spring of 1845. During a celebration the whole schismatic community got drunk for three days, and the four nuns resolved to attempt an escape. They removed their chains and climbed the wall of their prison during the last night of the feast. Outside of their prison they separated to give a better chance that one at least might be able to reveal to the world the true character of the conversion of the Uniat Catholics.

It is a difficult point to determine how far a century of persecution, such as has been described, has succeeded in rooting out the Catholic faith among its victims. Externally the Uniat Catholic Church has ceased to exist in Russia. Its hierarchy has been destroyed, its churches closed, its priests banished, and its members are officially enrolled in the schismatic State Church; but all this is no proof that the mass of the people are not still Catholic in will. The Russian Government rigorously prohibits any investigation into this point; but in spite of its vigilance, indications are not wanting that the mass of the population yet adheres to the Catholic Church. In 1860, the whole population of five villages deserted the schismatic worship, and thronged to the Catholic Latin churches near Mohilev, and the government found no other means of preventing them than that of closing all the neighboring Catholic churches. In 1858 the population of Dziernowice presented a petition to Alexander the Second, begging to be allowed to return to the faith of their ancestors.

The Senator Stcherbinin was specially sent by the Czar to suppress this religious movement, and in his official report he informed his imperial master that they remained inflexible to all exhortations, and declared that they would not belong to orthodoxy. The senator, by his own account, imprisoned the leaders at Witebsk, and announced to the people that they must remain in the orthodox church, under the severest penalties, after which he left the completion of their conversion to the police. Finally, after several months, the population was forced to the schismatic church and with that the Government appeared satisfied. Mr. Stcherbinin stated plainly in his report that the apostacy was on the point of assuming large proportions, and that it threatened already the dissolution of the union of 1839, by which the Uniat Catholics had been proclaimed schismatics. He added that the Uniat priests,

that had conformed to the State Church, had lost all public respect and were generally regarded as renegades, and that the Archbishop Siemasko himself had no better name. To prevent a renewal of the religious agitation, Stcherbinin proposed that for the future a special law should be enacted by which, in case a village or community should secede in mass from the State Church, all the heads of families in it should be sent to convents in Russia as prisoners, *to confirm them in the confession of the orthodox rite.* Alexander II. wrote in his own hand on the margin of the report: "Put it in execution if the case occurs."

The Schism evidently has not yet struck deep root in the hearts of the Uniats, though "reunited to it by love in 1839." There is every reason to believe that the sentiments of the people of Dziernowice are shared by the ten millions of their countrymen in Poland and Russia, who have been officially incorporated in the State Church, and that it only needs the establishment of religious freedom in the Russian empire to bring them back to the Church which they have never abandoned. The Jubilee of this year is like Diocletian's famous proclamation of the extinction of Christianity fifteen centuries ago, and is likely to be just as effectual in its results.

RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO HUMAN PROGRESS.

Geschichte der Päpste. Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Freiburg, 1886.
Gli Eretici d'Italia. Cesare Cantù, 5th Art. Torino, 1865.

THE question has been asked, since the celebration of our national centenary, whether the country has morally improved or gone backwards since the days of Washington, and the answer has been tinctured by prejudice rather than prompted by a cold survey of the facts. On the whole, however, although the dyspeptics, the supercilious, and the disappointed in Church and State have tried to make us believe that we are rushing to decay, the general answer, based on a thorough criticism of the facts and a faithful comparison between our political and religious condition a hundred years ago and our present state, has been favorable to the view that we have advanced and improved politically, socially, and morally; and that there are no seriously threatening clouds in the horizon of the great republic. The question asked about it suggests a similar one about the great Church which is now the only conservative and historically loyal Christian body in the land. The breaking up of the state church systems, which sustained the Protestant sects in the old colonial times and even in the early days of our independence, has deprived them of all their external vigor; they have long ceased to be conservative, while the well-known toryism of the branch of the Church of England now known as Episcopalianism, debars it from consideration as a loyal factor in the formation of our republican institutions. It was English in the beginning recognizing George the Third as its lawful Pope, and it still hankers after the forms and liturgy of the "dear old land" with a suppressed sigh of regret for a revolution which cut the string that would have tied it still to the apron of the venerable and infallible head of the British empire and the English church. The Catholic Church alone in this land of liberty was always conservative, although never a state Church here, and always loyal, because not dependent in temporals on any foreign potentate.

The question, however, is not, has the Church retrograded in America? That could be easily answered and in the negative. Her progress here is simply phenomenal and reminds us of the boast of Tertullian in the first ages of Christianity—We are but of yesterday, yet we fill all the land. Our steeples rise in every town; every mountain and glen resounds with the song of monks chanting matins, or of nuns murmuring their orisons. We have driven

out the Puritan from his stronghold, not by force of arms, but by the law that the fittest shall survive. In the halls of justice and the haunts of commerce, the cross proudly holds its own. In the navy, the hand that steers the ship is often one that knows how to make the holy sign. In the army, Catholics have more than a tenth legion; and our starry flag has been borne victoriously on many a battle-field by men whose spiritual allegiance to the successor of St. Peter only made their allegiance to America and her political ideas of government the stronger. The barriers of prejudice have been broken down, and bigotry has retired to its gloomy cave, from which it sometimes snarls indeed, but only with teeth that cannot bite.

Nor is the question whether the Church as a divine institution, in her doctrines and sacraments, has retrograded. To ask such a question would be to imply doubt in the promises of her Divine Founder, in her divine origin, indefectibility and infallibility. Such a question, indeed, could be properly asked of some sect that takes its creed from an act of parliament, or from the will of the ruling civil dynasty, or the political form of government under which it lives; or of a sect that holds one code of doctrines and morals south of Mason and Dixon's line and another north of it; or of a sect that swore to one code of belief under Edward the Sixth, and to another under Elizabeth; or of a system of Christianity that periodically changes its Bible, and blots out of it passages unpalatable to popular taste and infidel clamor. But the Catholic Church never changes, because she is divine; she can neither diminish nor add to the code laid down for her by Jesus Christ, because she has not the power. She is limited to regulation, development, and legitimate evolution, and modifications consequent on them; but she can never create a creed. It were absurd, therefore, to ask if she has retrograded in any sense that would imply a change in her constitution, code of dogmas or ethics, or in any of the divine attributes that must remain immutable in her unto the end of time. Her Papacy is unchangeable, whether made glorious by a Hildebrand or disgraced by a Borgia; her episcopacy and apostolical succession remain intact, whether a Borromeo or a De Dominis wears the mitre, and her monastic asceticism endures, whether illuminated by a Benedict or dragged into the mire by the Saxon boar of the sixteenth century.

The question concerns, therefore, only the human side of the Church, and is asked from the standpoint of history alone. Judged by this external standard, is the Catholic Church to-day, in the exterior manifestation of zeal and piety, in her schools and universities, in her external discipline, in the condition of the clergy, in the purity of the sanctuary, in the appointment of bishops,

and in the loyalty of the laity and clergy to the chief pastor, better than she was at any other period since the great day of Pentecost? It requires but very little knowledge of ecclesiastical history to be able to say at once that she is, and that there has been wonderful progress even on the human side of the holy Church. Some *laudator temporis acti* may deny it; but the denial will not bear an analysis. At what period was the Church more free from scandals than she is in the reign of Leo XIII.?

The days of the fathers?

But were not those the days of loathsome heresies, of Simonians and Gnostics, of Arians, Nestorians, Eutychians and the rest; days of the *lapsi* and the *libellatici;* days when Christian mobs desecrated the churches of Alexandria, and false bishops fawned on Byzantine prefects and co-operated in all the infamies of the Lower Empire; the days of the *Circumcelliones* in Africa, days of Novatian and Donatian schism, of anti-Popes and weak Popes like Liberius, Marcellus and Honorius; days when disputes arose in the very college of the apostles. The inner history of those early ages will show a record of false brethren, apostacy and plotting as black as any in the history of Christendom. The Christian Roman emperors were more insidious persecutors of the Church than their pagan predecessors, because more dangerous to orthodoxy. The Council of Rimini, after which the whole world awoke and found itself Arian, shows the extremity of the peril as well as the success of Byzantine heresy and schism. The Pagan emperor killed only the body of the Christian; the successors of Constantine not only killed the body of the Catholic, but tried to destroy his soul by perverting him to heresy; and bishops like Eusebius, Acacius, Timothy Ailuros and Photius seconded the imperial purpose. The history of the great Athanasius shows a condition of malignant plotting by Christian prelates against the purity and integrity of the faith, not to be found at any other period of Church history. Certainly there is nothing like it in our times. It is true, those early ages had their Augustines and Athanasiuses; but in the ages to come, men will not hesitate to rank in the same category with them our Newmans, Mannings, Hugheses and Kenricks. Not one of those early fathers fought better for the Church than the first Archbishop of New York; the representative of our great republic in her hour of peril, both at home, in the presence of mobs, and abroad, at the court of emperors and even of the Pope himself. It is doubtful if any early father had an intellect superior to that of the great English convert, Cardinal Newman; and our age has no Tertullian or Origen to disturb the peace of the Church by heresy or vain speculations. If we look beyond the pale of the English-speaking races, we find a whole galaxy of great Catholic writers,

Donoso Cortes, Görres, Ketteler, Hergenröther, Hefele and Janssen, Pie, Dupanloup, Montalembert and Lacordaire, whose talent and eloquence favorably compare with the writers of Alexandria and the court preachers of Constantinople. He who supposes that scandals did not abound in the early ages of the Church must have glanced very rapidly over their history. The Church in those days was not free. Imperial legislation and intrigue tied her hands. The foot of Cæsar was ever intruding in the sanctuary from the day that Constantine sat at the Council of Nice, till Zeno published his *Henoticon* and Michael III. sustained Photius in usurping the patriarchal office in Constantinople and refusing to recognize the supremacy of Rome. Fashionable women in Alexandria, with crosses marked on their flowing robes, frequented the chamber, not to pray, but to make conquests; and a courtesan sometimes became the spouse of the emperor and the dispenser of Church benefices. The poor were oppressed, and vice flourished from Antioch to Ravenna. There have been no such scandals in this age as existed in the days of the fathers.

If we pass to the period that immediately followed, then our contention that the Church has not retrograded is more clearly proven. No one will think of comparing the half-converted barbarians of the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries with modern Catholics. Those barbarians, whether Goths, Huns or Vandals, covered the old Roman and new Christian civilization with a lava of ignorance and vice. Here and there in the flood of desolation a monastic institution arose like a beacon, but the rest was all darkness and ruin. Those were the days when the Visigoths ravaged Spain and the Huns poured over the Alps into the fertile plains of Italy; when Theodoric and his Arians took Ravenna and persecuted the Catholics; when Astolphus with his Lombards compelled Pope Stephen II. to leave Rome and seek shelter in France; when the pagan Saracens murdered Catholics in Europe while the royal Sapors martyred them in Persia. Where was then peace for the Church? Where was then her culture or her schools? These were times when kings, even the Frankish kings, were as licentious as Heliogabalus; when the kings that ruled even "the eldest daughter of the Church" were little better than the pagan Brennus, who led the Gauls to Rome in the days before Christianity. What was the condition of court and sanctuary, of noble and bishop, among the converted barbarians, whom Columbanus and his missionaries undertook to reform in the 6th and 7th centuries? Ozanam and Montalembert paint the dark picture: priests ignorant of Latin; bishops living in open concubinage, having nothing of the sacred character but the name and a mitre; kings and queens leading openly scandalous lives. Against them, against Brunehilda and

Thierry, and Clotaire, and Fredegonda, and their corrupt courts the brave Irishman thundered in vain; the darkness grew deeper and deeper, and the human element in the Church seemed to prevail over the divine. Surely, no one will say that the Church in the 9th century, the age of iron, or in the 10th century, the age of lead, was in a better condition than in the 19th. Even the court of the great Charles was no model. Nor was he one himself. His attempt to educate his empire was buried with him, and his degenerate sons undid all his work. The very "capitulars" of his councils show between the lines, and often in the very letter of the code, a deplorable condition of public morals. Centuries that show the Papacy itself dominated by a Marozia and a Theodora cannot certainly be compared to ours.

It is true that the law of induction, which holds good in physical science, cannot be applied to history. History shows the action of free will under Divine providence. It is a moral science, not one governed by physical and necessary laws. Hence, it is full of anomalies and contradictions. Great crimes and great virtues are found in the same individual, and on the same page. Flashes of light appear in the midst of the darkest gloom. The sun is ever shining, though the fog be as thick as that which so frequently hangs over the modern Babylon. The sun of Christianity, the divine effulgence of the Church, never sets. A sweeping assertion, therefore, or a general conclusion, can seldom be drawn from any number of historical facts. The events of history are the actions of free agents. The 9th and 10th centuries were not all dark; but our contention is that they were far darker than the darkest period in our own. The very penal code of the Church in those days attests it.

But what of the 11th and the 12th and the others up to the "Reformation"—the so much vaunted period of the Middle Ages, the ages of the Crusades, modern inventions and Gothic cathedrals? Even they had their scandals, greater than ours. It is true that Hildebrand in the 11th century lifted the clergy out of the mire into which feudalism and imperial intrusions in the sanctuary had cast them. The great Pope had found the sanctuary turned into an Augean stable, but, like another Hercules, he strove to purify it. Yet he did not altogether succeed. His own people drove him out of Rome after he had captured it from a Catholic emperor and Catholic soldiers, by the aid of Normans and Saracens. He died in exile. His able successors were engaged in one continuous struggle with the Holy Roman emperors, and their most Christian majesties of every Catholic land, up to the days of Luther; excommunicating and interdicting Henrys and Othos in Germany, Philips in France, and Henrys, Edwards and Johns in England. Anti-Popes abounded, sometimes two and three at a time. The so-called

Catholic barons were robbers who plundered both the Church and the poor, and bishops lived in indolence and luxury, knowing how to fly a falcon better than to administer the sacraments. The Franciscans did much to reform the clergy; the Dominicans did a great deal to teach the ignorant laity and keep them out of the Albigensian heresy, which had only become possible through the gross indifference of the clergy to the welfare of their flocks. The Middle Ages were a period of great virtue and intellect, but they were also a period of extraordinary crimes and real ignorance. The Popes of that period were worse treated by Catholic kings than they have ever been by heretical monarchs. The men who maltreated Boniface VIII. at Anagni, did not belong to the 19th century and were not Protestants. Philip the Fair ruled France in the good old Catholic times before the "Reformation." Sciarra Colonna, the king's agent, who sacrilegiously dragged Boniface from his throne, was an Italian prince, who would have burnt Luther alive; and Dante, whose venomous hate has condemned Boniface and others of the Popes to hell, was the great Catholic poet of the "ages of faith." Yes, "ages of faith" they were, but sometimes ages of nothing else. The Crusaders often behaved worse than the Moslem. The morals of the Eastern Christians were, perhaps, worse than those of the Turk. Then came the days of the great schism of the West, when Christians did not know where to look for unity or for the supreme head of the Church. They were days of Arnold of Brescia and Rienzi, of the Colonnas—and Sforzas, who hated the Popes and treated them worse than even Garibaldi or Crispi. They were the days of dungeons and torture, of serfdom and slavery, of oppression of the poor by royal and baronial despots, as well as the ages of the great cathedrals and Thomas Aquinas.

Perhaps the 15th century and beginning of the 16th was the most scandalous period in the whole history of the Church. They could not plead ignorance as an excuse for vice, as could the 9th and 10th centuries. The revival of letters had illuminated Europe after the schism of the West. Reuchlin, Hutten and Erasmus were the product of German culture just before Luther, and the court of Alexander VI. and of Leo X. had renowned scholars; yet to what a deplorable condition had sunk the secular and the regular clergy is shown by the cardinals who conspired to poison Leo X., and the Papacy dishonored by the vices of a Borgia. We do not take our opinion of that age from the statements of a satirist like Hutten any more than we do that of the 14th century from a novelist like Boccaccio; nor even from almost impartial Protestant historians like Gregorovius and Ranke. Lingard, Cantù, Pastor, Janssen and Alvisi, orthodox Catholics who are not afraid to tell the truth, precisely because they are Catholics, will be our

witnesses. "The chief of the German bishops," says Lingard, describing the condition of the Church in those times, "were at the same time secular princes; and as they had been promoted more on account of their birth than their merit, they frequently seemed to merge their spiritual in their temporal character; hence they neglected the episcopal functions; the clergy, almost free from restraint, became illiterate and immoral; and the people, ceasing to respect those whom they could not esteem, inveighed against the riches of the Church."[1] The same was true of every country in Europe as well as of Germany. The insurrectionary movement against the Church in England at the end of the 14th century, continued through the 15th, and prepared the way for Henry VIII. and his confiscating parliaments. Wyclif and the Lollards began by attacking the excessive wealth of the clergy and ended by assailing the doctrines of the Church. Richard the Second's parliament, in A.D. 1390, enacted a law to prevent the Pope from nominating to vacant Church benefices in England, and that "whoever should bring or send into England any Papal sentence or excommunication against any person for the execution of this statute should, besides forfeiture, incur the penalty of life and limb."[2] In Scotland the illegitimate sons of the nobility were appointed to the vacant abbacies and bishoprics; and the same was done in France and Germany by the canonical patron, whether lay baron, king, or emperor. Men who in this country complain that the inferior clergy are not sufficiently represented in the election of bishops, should read the history of the last few centuries to see how the Popes were often morally compelled by secular influence to accept unworthy candidates or leave the sees in widowhood. Our bishops now make our bishops; but it is not so long ago that they were made in Europe by the courtier who had most influence with the throne, or by a Protestant or a Hebrew prime minister of some royal majesty, Catholic in name and Mohammedan in conduct.

In Italy the scandals were worse than elsewhere. Of the Popes of the Renaissance up to the "Reformation," few were entirely worthy of being the successors of St. Peter and the vicars of Christ. The great Alexander VI., great as an administrator and organizer, was immoral, even after he had donned the tiara, and the scandals of his reign recall the evil days of Marozia and Theodora. Eneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., bitterly describes and attacks the parasites and simoniacs surrounding the Popes.[3] His words are almost too severe to quote.

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[1] *History of England*, vol. vi., p. 98 (Dolman, London, 1851).
[2] *Idem*, vol. iv., p. 226.
[3] Epist. lib. i., c. 66.

St. Catherine of Siena wrote to her confessor: "Three perverse vices reign in the spouse of Christ; that is, in the prelates who are intent on nothing but delights and very great riches."[1] John de Medici, who was afterwards Leo X., when only a boy was a canon of the cathedrals of Florence, Fiesole and Arezzo; rector of Carmignano, of Giogli, of San Casciano, of St. John in Valdarno, of San Pier di Casale, of San Marcellino di Cacchiano; prior of Montevarchi; chanter of Saint Antonio of Florence; provost of Prato; abbot of Monte Cassino, of Saint John of Passignano, of Miransu in Valdarno, of St. Mary of Morimondo, of Saint Martin of Fontedoleo, of San Salvatore of Vajano, of San Bartolomeo d'Anghiari, of Saint Lawrence of Coltibuono, of Saint Mary of Montepiano, of Saint Julian of Tours, of Saint Just and Saint Clement of Volterra, of Saint Stephen of Bologna, of Saint Michael of Arezzo, of Chiaravalle near Milan, of Pin in Poitou (France), and of Chaise-Dieu, near Clermont (France). A boy cleric owning thirty-two fat benefices at the same time! His nephew, Cardinal Innocent Cibo, held, at the same time, eight bishoprics, four archbishoprics, the legations of Romagna and of Bologna, the abbacies of Saint Victor at Marseilles, and of Saint Ouen at Rouen. Cardinal Hypolite of Este, at the age of seven, was primate of Hungary, bishop of Modena, Novara, Narbonne, and archbishop of Capua and of Milan.[2] These are only a few instances of the scandalous pluralism of the 16th century. The inferior clergy were no better than their superiors. Hear again Cantù: "They said Mass with mechanical indifference from mere habit, like any ordinary ceremony, without spirit or unction, without knowing how the ceremonies were historically connected with those of the early Church. Many had the title of Doctor in Theology, but knew no theology; and, as even now, neither serious nor profound books are read, but encyclopædias, newspapers and compendiums, so, then, instead of Fathers and the Holy Scriptures, there were 'Summas,' 'Flowers,' and 'Manuals.' Innocent VIII. was obliged to renew the constitution of Pius II., which forbade priests to keep butcher-shops or taverns."[3]

Cantù again describes the vices of his countrymen before and during the "Reformation": "The prelates preserved under the clerical frock the habits of their secular education and unbridled luxury. We need no other proof of this than the third Council of Lateran, which, warning the prelates that it was unbecoming in them to keep so many retainers, and to consume in one banquet the annual income of the church which they visited, wishes the cardinals to

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[1] Apud Cantù, *Gli. eretici d'Italia*, vol. i., p. 212.

[2] *Idem*, p. 202.

[3] *Eretici d'Italia*, vol. i., p. 203.

be content with forty or fifty carriages, the archbishops with thirty or forty, the bishops with twenty-five, archdeacons with five or seven, deans with two horses; and forbids all of them to own race-horses or hunting hawks. Sometimes forty and even fifty benefices were held by one cleric. . . . Negligent pastors, who had never even seen their flocks, they exercised an insolent jurisdiction over them. Among the inferior clergy reigned ignorance, traffic in the sacraments, drunkenness and shameful disorders; in the churches and monasteries were often found taverns and gambling hells."[1] If this were a Protestant writer, we should feel like accusing him of overdrawing the picture; but coming from the great Catholic Italian, we cannot question his testimony, and the more we examine it, the more we find that the facts justify it.[2]

If from sunny Italy we turn our eyes northward to foggy Caledonia, we find the condition of the Church no better. Hear the impartial Lingard: "Of all the European churches, there was, perhaps, not one better prepared to receive the seed of the new gospel than that of Scotland. During a long course of years the highest dignities had, with few exceptions, been possessed by the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families, men who, without learning or morality themselves, paid little attention to the learning or morality of their inferiors. The pride of the clergy, their negligence in the discharge of their functions, and the rigor with which they exacted their dues, had become favorite subjects of popular censure; and when the new preachers appeared, they dexterously availed themselves of the humor of the time, and seasoned their discourses against the doctrines with invectives against the vices of the churchmen."[3] The Scottish king, James V., provided for his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood House, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham, and Saint Andrews.[4] How was it in Germany?

John Butzbach, a German Catholic writer of those times, quoted by Janssen, thus describes the higher clergy: "You see red-faced prelates, clothed in the finest English cloth, and their hands decked with the most costly jewels; jewels on their necks or ostentatiously fastened on their dress. They ride proudly on horseback, followed by troops of fantastically dressed servants. They build fine houses with high, richly decorated walls; and they revel at gorgeous banquets, in which they squander the property of the Church, or they

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[1] *Storia d'Italia*, vol. vi., pp. 344, 345.

[2] Even ever faithful Ireland did not escape from the all-pervading scandals. Henry II. imported from England the vices of the Norman clergy, of whom St. Lawrence O'Toole sent at one time 150 specimens to Rome to show the Pope the kind of men who were sent to "reform" the Irish Church. The Archbishopric of Armagh was held as the apanage of one family for 100 years.

[3] *History of England*, vol. vii., p. 269. [4] *Idem.*

lavish the money of the Church in fast horses, dogs and falcons. . . . Each tries to surpass the other in extravagance and luxury."[1]

Undoubtedly, these are only the shadows on the picture, but are they not darker than any we can find in our age? Have we not improved even since the days of Louis XV. and the despicable race of the *Abbes de Cour*, or even since the days of Napoleon I., who could have found among the French prelates of his time the material for an anti-Pope; or since the days of Joseph II., who stocked the seminaries of the Austrian empire with text-books of theology condemned at Rome? There was, undoubtedly, much brightness in the 15th century in the landscape of the Church, and there was more of it away from Italy than in it. In Germany, the Catholic reformation, inaugurated by Cardinal Nicholas von Cues, in the middle of the 15th century, produced glorious fruits. "It was an age of widening and far-reaching spiritual improvement among all classes of the people (in Germany), of learned and artistic activity, of wonderful energy. Zealous effort was made to improve the morals and religious life of the people by catechetical instruction, preaching, translations of the Bible, books of instruction and devotion of various kinds. A strong foundation for the education of the masses was laid in the primary and learned middle schools. The universities flourished better than before, and became the foci of spiritual development. And more even than science, art was developed according to religious and popular principles. It surrounded ecclesiastical, public and domestic life with most noble monuments. It showed the deep Christian feeling of German life and character."[2] Cantù also qualifies in many places his dark descriptions of the condition of the Church in pre-"Reformation" times; but his facts cannot be gainsaid, and they prove that the Church of the 19th century is not in a state of retrogression.

She is now comparatively free; free in the British Isles, free where the Moslem rules, free in the old empire where Kaunitz and Joseph once oppressed her, free in the domain of Bismarck, who never persecuted her as the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire did; and she is less persecuted in Italy than she was in the days of Rienzi or Sciarra Colonna. The chains of feudalism and of feudal patronage have been stricken from her holy hands. The bulls against simony, and the constitutions of Canon Law against simoniacs now read like ancient history. The pluralism and schisms of the Middle Ages have gone. Christian liberty walks abroad over the earth. Christian schools everywhere flourish. In spite of local persecution, Christian colleges abound. The Church may not be strong in temporals; but she is spiritually stronger. Her

[1] Janssen's *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes*, vol. i., p. 601. [2] *Idem*, p. 594.

missionary priests are in every pagan land. There is not a scandal in the sanctuary. There is not even a Darboy in the Church of France. Gallicanism is dead. The race of the Kettelers and Droste von Vischerings has lifted up the German Church. There is now union. The infallible head is universally respected. The prelacy is pure; the priesthood is zealous, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. There are now no Don Abbondios even in the Church of Italy; and the neglected peasantry of that classic land are becoming better educated and better Christians. In looking at this bright picture, it is pleasant to see that the American Church is the brightest spot in it. After one hundred years of life, beginning in beggary and weakness, unaided by king or kaiser, unprotected by feudal baron, undowered by any aristocracy, without help save from the all-powerful arm of the Most High, she has peopled the land with millions of spiritual children; she has instructed the minds and reformed the morals of immigrants whom centuries of religion under the old regimes had left almost barbarous and entirely ignorant; she has built houses to God and homes for the sick and helpless, schools and colleges for the ignorant, and is building a university for the learned, without a penny of State aid. She is, in this land, no satrap tied by purple strings to the feet of a throne. No concordat, wrung from her by an infidel politician, hampers her action. She stands erect, instinct with the freedom of Jesus Christ; free with the air of American liberty, and holy because she is free; united to her spiritual head with a passionate love, because she is free. The natural tendency of every free Church is to be united to the mother and mistress of all. Only when the politicians tie her down, is this natural tendency held in check. A free Church gives a free field for the faith and love of Jesus Christ, and such a Church will ever be true to Rome, the centre of Christian faith and charity. You may steal the young bird, and imprison it in the cage; but if you open the door of its prison, it will fly at once to the mother that calls to it from the nest. If not, it will break its pinions against the bars and die, unless you remove it from the sound of the parent's voice. So has it been with every national church separated by force from Rome. We fear no separation here, because Americans do not believe in mediæval dungeons, or in national church cages made by kings, kaisers, or politicians.

In seeking for the causes of this improvement in the external life of the Church, three or four seem to be the most prominent. They are, firstly, the lifting up of the laity in the social scale; secondly, the establishment of seminaries by the Council of Trent; and thirdly, the gradual destruction of feudal rights in the conferring of Church benefices.

The great democrat of the 11th century, Hildebrand, who, as

soon as he assumed the reins of pontifical authority, dispensed the laity from their allegiance to concubinary and simoniacal priests and bishops, began the reformation which culminated in the Council of Trent. He taught the laity to distinguish between the office and the man; he lifted them up from their prostrate position on the church floor, and taught them to approach the sanctuary rails and explore the sacristy and the parsonage; he made them teach the teachers, and compel their spiritual guides to live up to their own teaching. Other great Popes, like Innocent III., continued the tradition begun by Gregory, until at last the common people, who had for ages been only serfs in the Church, became free, and their liberation and the restoration of their manhood in the Church was the prelude to their independence in the State. They demanded, under the incitement of the pontiffs, that their priests and bishops should be worthy; and then proceeded to limit the power of the plundering baron and the despotic king who had given them unworthy prelates. The bright light of lay criticism on the clergy, although sometimes pushed to extremes, as in the satires of the 16th century, undoubtedly had much influence in effecting an improvement in the morals and manners of churchmen. The spread of learning among the laity developed their intelligence and made them critical. They knew the ideals of priestly life, and they found fault with the realities thrust upon them. The clergy soon saw that the days when a bishop might be the keeper of a kennel, or when a parish priest could be a rollicking fox-hunter instead of the pastor of a Christian flock, had passed away forever. Where such a cleric governed, the people would not go to Mass, nor pay tithes, nor frequent the sacraments, until a worthier incumbent was obtained to lead their souls to heaven by word and example, as well as by his office.

Although previous to the Council of Trent there were separate schools for the education of the clergy, which can be traced back to the 6th century,[1] yet they were imperfect compared to those which began to flourish after the Tridentine decree, ordering the establishment of diocesan seminaries for the exclusive training of the priesthood. The old ecclesiastical schools were often mixed; the lay and the cleric studying together and sharing the same sports. After Trent, pious and intelligent boys of twelve years of age—the children of poor parents preferred[2]—were secluded in special schools, separated from contamination with the profane, clothed in ecclesiastical attire, placed under holy guides whose duty it was to train them up to be model priests. The vocation of these boys

[1] There is a decree of the Council of Toledo, A.D. 531, quoted by Craisson (*Jus Canonicum*, vol. i., p. 505), which foreshadows that of the Council of Trent.

[2] "*Pauperum autem filios præcipue eligi vult.*"

was fostered and sheltered from the temptations of the world. They became a caste apart, a learned body of ascetics, educated to lead the laity in spiritual things, and ever to remember the dignity of their rank and calling without violating the spirit of Christian humility. As the diocesan seminary, small or great, flourished, so did the Church progress in reform. The diminution of scandals kept pace with the spread of those institutions of ecclesiastical learning and piety, The missionary spirit was revived. In France particularly, in the early part of the 17th century, a holy French priest named Olier founded the great seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris, and the congregation of priests that bears its name, and thus laid the foundation of the glory of the modern French Church. St. Sulpice was the centre of renovation in France. The bishops begged the Sulpicians to establish in their dioceses branches of the congregation. The fame of the Sulpicians for learning as well as piety went into every land, and to-day their seminaries, wherever established, are the models of the world.

But perhaps of all the causes that have brought about improvement in the external condition of the Church, the destruction of feudal patronage in the conferring of benefices is the most efficacious. For this, too, we are indebted, first of all, to Hildebrand and the great Popes who succeeded him, Innocent III., Alexander III. and Boniface VIII. By a constitution of Alexander II., whose reign was dominated by the genius of Hildebrand, "no bishop in the Church was permitted to exercise his functions until he had received the confirmation of the Holy See!"[1] This broke the power of the kings over episcopal nominations. The king, of course, still continued to usurp, the lay baron to appoint; but unless granted by special favor, or concordat, the pontiffs never relaxed the ordinance of Alexander. The canon law, which is chiefly but a collection of pontifical acts, bristles with bulls of excommunication against lay intrusion, usurping patrons and simoniacs. When men like Fra Paolo Sarpi find fault with the Church for possessing at one time enormous wealth, and reproach her with the shameless barter that frequently took place in her benefices, they forget that probably the severest portion of her modern penal code is that which condemns pluralism[2] and simony. The latter is held to be one of the greatest of crimes, and next to heresy. The canon law calls it "*simoniacam hæresim*," and pursues the buyer or the seller of benefices with canonical censures which cannot be avoided by any trick or device of the contracting parties. The punishment of the abuse of patronage, although not so great as that of simony, was still sufficiently severe to protect

[1] Hallam, *Middle Ages*, p. 285.

[2] Council Trid., Sess. 24, c. 17 de reform.

the Church. If the ecclesiastical patron presented an unworthy candidate, he lost the right of presentation; and if the lay patron abused his power, the presentation was declared to be null and void. The great revolutions of Europe, in which the State confiscated the Church property, while doing enormous harm, were also the occasions of much good. God knows how to make good come out of evil, and from the chaos which the infidel revolutions had made there emerged a purer clergy and a more united laity. Benefices disappeared and the poor suffered; but the number of ambitious or avaricious intruders into the sanctuary grew less; kings and barons were beheaded, and the mob drank their blood in drunken frenzy, while fearful disorders reigned in the State, but in their taking off the Church was freed from the sham protectors who had sold the crozier and the mitre to the highest bidder, and filled the sanctuary with the litter of the royal or baronial stye. Those days are dead, and peace to their ashes. Certainly no American Catholic sighs for their return. Contemplating the centenary of his own State-unprotected and State-unaided Church, beholding her splendid progress without fat benefices or aristocratic livings to attract her clergy, witnessing the zeal, the generosity and the piety of her laity, and, above all, conscious of her loyalty to Rome and the Holy Father, while he sees landing on our shores wretched, ignorant, irreligious emigrants from countries blessed with State churches and centuries of ecclesiastical wealth, he is content with his lot as a freeman and an ever-progressive son of the Holy Church. He sees the improvement on the feudal past, and it will not be his fault if there is any step backward. His motto is: "*Nullum vestigium retrorsum.*"

THE RELATIVITY OF OUR KNOWLEDGE.

THAT all our knowledge is relative can be asserted in a sense in which it is quite indisputable. Viewed as *our* knowledge, and not as the knowledge of another, it is relative to us; but so is the omniscience of God relative to Him, or in the same sense subjective. The relativity or subjectivity of knowledge means, however, in modern language, quite a different thing. It means that all our impressions, whether from without or within, are so modified by the channels through which they come, or by the mind on which they are received, that they convey no real knowledge of that which originated them, or even of the existence of any object to originate them; in a word, that our *knowledge* is only that "it seems to us so." But this miserable illusion, neither mind nor matter, but a sort of chemical compound, to which both contribute, cannot be called knowledge at all, having no type in reality. Knowledge is the certainty of that which *is*. Mental impressions which do not correspond with any type, spiritual or material, are mere hallucinations. To constitute knowledge, three things are *indispensable*. First, that the fact should be as conceived; second, that the conviction as to it should be absolutely free from doubt; and, third, that this conviction should include the necessity of the fact, either *à priori* or *à posteriori*—that *now*, at least, it *cannot* be otherwise. Without these conditions there may be a very strong and practical belief, but no knowledge. If mental impressions which correspond to no type can be called "relative knowledge," then, in the case of the phenomenon called "seeing double," the patient has "subjective knowledge" of double the number of lights which any one else can discern. That this is disease, is no reply, because the sober man is, by this supposition, also under a deception, only a different one, at every moment of his life.

If our knowledge of matter is only relative, the number of persons who view it alike cannot make their view true, any more than the great number of Moslems can make the Koran a divine book. But the Relativists are, to a certain extent, consistent. Many of them (we do not say all, for in most schools there are those who do not understand their own professed doctrines) would say that, to the Mahometan, the Koran is, to all intents, the Bible, because he thinks it to be divinely inspired. But, in another case, the Relativist would be found inconsistent. For, should another man appear ever so firmly convinced that the property of the Rela-

tivist belonged to himself, the former would make no allowance whatever for "relative knowledge" We had once ourselves "subjective knowledge" of a living man being cut through the middle with a sword by another man, without suffering any injury. We saw it just as distinctly as we see the paper on which we write. Was that impression to be called knowledge, relative or subjective, or of any sort?

"Relative knowledge" and "subjective knowledge" are merely pompous names for *blind ignorance*, within the sphere of which nothing stable or obligatory could ever be established, political, social, moral or religious. If all that we can say is that the object is transformed out of its reality in the process of being thought or perceived by us; if we cannot tell what allowances to make, cannot in any way correct the impression back to *actual truth*, our knowledge is *nil*. All is guesswork. The case is quite different where we have the means of correcting the error, as we do continually in matters of size and distance. The position assigned to man by the Relativist is that of knowing that his impressions from the outer world are deceptive, while he has no means of determining in what ways, or to what extent, they are deceptive. But how have they ascertained the first part of this proposition? How do they know that our impressions of the scene around us, of the *non ego* in general, are not strictly correct, as far as they pretend to go? The second part of the proposition devours the first. If we have no way of correcting our impressions, then it is impossible to *prove* them erroneous, because this can really be done only by comparing them with an objective standard, and we have none other than they afford us.

The whole theory, then, is a gratuitous assumption, impossible to prove, and wholly unnecessary to assume as a hypothesis to explain anything else. It can never explain anything, because it throws a mist of confusion over everything. As an assumption, it is about as rational as if we were to doubt the reality of the scene before us, because we cannot see around the corner of the street, or to doubt the existence of the house we look at because we do not know what is going on inside. If the "testimony of the senses" is carefully examined, taking each sense by itself, it will be found that their report is connected with nothing that is not either *certainly true*, as our *inward sensation*, or *perfectly possible*, as a state of actualities outside.

If we affirm that the whole account of the external world which we have from our faculties, of its shapes, its colors, its textures, all that we call "the qualities of matter," is correct and true; that the changes we note take place historically in space and time; and this, because we are gifted with a power of *directly capturing*

facts within a certain range, while innumerable other facts escape because we have not the gift to detect *them*, how can the Relativist shake that position? He can turn upon us a volley of authors' names, which only amount to saying that our opinion is "unfashionable." This we already knew. But fashions change in philosophy as in other things, especially when a great genius, with powers of abstraction bordering on insanity, has infected a generation or two with speculations which neither he nor any other man ever perfectly understood, a fatal test of *this* being the power to translate and reproduce them *out of all* the technical phrascology of their author. What cannot be so paraphrased is not *philosophy*, for it is not *thought*. It is a fabric of words, not of ideas, and such, for the most part, is the "philosophy" of Kant.

If we affirm that what we perceive is that which is, and that consequently while a change in our faculties might certainly enable us to affirm much more than we can now affirm, no change can enable us to deny any part of what we now affirm; if we take up this position, that mind, of itself, *directly* and *correctly*, discerns matter and its qualities, giving it thereby a second true existence, that this power has been limited, in other spirits we know not how, or how far, but in ourselves, at least, by the union with the body, so that we can only see the outside of many objects, and not the interior—the nearest side and not the remote (as the microscope, the telescope, the metaphone, extend the range of our perception, but *unteach* us nothing that we should rationally have affirmed before using them)—in fine, that our channels of perception *distort* nothing, but are simply limited in range, what can an opponent reply? He can only call on us to *prove our view;* to which we rejoin, that we know our position in the argument much better than to give ourselves any such trouble. We leave the *onus probandi*, the whole task of proving his case, where nature and reason have placed it, on him who *impeaches both*. The *primâ facie* view of the question is on our side; the conviction of the whole human race is on our side; and reason is on our side, because, on the relative hypothesis, the moral sense which we find within us has no real acts to determine upon, our desire of knowledge exists only as a craving for what nature has made utterly unattainable. Further, there is no certainty for any mind that the human race ever existed, or anything representing it, beside the private dream of that one mind. If there be, anywhere, another "*thought-man*," his dream is probably quite independent of ours.

The contradictions in these theories are innumerable, but some are more striking than others. The philosopher is to spend his life in the pursuit of knowledge, to find out for others that there never was, for man, any such thing. His successors in wisdom

are to start from the point attained by him, and seek knowledge, knowing from *the outset* that there was none to be found. Then we are told that the pursuit of knowledge is one of the things which honorably distinguish man from the brute! But who ever heard of a brute being such a fool as to spend its time looking for anything in a place where it certainly knew that thing was never to be found? If we saw a fox-hound all alone in a flagged yard, hunting up and down in full cry, until he was tired, and then going through a show of killing an invisible fox in a corner where there was nothing but *himself*, we should see the exact parallel of the philosopher in pursuit of "subjective knowledge," in a form of absurdity of which no brute was ever guilty.

Subjective knowledge can become *knowledge* at all only by allowing for, that is, *removing*, the effects of the subjectivity, and so releasing the reality. But this, by the nature of the case, is impossible. Therefore on this theory we have no knowledge. Consequently, the infant who spends his time sucking his own thumb is another exact type of the relativist philosopher, except that the infant has this intellectual advantage, that *he* did not know, *when he began*, that there was no nutriment to be obtained from that source, whereas the relativist proclaims at the outset the inanity of his own pursuit.

Our *knowledge* is altogether objective, because its objects are universal ideas, existing from eternity in the Divine Mind, and imparted to each of us with our living soul. We trace them in all that surrounds us, because they are there in a certain sense, all things having been formed on them. They are the same to all minds, and consequently independent of each. This view, a very ancient one, may be confirmed even by an experiment. Let any man undertake to convey to another a complete idea of thirst, of his person, character, abilities, history, prospects, and let him do so *exhaustively*, and at the end he will have used (except a few proper names) nothing but *universal terms*. When, of the idea, nothing remains unconveyed, nothing will have gone out but universals. Of what, then, did the man, as an object, consist at first? The result is the same if we attempt to convey exhaustively the idea of any other sensible thing. As an object to the mind, it consists of an aggregate of universal ideas combined in a particular form. The universals are certain, they *may* be all that is; we *instinctively* believe in the particular form, a sort of *residuum*, and although certainty on this point is not attainable, there exists not a shadow of a reason for doubt.

The great question is—can we change our perception of nature with anything more than a *suppressio veri?* No. Can we change it with a *suggestio falsi?* We answer, no, again. All theories in

which "Representation" is an essential part owe this notion chiefly to the consideration of the sense of sight, in which an image is actually presented on the retina.

The sensation of heat could never give the idea of *representation.* In any practical sense "Representation" must involve a "*tertium quid*," call it what we may. If this be either spirit or matter, it cannot bridge over the gulf between them, but must ever remain at one side. If it be neither, it only makes two gulfs of one. If it be both, it is a contradiction.

From this point of view, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Berkeley are really together, in that they all accept the testimony of the senses as that of God. "Representation" is not a *vital* part of any theory which does not comprise a "*tertium quid*" *misrepresenting* reality. A *tertium quid* in one sense is a necessity. When we think of a horse, we neither become a horse nor does our mind become a stable, else we should have stolen every horse we thought of. "Representation" is therefore only worth discussing as *misrepresentation*—in which sense it had no place with those great men. The maxim of Protagoras, "man is the measure of all things," is adopted by Bacon in terms that seem to countenance the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge. But, in the first place, he does not call any illusion or misconception by the name of knowledge; he only speaks of our impressions. He says: "*Omnes perceptiones, tam sensus quam mentis, sunt ex analogiâ nominis, non ex analogiâ universi, estque intellectus hamanus instar speculi inequalis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam naturâ rerum immiscet, eamque distorquit et inficit.*" That such is the necessary and universal character of the human intellect is simply false, and the assertion is scarcely consistent even with a belief in such a first cause as a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." But if Bacon meant more than to say that man is very liable to deceive himself, and form erroneous judgments; if he meant that by his constitution he *must* do so, he explodes his own doctrine, by describing and warning men against the "idola." By what process applied to a crooked mirror could the distorted image be brought back to its proper form? Or how could the misrepresentation be got rid of, except by independent knowledge of the object? Either, then, the obliquity is contingent, and particular, however common, or his precepts are absurd. The relativist theory makes the human mind a naturally or originally distorted mirror, the production necessarily of confusion and error irremediable concerning all that surrounds him. The idea before the mind of Bacon was not that of a mendacious faculty of perception—but that of a judgment warped by prejudice.

Relativists, when they admit a God, say that He made a system, and present to us a false representation of that system, concerning

which phantom we are intended to believe that it is not to be relied on, while as to the degree or manner of its distortion of the truth we are to be unable to determine anything; and that He inspired us with an ardent desire for knowledge, after having deliberately made knowledge for us unattainable. The *darkness* which has been spread over this subject as a study by all these writers, from the great German star to the smallest North and South British candles, is the inevitable result of obstinate impatience under an unalterable and self-evident decree of nature, viz., that no created being, no being not self-existent, can be capable of comprehending its own whole nature. We can make the body an object to the mind, and learn much of its structure and adaptations. We can also make some of the functions of the mind an object for others, and learn their relations. But when we seek to determine the relation of mind and body, or how the *non ego*, either in the body or beyond it, becomes into *ego*, thought, we ask the question: "What is man?" We seem to understand our whole nature, an undertaking *ab initio*, and in itself impossible to carry out. The result is more or less of a catastrophe—according to the more or less of our presumption. What splendid minds have not only failed in this pursuit, but in the course of it been occasionally *paralyzed*, so as not to see at all what is evident to minds much inferior! This vain pursuit, when taken up by superior minds, begins with keen analysis, then proceeds to ghastly abstractions; words are abundant, but meaning becomes more and more scarce, because the author has launched into the pursuit of the essentially unattainable, the knowledge of how any object or phenomenon (the name is unimportant) acts on minds, or is received by it, in other words, *what thought is*. That God knows the answer to this question, we can infer by what logicians call *subalternation*. As He knows all things, He must know this. That He could reveal it perfectly to a creature, or that any creature knows it except in a degree better than man, is repugnant to reason. If the philosopher wants a result, he must start from the truth. That mind, by the divine gift of its nature, *directly* transforms or translates all things within its range into knowledge; *that mind, in perceiving, does not act on matter any more than the telescope acts on the object; nor matter on mind, in perceiving, any more than the target acts on the gun.*

All other theories are bad attempts to bridge over the gulf between mind and matter, with strings of metaphonical words, which never take hold on both sides. When the bridge is fastened intelligibly to matter, it flutters in the wind without touching mind; when it is secured intelligibly on the side of mind, it flutters in the wind without laying hold upon matter.

Many persons who still believe something are learning to accept the proposition, without perceiving the consequences, that all our knowledge is "relative" or "subjective"; that it is an imaginary and mutable compound, or, rather, confusion of mind and matter. They are brought to this by a sort of terrorism exercised by shallow writers, who quote great names and use new and hard words. We would have them seriously consider what, on this theory, becomes, not only of all dogmatic belief, but of all human history. Our own "subjective knowledge" of to-day is a poor enough reliance, but what comes to us through a hundred or two hundred or a score of generations of imagining "subjects" (even if any such persons ever existed, which is, on this theory, quite doubtful), should be too *ethereal* to be matter of the lively controversies to which it *seems* sometimes to give rise.

That all our *ideas* are (in the sense we are considering) only "relative," though false, is at least good English. "The relativity of *knowledge*" is an expression as absurd as "the contingency of the necessary." If we *believe* that *a* is *b*, then it appears that we are convinced without any remaining doubt that *a* is *b*. Still, *a* may not be *b*. If we *know* that *a* is *b*, then, irrespective of our conviction, *a* must be *b*. Belief and opinion are unlimited in their range, knowledge is limited to what *is*. *What is* cannot now not be. What *was cannot now* not have been. We can therefore only *know* that *a* is *b*, inasmuch as it is *now* impossible for *a* not to be *b*, and that we intellectually grasp this fact. Hence, it is clear that we cannot know naturally that the outer world is really what we take it for, nor, on the other hand, that it is in any way misrepresented to us, because it is altogether a matter of experiment outside the mind. But all moral, metaphysical, geometrical and mathematical propositions, all which stand originally on the base of consciousness, or are built on that base by reason alone, form a vast fabric of absolute certain knowledge, as objective *really* as Mont Blanc is *apparently* objective to a Swiss peasant. These can be called "subjective" or "relative" only in the harmless sense of belonging to us at a given moment.

With regard to the outer world, that the impressions that we receive from our senses are not exact accounts, *so far as they pretend* to be such, or are in any sense misrepresentations or illusions, is a proposition which no philosopher on earth can move one step towards *proving*; because the *first* step must be to compare the picture with the reality. For this purpose he must have a new set of faculties, which if he possessed to-morrow, he could proceed to doubt *them* also, and so on till he became the omniscient himself; and even then he could doubt his own omniscience till he had made an exact scrutiny of the whole contents of infinite space, and even this would have to be repeated *ad infinitum*.

MONT SAINT MICHEL—CHURCH, ABBEY AND FORTRESS.

THE old world built its beautiful cathedrals, churches, monasteries, centuries ago. How beautiful they were and are! No one will charge the new world with want of good will, if it has not, as yet, done as well as the old. Lack of means, peculiar circumstances, a mixed population, may be pleaded as fair excuses. But these cannot wholly explain our deficiencies, which are largely due to the loss of good traditions, to the influence of ideals less high than of old, and to neglect of the study of the best work of our forefathers. Our great Pope has turned the theologians and philosophers back to the master-mind of the 13th century—St. Thomas. The deepest, clearest thinker the world has had was, strangely enough, contemporary with the greatest architecture the Christian world has known.

Here, perhaps, we have been over-hasty to be apparently fine, showy; and this is not to be great. Simplicity, truth, power, the higher architectural virtues, have been too little valued. The misuse of materials, the repetition of details, more or less Gothic or Romanesque, the association of things unrelated, the stenciling and gilding of gingerbread, do not necessarily meet the requirements of Christian art any more than of science or worship.

When we come to things small in a sense, though not small in themselves, we see that our fathers of the good time were above the *carton-pierre* statue, the *papier-maché* stations, the ready-made altar, the fictitious metal candelabra, or the imitation Carrara marble kneeling angel. Noble material, original work of skilful hands, do not detract from God's honor, or from devotion. Moses is our witness—a worthy and ancient witness. Knowledge in all manner of work, the power to devise whatsoever may be artificially made of gold and silver and brass, of marble and precious stones and variety of wood, the spirit of God, with wisdom and understanding, all these had the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Juda, whom the Lord called to build aright, and ornament tabernacle, and ark, and vessels, and altars and vestments—small things and great.

To us Americans it may seem odd that the Lord did not seek skilful men in a strange land. Here and now, what should we do were it not for the charity of our French and German, and, sometimes, of our Italian and English brethren? How generously they supply us with "art-factory" work in gold, silver and electro-plate,

stones not too precious, glass that were better unstained, and the oleograph that shows neither the spirit of God, nor the power to devise, nor knowledge. Can it be that the Lord hath "put wisdom" only "in the heart of every skilful man" born beyond the sea? Perhaps we have too little confidence in Him, and too little consideration for the wisdom, and understanding, and power to devise that have been meted out to our American selves.

However, with all our failings in things great and small, we can boldly, if not proudly, claim, that our American churches are as good as many that have been built abroad within the last three centuries. When, in the near future, our art museums, emulating the example of Kensington, shall have set up true copies of the best work of the Middle Ages; when our seminaries shall make the serious study of church architecture a part of the regular course; when our colleges shall have awakened to the fact that the teaching of history, without an acquaintance with the work of men's hands, is not thorough teaching; then—and not till then—there will arise an intelligent, logical, artistic, characteristic American school of church architecture. Inasmuch as there is any church architecture here, worthy of the name, the country owes it to the Catholic Church. Inasmuch as our church architecture is no better than it is, Catholics must bear the blame. However, only they dare cast a stone, first or last, at themselves.

Through the photograph and the process-engraving, the "Magazine" and the "Art Journal," we find it easy, nowadays, to make ourselves acquainted with the general appearance of many of the cathedrals and churches that were designed out of the minds and made with the hands of our "ignorant, vicious, superstitious" forefathers of the 12th and 13th centuries. Pictures serve a purpose in education; but their value is limited where previous knowledge or the living, intelligent word, does not help the eye to see just what is visible, and to measure the real or comparative value of lines, of masses and of details. Still, the picture, by itself, is not to be despised. The interest which it excites often grows into desire for sober knowledge. And our "benighted" forefathers of the "Dark Ages" have left us more than enough of their conceptions and handiwork to whet desire during a lifetime.

Of late the etcher, having exhausted a wide range of subjects, has taken to architecture. We owe him a debt; for he has attempted only great things. Chartres, Rheims, Rouen, Amiens, Burgos, Seville, Batalha, Westminster—these you may see ranged on the walls of the printshop, challenging study of the etcher's methods, the science of the master-builder, and the skill of the mechanic and the sculptor. As it happens, the large etching is fashionable; and so the etcher has room to tell us of length and

breadth and height and power. As a copy, his work, if it be good, has no value. It is an interpretation, expressing feeling rather than facts. On this account, indeed, it appeals to a larger public; a public that is more open to picturesque effect than to the science of construction or the art of great design.

Among the many good things on the walls of the printshop, one more than another arrests our attention to-day. We forget the etcher; we see only the strong walls, burly towers, strange flying-buttresses, bits of delicate tracery, threatening bastions, rocks and sand, weeds and boats, and the solemn ocean. We are looking at Mont Saint Michel, church, abbey and fortress—"lazy" monks' work. This mighty mass, built upon the grim rock by the treacherous sea, witnesses to ten centuries of European history, to the rise and fall of peoples and dynasties, to civilizations old and new, to the fitful course of all our Christian arts. The student of history will find the Mont quite as worthy of study as will the student of architecture. The etcher's picture is striking, and yet it is a mere shred of the shadow of the real thing. Were it possible for the etcher to drill openings in those inky walls and sketch the lines they hide, we might, one by one, peer into the vast structures that underlie the apparent buildings, and thus gain some right notion of the whole. Our knowledge would still be far from complete. Only a pilgrimage to the Mont, or patient study of plan upon plan, and of elevation after elevation, will make us acquainted with the restless Norman's sacred fortress. Still, there is always something to be learned on a tour around the library. Let us try what we may there gather concerning Mont Saint Michel.

A few miles from the Mont, on a hill-top, stands the pretty little town of Avranches, which, were it famed for nothing else, will always be noted as the scene of the penance and pardon of passionate Henry II. of England. There he came, in 1174, to free himself from guilt for the foul murder of Thomas à Becket, and there, on the 22d of the month of May, he knelt on the stone steps of the cathedral to receive absolution from the Papal legate. As far back as 706 Avranches was a bishop's seat, and then it was that the sainted Aubert carried the pastoral staff. One night, while resting his wearied limbs, Aubert had a dream. The great Archangel Michael appeared to him, and in few words ordered him to build a church on Mount Tumba, as the bare rock in the sea was then called. Had Aubert's name been Thomas we might the more readily explain his way of dealing with the dream. He argued with himself, did the holy man; and in the end he decided that the dream was an illusion. Promptly he put it out of his mind. A few nights thereafter he had a like dream; but now the Archangel was more positive, ordering Aubert to begin the work forth-

with. The good bishop was not satisfied. He determined to "try the spirits." He prayed for light; he fasted; he watched; he gave alms to the poor, knowing that their heartfelt prayers would bring him heavenly grace. Once more in his sleep he saw Michael, who blamed him for his doubting, and who, as a sign of his displeasure, lifting a finger, tapped Aubert on the head. On the very next day the bishop called his clergy about him, told them his dream, and showed them the wound on his head. They saw and believed; and though Aubert lived fifteen years after that day, and though he suffered not in health, he bore the wound till his death. Doubt if you will; believe if you will. It was faith that made Mont Saint Michel.

Two years later, having overcome many difficulties, the bishop built a church on the rock; "not proudly," says the chronicler, "nor with much artifice, but simply, in the form of a grotto, capable of holding about one hundred persons." This chapel was consecrated on the 16th of October, 709. Then Saint Aubert founded an abbey, wherein he placed twelve clerics, or canons, whose duty it was daily to celebrate the divine office. Now, there was no water on the mountain, and the canons suffered much inconvenience. They had by this time learned to put trust in Saint Michael; so, with one accord, they joined in asking his aid. He gave ear to them, as it is written; and one fine day, appearing to the bishop, Michael led him down the mountain, and there, near the foot, in the rock, he showed him a bubbling, sparkling spring. And that same spring serves man and beast this very day; and you may see it with your own eyes, and drink of it as you will; and it is known, as it was known long before great Charles shook the world, by the name of "Saint Aubert's spring."

The story of the bishop's dream, and of the Archangel's apparition, quickly spread far and wide. There were pagans then, as now, as well as doubting Christians. But the believers were many, and soon a procession of pilgrims trudged penitently, hopefully, thankfully, to the simple chapel on bleak Mount Tumba. The Pope sent holy relics to Michael's shrine. Kings and dukes, bishops and abbots, knights and squires and villains climbed the steep, sharp granite rocks. To-day there are fewer kings and dukes, and—glory be to Saint Michael!—more plain people. Nor have all the plain people lost faith in Saint Michael. "From every schires ende" still "they wende" to the Mont, as they did eleven hundred years ago.

The first king that bent a knee in Aubert's chapel was Childebert II., a contemporary of the Saint. Would that no king had ever done worse! When the big, bold Rollo had fought himself into the duchy of Normandy, and won a crown and a wife, he

strove to become a real Christian. Still, old Thor was in the way; and, taking no chances, the new duke, before dying, offered up sacrifice to the great divinity of the North. But Rollo's successors were loyal sons of the Christ, and devout worshippers at the shrine of Saint Michael. Indeed, the warrior angel became the Normans' favorite patron. When they had made themselves masters of England, they covered the land with churches in his honor, and everywhere they chose the high places; witness Cornwall's rocky heights, which Edward the Confessor gave to the monks of the Mont, in 1048, and the twenty-eight sanctuaries that look down upon the plain of Lincolnshire. Michaelmas became the great church festival, whose importance the English customs of our 19th century still vouch for. Scale in hand, weighing souls, Michael surmounted chancel-arch in every shire, while, beneath, in silent chapel, from privileged altar, he gave willing aid to those who knelt under the lamp that never quenched, and implored his intercession.

When, seeking new worlds, the greedy Normans cast their eyes, longingly, on the vines and olives of Italy, their devotion was not satisfied with pilgrimages to their own holy mountain. High up on Monte Gargano, where the Apennines wall out the sea, the Archangel had appeared to Saint Laurentius, Bishop of Siponto, just two hundred and fifteen years before Aubert dreamed a dream, and felt the pressure of a warning finger. There in a cave in the rocks, where Michael's majestic self had stood, the not unselfish Normans crowded to beg the assistance of him who had thus far befriended them. To the stranger they left their famed sanctuary of Mont Saint Michel; proof of Norman faith and loyalty could best be given at Monte Sant' Angelo.

How long and devotedly the Archangel was honored on Norman ground will appear from a record of great names. Richard I., grandson of the giant Rollo, made more than one pious pilgrimage to Mont Saint Michel. Richard II. and Robert I. went there in turn, as did the three sons of William the Conqueror; Robert, duke of Normandy, he who pawned his dukedom that he might have money to carry himself and his men before the walls of Jerusalem; and William the Red, and Henry I., kings of England. The first of the Capets to honor Saint Michael was Louis VII., who, youth as he was, moved by the fiery Bernard's words, left his kingdom to fight for the Holy Land, during the second Crusade. On his way to the Mont, in 1158, he met Henry II. of England, and together they made the pilgrimage. When Saint Louis returned from the sixth Crusade, beaten, full of regrets, though not disheartened, he hastened to seek consolation in the sanctuary of the ever victorious leader of the heavenly hosts. Louis

was not to return. Far away from France, choked by the sand of the desert, plague-stricken, the good, brave king forever ceased battling. His loved and loving son, Philip III., did not forget Saint Michael. When he had tenderly borne on bent shoulders, from Marseilles to Saint Denis, his saintly father's bones and heart, and laid them down to rest awhile, he could think of no sweeter ending to his bitter journey than a pilgrimage to the Mont. The next Philip, *le bel*, who devised the shameful plot of Anagni, went the same road forty years later, in 1311. Charles VI., the mad king, with just mind enough to play cards and rule his fellow-debauchees, enjoyed a moment of reason at Michael's feet, in 1393. Mary of Anjou, to whom, after God and Jeanne d'Arc, Charles VII., "the king of Bourges," owed a real crown, journeyed to the Mont in 1447 to thank the Archangel for his aid at the battle of Nancy, where victory saved her son's throne. That unhappy son, Louis XI., paid no less than three visits to the Mont; the first in 1462; the second in 1470; the last in 1472. Charles VIII., who scourged Italy seven years later and met there the sudden death that Savonarola prophesied, left his favorite dogs and minstrels, in 1488, to visit the famous abbey, and, perhaps, to thank the Archangel for the victory of Saint Aubin. Gay Francis I. was truer to Michael than to many of his own royal and imperial brothers. He began his reign with a pilgrimage to the favored shrine; and, in 1532, seven years after he had lost all, *fors l'honneur*, at Pavia, he bent a proud knee, for the second time, in the Church of the Archangel. Charles IX., son of the ambitious, luxurious, ill-fated Catherine de Medici, was sent to the Mont, in 1562, when a boy of twelve. He is the last king of France that publicly testified the faith of the nation in the power of him who is "like unto God."

Imagine Saint Aubert, in the flesh, walking by the side of Charles IX., as he entered the King's Gate and mounted the narrow street leading to the great abbey and church that had risen above the good bishop's grotto-chapel, built "not proudly, nor with much artifice." The Saint looks high up at the artful blocks of carved and moulded granite, piled one above the other; at the proud tower, and bridge, and barbacan. He looks down upon the mighty ramparts, the circled turrets, crenellated parapets, closing out land and sea. Trembling, fearful, hopeful, he passes his jewelled hand across his dazed, doubting eyes. Is this, too, a dream? From out the brave retinue he slips unnoticed and descends the mountain. The spring, the Angel's spring, where is it? Why this tall, frowning tower? He presses the heavy gate; it yields; he enters. Still flow the sweet, clear, blessed waters. Saint Michael be thanked! As he speaks the words, and raises his eyes to Heaven, the good bishop utters a quick cry of joy. There, in the air, atop

the pointed spire, stands the figure of the great Michael, armored, sword aloft, wings full spread, awaiting the command of the Almighty; ready, anxious, to aid man in his strife with the Evil One. Your heart beats, burns, quivers with sainted Aubert's. The long-gone vision was no wicked illusion. Here, on bleak, lone, Mount Tumba, the Archangel is honored as nowhere else in this world. The Michaelion of great Constantine is nought to this. Where are now the fifteen shrines that once stood within Byzance's walls? Compare Rome's monument with Normandy's! Though Gregory's self saw Michael sheath his terrible sword above the Mole of Hadrian, and Boniface named the tomb anew—*Castel Sant' Angelo;* it is by this sounding title alone that Rome bears testimony to the glorious presence of the celestial Prince of the Church, and not by loving, zealous work of Christian hand and brain. And yet I doubted, I doubted, says Aubert, regretfully, reproachfully. Then bending his aureoled head, and penitently beating his breast with the one hand, and pressing the miraculous wound with the other, once more he climbs the rugged way, tearful and joyous.

The Mont Saint Michel, where Charles IX. lodged and prayed and shrived himself, was no creation of fanciful dreamland. It was a thing of human brawn and sweat, struggle and prayer, and travail of intellect. How it fared for two hundred and fifty years after Aubert's day we cannot tell. Whether the clerks' house and the chapel grew in size or in beauty, the chroniclers say not. The times favored neither building nor writing. What with the wars of Charlemagne, and the invasions of the savage Normans, Neustria, as the country was called before Rollo's peace at Saint Clair sur Epte, had no rest. When the invaders came, in the 9th century, the land around Avranches was laid bare. The people fled. As you look at the pictures of Mont Saint Michel, you see, down below abbey and church, a few random houses scattered over the hill-side. These make up the town of Mont Saint Michel. Fleeing before the harsh Normans some poverty-stricken, harmless souls sought a refuge on the barren rock by the treacherous sea. The monks welcomed them; and there, for nine centuries, amid all tribulations, the scions of the changing race of Neustria-Normandy have struggled into life and a grave. Of one at least of its townsmen and townswomen the Mont has reason to be proud—the famous Breton, Bertrand du Guesclin, and his wife, Tiphaine de Raguenel, *la Fée*. Bertrand, harsh of manner and ugly in person as he was strong of arm and of heart, gained the love of one of the most beautiful, the brightest, the most learned women of her day. The fairy, *la Fée*, so they called her; and the name, though the story says she earned it through her skill in

astrology, brings visibly before our charmed eyes the lithe, sprightly, artless, winning figure of her who slept on the bosom of the most valiant, the most loyal man of his day. In 1364, after his victory over the English at Cocherel, Du Guesclin was made Marshal of Normandy by King Charles V. Fortune failed him on the fatal field of Auray, where he fell into the hands of the enemy. Ransomed with a hundred thousand *livres*, he gathered a new army, and set out for Castile. Before leaving, he built a nest for fair Tiphaine under the eaves of St. Michael's abbey, where she could be safe from rude men and revengeful enemies, and where she might invoke the warrior angel's aid in behalf of her terrible warrior husband. Sixteen years later, distrusted by the prince for whom he had fought so long and so gallantly, a self-banished man, Bertrand died on the road to Spain, far away from St. Michael's. Neither *la Fée*, nor the Archangel, had cause to blush for him, as, with his last breath, he kissed his true sword, and said to the faithful friend by his side: I hand it to you, protesting that I have never done aught against the honor they put on me with this good weapon. His restless body found rest in St. Denis, among the kings of France. There, by the side of the friend to whom he gave his unspotted sword, Louis de Sancerre, you may see the tomb and the lifeless effigy of that "*Noble homme Messire Bertrand du Guesclin*," late of Mont Saint Michel. His heart rests in the Saviour's church at Dinan, not far from the Mont.

When pagan Rollo became the Christian Raoul, we know that he favored the canons who had been driven from the Angel's Mount. Few are the men who can bear prosperity. Wherefore, however perfectly we have borne ourselves in adversity, we may find excuse for the clerks of Saint Aubert, who later fell into evil ways. Less charitable, or more just, Richard the Fearless, grandson of Raoul, drove them out of the abbey in 966, and brought from famed Monte Cassino thirty Benedictines, with the grave and holy Abbot Mainard; and to these he intrusted the church and the abbey. And for 656 years the Benedictines ruled the Mont, honoring the Lord and singing praises to Michael, and filling the earth with his name. The Mont Saint Michel that compels our admiration is a monument not only to him who, according to Saint Jude, disputed with the devil about the body of Moses, but also to the skill, the intelligence and the faith of the spiritual sons of Saint Benedict.

About the year 1000, whatever buildings Mainard had erected were destroyed by fire. Richard II., duke of Normandy, son of Richard the Fearless, came to the aid of the monks, and after they had rebuilt the town and their own quarters, he determined to lay the foundations of a great church. He consulted with Hildebert,

the fourth Abbot, and placed in his hands the whole charge of the work. In the year 1020, Hildebert laid the first stone of our Mont Saint Michel. Of his plan, and design, we may judge from the existing transepts, and the four Roman bays of the nave. Hildebert planned a church with seven bays, three of which were destroyed at the end of the last century.

Abbot after abbot built and rebuilt for one hundred and fifteen years, when Bernard, the eighth since Hildebert, having finished the church, within and without, raised a "fine, high, strong tower, above the four great pillars of the choir," and beautified the noble edifice with windows of painted glass, a rare thing in those days. At long and at last the grand conception of Hildebert is a reality. Hildebert was no ordinary builder. Such a one would have cut down the crest of the rocky mount, and levelled it to a flat, uniform surface. Not so worked Hildebert. Leaving the Mont as nature had formed it, he planned a long and wide plateau on the level of the crest. Then, going down the mountain side, at the extremity of the line of the plateau that as yet had a reality only in his mind, he built, upward, a mass of mighty walls and arches, tied one to another, and again tied to the shelving rock. The mount itself was not more solid than this artificial foundation, which to-day astonishes architect and engineer. Had the monk done this massive work with our machinery and appliances, had his facilities for obtaining and handling the required materials been of the best, the result would have deserved highest praise. But where shall we stop in our commendation, when we mark the steep declivity of the rock, and the narrow, unsuitable space where Hildebert was forced to store and control the tools, the quarried stones, the scaffoldings, the centres, props, and all the masons' implements? Add to these difficulties the labor and the danger of transporting block upon block of granite from afar to Saint Michael's by the treacherous sea.

In periculo maris, so they called Mont Saint Michel before the Normans had set foot on French soil. What peril was there to fear from the sea? The tide, equalled only by that in Fundy's Bay. Sweeping onward, roaring, rushing, the maddened sea covers a length of six miles in a few short minutes. Twice each day the waves storm against rampart and bastion; twice they retire to gather new force in their battle with Michael. Woe to him who lingers on the sands to watch the tumbling, frothing waters, trusting to quick eyes and nimble feet to save him! When the waters have receded, only one who has learned the winding ways by heart dare trust himself, unguided, on the pathless shore, and among the treacherous quicksands. They named it well who called it Mont Saint Michel, *au péril de la mer*.

How justly proud, and how thankful, Abbot Bernard must have felt as he looked at the great church and thought of the labors and the disappointments of his brethren who had hoped to do what he did and failed! Between Hildebert's time and Bernard's, the seven abbots that mastered the work had busied themselves, now with the nave, now with the choir, now with the big pillars of the triumphal arch, or with the transept, the porch, the subterranean crypts. Here they took down work of their predecessors, to make it more substantial. There they carved and moulded anew, to add to its beauty. Roger, who ruled from 1084 to 1106, no doubt had great hopes that he might be the one to complete Michael's church. But, alas! on a sad morning, in the year 1103, as the monks were going out from matins, the greater part of the nave tumbled down, the granite blocks flying this way and that way, and doing serious damage to the neighboring buildings. It was the Saturday before Easter. Gloomily as the great feast must have been celebrated on the Mont, the monks found cause for rejoicing because not a soul had been injured; "a thing that every one held to be altogether miraculous." Roger II. was pressing the repairs with all speed, when, in 1112, a fire broke out in the abbey, and threatened general ruin. Again there was cause for rejoicing. The abbey buildings were consumed, but the church was safe and sound. Proud Bernard was yet to be humbled. In the third year after he had filled in the windows with the wonderful painted glass, wicked men from Avranches set fire to the town. The houses were burned down, the monastery disappeared; but Saint Michael guarded his church. Sixty-five years later the Archangel drew his sword from its sheath. There were terrible doings in Normandy at the end of the 12th and the beginning of the 13th centuries. Richard of the Lion-Heart, cruel John Lackland, and faithless Philip Augustus were fighting for the territory. Philip made himself master in 1199; but there was no peace in Normandy. Mont Saint Michel bore its share of the troubles. In 1203, Gui de Thouars tried to capture the *Mont*. He failed; and then, like a coward, set fire to the town. The science, and thought, and toil, and devotion of two centuries were turned to ashes in a day. The village homes, the abbey and its dependencies, the roof of the church, were all swept away. The strong walls stood up bravely, and the stone-vaulted aisles were proof against the flames; but nave and choir were bared to sun and storm. In time, the church roof was replaced, and the new abbey grew in size and beauty. And so, abbot and monk designed and ornamented, and fortified, year after year, until 1300. Then, on a stifling day in July, from out the angry clouds there shot a fearful bolt, whose glowing point struck full on Michael's bell-tower. Down fell the singing bells in

streams of molten melody. The massive new towers, at the sides, crumbled away; the church roof blazed up to heaven; and, last of all, the town houses sparkled and flared and smoked. Once more the sturdy Benedictines taxed mind and body to build a shrine to Saint Michael. Kings came to their aid; and after fifty years' thinking and toil, they had renewed church, abbey and town. Then, heaven tried their patience anew. In 1350, the destructive lightning again fired the roof of the nave and the abbey. Quite undismayed, under Nicolas le Vitrier and Geoffroy de Servon, the monks worked as freshly and vigorously as under the first Hildebert. Church, and hall, and dormitory put on a new dress; and pilgrim and monk watched, delightedly, the growing promise of things fairer than the old. By the year 1374 there was cause for much rejoicing. Hard work would soon be repaid, fond hopes be realized.

Was Michael displeased? Who can say? Suddenly, on the eighth day of July, another burning fire came down from heaven; nor did it cease its ravages until it had left the Mont just as sad a sight as it was in 1303. Pierre Leroy, the twenty-ninth abbot, and Robert Jolivet, his successor, restored, repaired, designed and built afresh. Church and abbey were more beautiful than ever, strong towers and walls had made the Mont secure against all attack. The abbot was now a military as well as a religious ruler—*Capitaine du Mont.* Before and after Agincourt, the English longed for the Archangel's fort; but it gallantly withstood arms and stratagems, and Abbot Jolivet's purchased treachery. And yet, strange to say, in 1421, on the eve of St. Martin's day, without sign or warning, the choir of the church, true and tried, with the apse, gave way; nothing being left of the wall above the choir stalls. During the next thirty years Mont Saint Michel suffered sore trials. The English besieged it, vainly, for eleven long years. The abbey lands were stolen; its costly vessels were sold to buy bread for soldiers and townspeople. Not until 1450, when the English had been driven out of Normandy, could the monks spare an hour to rebuild the ruined choir. Cardinal Guillaume d'Estouteville, statesman, churchman, soldier, held the abbacy; and he it was who began the elegant, dainty, Gothic choir that has come down to our day. Here, in Michael's church, the lover of architecture may readily study the style of the round arch at its best, and the style of the pointed arch on the eve of its decline; the solid, honest, solemn simplicity of the one, the delicate, refined, playful science of the other. Seventy years ran by before the choir was finished. Whoever is interested in Mont Saint Michel may well note the date—1521. No great work was done on the Angel's Mount from that time down to our day. The seventy years did not pass with-

out fears and risks. Somewhere about 1500 the lightning set fire once again to the tower, and melted the chiming bells. Then it was that Guillaume de Lamps, when he built a new tower, set up on its pointed roof a gilded statue of the Archangel, with wings outspread. Though 1521 marks the end of great undertakings, it does not close the story of misfortunes. A good part of the abbey was burned in 1524. Guillaume de Lamps' new tower stood the shock of a thunderbolt in 1594; but the roofs of tower and church were swallowed up in the flames. In 1776, the vindictive lightning dealt the noble old structure a blow more fatal than all the others combined. Twelve times had it unavailingly sought to shake the massive walls. At last the mighty structure quailed. Lest the whole church should be carried down, the west front, with its old Romanesque portal, and the three first bays of the nave were removed. Then the philosophers of the 18th century, who were glibly telling the world how dark the past had been, and how lightsome was the present, set up a brand new, bastard Roman-Greek façade, and a portal to match, in front of the four bays that had stood the wreck of time and heaven's artillery. Oh! for one hour of Richard the Fearless and his slashing followers! How quickly they would have done justice on their weak, blind offspring, that ignorantly, audaciously, disgraced the beautiful design of Abbot Hildebert!

The old Benedictines, in 1622, went the way of Saint Aubert's clerics. Long before that date, the French kings had managed to make their influence felt in the government of the abbey, through the appointment of abbots commendatory. At times these new abbots were non-residents. Many of them were interested in the Mont only inasmuch as their office put money in their purse. The Huguenot wars turned the abbey into a battle-ground. Religious discipline grew lax. Finally, the unworthy descendants of the men of Monte Cassino—of the earnest monks who had laid their hearts, shred by shred, between the granite blocks of the Church of Saint Michael—were removed; and in their place came the reformed Benedictines, the learned fraternity of Saint-Maur. With the French Revolution the vast structures that had been erected to glorify Saint Michael were turned into a prison. The monks had gone; and, by a strange fatality, their successors proved to be three hundred priests, all prisoners. And a prison Mont Saint Michel remained until 1863. Under Napoleon I., it was called a House of Correction; under Louis XVIII., a central prison. The church was turned ino a workshop, a kitchen, an eating-room. When, in 1834, the Archangel's persistent enemy once more, in fiery shape, swooped down upon the Mont, the mutilated nave suffered seriously. The restorations that followed were contemptible. Over walls,

columns, arches and vault, plaster, colored to counterfeit granite, was freely laid. Saint Aubert was simple; the monks of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th centuries were proud and artful—the official architects of the early 19th century were barbarous.

We have closely followed the changing fortunes of the pilgrimage church from Aubert's day onward, because the church is the historical as well as the architectural centre of the Mont. It was the church that made Mont Saint Michel. With the centuries, however, the mean dwelling wherein Aubert's clerics gathered had developed into a splendid abbey. Building after building was grouped around the church. Abbot vied with abbot in planning and constructing. What they might have done, were human affairs not human affairs, none can tell. What they did ranks with the best—in part outranks the best—Gothic work of the best time.

The north side of the Mont was early chosen as the sight of the abbey; and there, by the end of the 11th century, the monks had built a chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, infirmary, kitchens and storehouses. As fire after fire destroyed a part, or the whole of these buildings, others more serviceable, more substantial, more, stately, rose out of the ruins. The *Galerie de l'Aquilon*, built by Roger II. between 1112 and 1122, remains to this day. Whoever would give his fancy play, may, from a study of this *Galerie*—a subterranean hall beneath the old *promenoir*, or cloister—reconstruct the new abbey that graced the Mont after the fire of 1112.

The toil of two centuries was undone by the bold, bad Breton, Gui de Thouars. King Philip hurried to make good the damage done to the home of the heavenly patron of newly acquired Normandy, and freely supplied the monks with funds. Within a year after the fire, Abbot Jourdain was busy laying the foundations of the grand buildings, rightly called in his day and ours—la Merveille, the "Wonder." Jourdain's learned and active predecessor, Robert de Torigni, who ruled the Mont from 1154 to 1186, had made it a centre of learning and of the arts. A lover of books, he had gathered and copied the choicest collection of manuscripts on the continent. *Cité des livres*, city of the books, so the bibliophiles of the 12th century called Mont Saint Michel. Robert was none the less a builder. Not satisfied with solidifying, enlarging and improving what had already been done, he chose fresh sites to the south and west of the church, and there erected a new pilgrim-house and infirmary. Much of this work was standing when Jourdain took the reins in hand, and a part of it may still be seen. Jourdain did not disturb Torigni's buildings. *La Merveille* he placed on the north side of the Mont. Immediately adjoining the church, to the west, stood the old cloister, or *promenoir*, above the crypt or *Galerie de l'Aquilon*. East of the cloister, projecting

still more to the north, was the 11th century refectory. Back of this Jourdain laid the foundation of his fortress-abbey. He carried it outward on the north, looking full upon the sea. Hugging a part of the nave and the transepts of the church, it extends eastward far beyond the choir; presenting, on each of three faces, a noble front, full of vigorous life.

The name is one—*la Merveille*—but this "singular" name is applied to two buildings, which, though joined, and, on the main northern front, a unit—considered as a mass—were as emphatically distinguished one from another, exteriorly as interiorly. The purposes that either building served were determined not by Abbot Jourdain's whims, but by the requirements of the daily life of the monks who followed St. Bennet's rule. Abbot Jourdain had studied in a good school and was quite sure of himself when he designed the almonry, cloister, dormitory, chapter-hall and refectory. He arranged them after this fashion. In the eastern building he placed the almonry—a great room where alms were daily distributed to the poor; above this, the refectory first, and then the dormitory. On a level with the almonry, in the western building, there was to be a spacious cellar; next, a chapter-hall, adjoining the refectory; and, over these, beside the dormitory, a fine cloister. Jourdain did not live to see his beautiful scheme completed. He died in 1212. His immediate successors did not rest till they had given immortal life, in voiceful stone, to his ideas. Raoul des Isles, Thomas de Chambres, and Raoul de Villedieu, conscientiously, lovingly, finished the work. Just twenty-five years after Jourdain laid the first stone, *la Merveille* challenged time and the world. "*La Merveille*," says Viollet-le-Duc, "is the finest example we have of the religious and military architecture of the Middle Ages." Time, fortune, St. Michael, have been kind to the abbot-architect.

It was Thomas de Chambres who, about 1215, closed the vaulting and glazed the great windows and tiled the broad aisles of the refectory. Would you know the grandeur of simplicity? Then look at a photograph, or an etching, of this 13th century room. A flood of enlivening light pours through the spacious windows. Securely the central line of graceful columns bears the wide-spreading pointed arches, the unfaltering granite ribs and vault. As we look down the aisles, towards the generous fire-places, following with our eyes the varying, intersecting curves of ceiling and window arch, we feel the beauty of honest simplicity, and the vanity of plaster and ginger-bread. Except the carved capitals, and the rosettes of the vaults, there is no ornament. The mouldings are not devised to show the cunning invention of the designer, or the skill of the stonecutter. Sincerity speaks out from every line. Jourdain would have dignity, comfort and simplicity daily guests

at the monk's table. Kings and merchant-princes have, indeed, sat in more luxurious dining halls, where glowing color, lascivious sculpture, wealth of ingenious ornament in gold, and marble, and precious woods, invited to enjoyment purely sensual; but, certainly, no one has ever broke bread in a more becoming, inspiring, civilizing room than Jourdain's refectory on Mont Saint Michel. Not all the sons of progress have marched with even pace. Some few, indeed, are lame.

Our walk through the refectory has not lamed us, praised be Saint Michael! Here, then, by this vaulted passage, we shall make our way to the chapter-hall. As the name implies, Jourdain designed this room for the general meetings of the monks. And, though it probably served its original purpose as long as there were monks on the Mont, the chapter-hall has, for these four hundred years, been known as the *Salle des Chevaliers*. How did the change come about? In this way.

The walls of *la Merveille* tell of the disturbed condition of affairs in Jourdain's time. With an eye to the future, the famous abbot sketched the plan of a fortified town. The work he began, his successors continued, the kings of France, now and then, aiding. About a hundred years after Jourdain's death, the Mont had become a fortress of such great importance that Philip, *le bel*, sent a garrison there. Then came military governors, and commendatory abbots. By the year 1389, less simple, more proud than in Aubert's day, the abbey and church sported *blasons*, with quaint heraldic devices —a star, and three roses, or three shells, beneath an abbot's crosier. To these, Louis XI. most graciously added three royal *fleurs-de-lys*.

Louis counted himself a debtor to Saint Michael. It was the Archangel who gave a sacred mission to the Maid of Orleans, in the vision under the storied beach that crowned the hill of *Notre Dame de Vermont*, close by Domremy. To him Jeanne appealed, when, in full armor, she defiantly rode her black charger to battle; to him she offered her last prayer on the scaffold. To Michael, through Jeanne, Louis' father, Charles VII., owed the sceptre of a united France. The wily Louis was at least not ungrateful. He felt the weight of a double obligation. For when he took up arms against his father, and was driven into Dauphiné, a banished man, he gained comfort and favors through the Archangel's intercession. Charles thought of showing his gratitude to Michael by establishing a military order on the Mont. Eight years after Charles's death, in 1469, Louis, remembering his father's wishes, and desirous of showing his own reverence for "*Monseigneur Sainct Michel*, the first Knight," instituted the Order of Saint Michael. The membership of this order was limited to thirty-six, all gentlemen without

reproach. They were sworn to sustain and defend the rights of the crown, and encouraged to give an example that would excite high, noble, and virtuous actions. What a brave sight they were as they sat in the choir of the church, on St. Michael's feast, clad in long mantles of cloth of silver, or white damask, ornamented with strings of broidered shells and edged with ermine! How light chased light over the folds of the cramoisy hood, and the ribs of the golden shells that formed the knightly collar, and the jewels set in the golden image of Michael that hung down upon each breast!

The statutes of the new order provided for general meetings or chapters, and the monks placed their chapter-hall at the disposition of the knights. There they met for the first time—and, as far as we know, for the last time—in 1470. Once was enough. From that day the chapter-house has been known as the *Salle des Chevaliers.*

The effect of this great hall, the largest, if not the grandest, Gothic room in the world, is only second to that of the beautiful refectory. If some critics would award the palm to the *Salle des Chevaliers*, it were hardly worth the while falling out with them on that score. First, or second, the hall of the knights was splendidly conceived and admirably executed. More vigorous in design, less severe, more picturesque, it is hardly less simple than the refectory. There is no ornament beyond the free, bold carving of the capitals, and of the keys at the intersection of the vaulting ribs. Seen in perspective—the four broad aisles lighted from the windows of various shapes in the north wall and from the large west bay—the *Salle des Chevaliers* will impress the dullest mind with a sense of the beauty and spiritual power of great architecture; and will warm the coldest, pettiest soul with enthusiasm, however momentary, for things higher and nobler than *bric-a-brac.* As with delight we look across the spacious aisles, or up at the groined vaulting, let us not forget to speak a word of thanks to the shade of Abbot Raoul des Isles, who commenced the *Salle des Chevaliers* in 1215, and of Abbot Thomas de Chambres, who completed the noble hall in 1220.

We mount the stairway in the northwestern angle, and here we are in the cloister—Jourdain's cloister let us call it, though Thomas de Chambres began and Raoul de Villedieu finished the delicate work. Remembering the height at which we stand, and the two vaulted halls below, we promptly appreciate the problem that presented itself to the original designer, and the skilful way in which he solved it. In the third volume of the *Dictionnaire Raisonnée* Viollet-le-Duc calls attention to the science displayed in the arrangement of the shafts and the construction of the arcade; and

the cloister he describes as "one of the most curious and most complete in France." Those who would study the plan at leisure, and discuss questions of construction, will find serviceable material not only in the *Dictionnaire*, but also in M. Edouard Corroyer's *Description de l'Abbaye du Mont Saint Michel*,* a work on which the writer has freely drawn.

The ornamentation of the cloister is more elaborate than that of the *Salle des Chevaliers*. Abbot de Villedieu had about him a number of clever stonecutters, and at least three good carvers. Over the south door leading to the church they left their portraits, perchance, and their names. Time has mutilated the features beyond recognition, but the names remain: Magister Roger, Dominus Garin, Magister Jehan—a monk and two laymen. They gave full play to their fancy in the tasteful frieze under the cornice; and in the one hundred and forty rosettes, all differing; and the quaint figures that enriched the spandrils of the interior arcades.

The 13th century was flooded with a holy light: Dominic, Francis, Aquin. Thomas was born, some men say, on the very day that Francis of Assisi died. In the history of art, as of morals, the seraph holds a large place; and his influence is felt more than we measure in the present. Had we no other record of his power over his contemporaries, this beautiful Norman cloister would suffice to prove the fact. Francis breathed out his sweet breath on the 27th of September, 1226, in the mother-house of Saint Mary of the Angels, at Assisi, where the Benedictines had generously housed himself and his twelve dear brothers. On the 16th of July, 1228, Gregory IX. went to the city of St. Francis, opened the tomb of him who was proud of being accounted a fool for Christ's sake, and solemnly declared him a canonized saint. No sooner had the news reached the Mont than Villedieu set a *magister* or *dominus* to reproduce, on the western side of the cloister, a counterfeit of Francis, "according to the form and figure that Abbot Joachim had caused to be painted in St. Mark's, at Venice, just before Francis founded his order" of Friars Minor. And, beside the likeness, Raoul carved an inscription, wherein it was set down that the cloister was "perfected" and good Francis canonized in one and the same year, to wit, 1228.

A photograph, or etching, or engraving, may convey something of the delicacy, the lightness, but not the glowing beauty, of the cloister in Raoul's day. We lose the effect of the many colored granites, of the enameled floor, and, more than all, of the bright

* *Description de l'Abbaye du Mont Saint Michel, et de ses abords, par M. Edouard Corroyer, Architecte du Gouvernement. Paris, Dumoulin, MDCCCLXXVII.* Since the publication of this work, quite a literature has grown up around the *Mont*, but M. Corroyer's book is still the most useful, the most learned, and the most artistic.

tints that enlivened arch, and vault, and cornice. Mentally, we may crowd the galleries with black-garbed monks, or armored knights; or, better still, we may, in quiet hours, imaginatively stroll around the cloister, admiring designer's, and carver's, and cutter's art, and longing, if not for the days that are gone, at least for the spirit that informed them. By no trick of imagination, though, can we lift ourselves up to the little windows between the buttresses in the north front, and look thence out on the wide expanse of treacherous sand and passionate sea that day after day warned the monks against the world they had not unwisely fled.

La Merveille was not the only wonder on the Mont. There were, and are, the *Crypte des Gros Piliers*, the great cellar called *Montgommerie*, *Belle Chaise*, the *Chatelet*, the *Tour Perrine*, the giant stairway—all wonders in their way, and all showing science, a contempt for difficulties, and a thorough sense of great design. What an interesting tale of wars, sieges, attempted surprises, valiant, cowardly, bloody deeds, new weapons and new methods of warfare, is connected with the ramparts of Mont Saint Michel! Like the abbey and church, they were neglected for almost two centuries. Viollet-le-Duc's tribute to the Mont would have served as an appeal to a nation loving its best art and proud of its history. The men of the second empire were busy undoing France. They read and passed on. It was left for the republic, under Marshal MacMahon, to make away with the barbarous work of the 18th century, and to take steps to preserve the glorious monument in its integrity.

The monks no longer debate things temporal or spiritual beneath the vault of the chapter-hall; no longer sit at table in the noble refectory; no longer pace the way of the beautiful cloister. And yet the churchmen are not unmindful of Saint Michael. Robert holds the place of Aubert, not as bishop, or abbot, but as plain priest, guardian of the Order of Saint Edmé of Pontigny, caretakers of the abbey.

There are, at this very day, Philistines in the pulpit, the chair, the editor's sanctum, the studio, as well as at the literary man's desk, who are proud of exposing their simple ignorance by a senseless abuse of monks, "monkery" and "monkishness." And yet had there been no Monte Casino, no Citeaux, no Clairvaux, no Cluny, no Westminster, or Dunfermline, and no memory of Saint Gallen, the noble abbey, church and fortress of Mont Saint Michel would have made all intelligent men feel that the monk was a man to be respected, and a teacher to be reverenced. William the Conqueror, whose intellect was not inferior to that of some modern preachers and writers, and who might fairly pit himself against the variety of German "artist" who still makes a living by painting

beer-bellied Lutheran monks in a wine-cellar, hastened to plant monasteries in England as well as in Normandy. In France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, England, the monuments of great Gothic architecture are monuments to "monkery"—to "monkish" power of intellect, sense of beauty, of grandeur, of fitness. Taking the Mont as a centre, we may readily acquaint ourselves with the right measure of ecclesiastical art that was abroad in the 11th century —at Falaise, where William was born, so it is said; at Bocherville, or at Caen, in the simple parish church of Saint Nicholas, or the splendid *Abbaye aux Hommes*, which holds the Conqueror's sturdy bones, and which he built in memory of Hastings; or in the more elegant *Abbaye aux Dames*, where his wife, Matilda, lies buried. A glance at these buildings will tell us that the æsthetic hunger of the inchoate Frenchmen of those days was not to be filled with gingerbread, and that the "monkish" designer was less taken up with detail and ornament than with a great ideal and its just expression.

Inasmuch as the monks did the brave things that thrill us to-day, they did what was in them. Their traditions cannot be wholly lost. If the American monk would revive these traditions among us, we might count on an art rivaling the best of the best time—the 13th century. A good copy is better than a poor original. Here, we are young enough, fresh enough, to be original. What we want is a start in the right way. Can we doubt that *Monseigneur Sainct Michel* served the Benedictines, on the Mont, in mind as well as body? Certainly, he has pressed a terrible finger into many a cowled head, year by year through the ages—as a corrective; but, he is ever ready to help in gentleness as in sternness. Perhaps an American saint is soon to dream a dream! Or, perhaps again, the etcher has been "called" to breathe new life into great architecture. With great architecture will come great art, and "knowledge in all manner of work." Wisdom and understanding and the spirit of God, how shall we assure these? For, according to Moses, the Lord deemed them needful for art applied to His worship. To Michael's power, one who knew men's weakness, that "wicked man and great king," Louis XI., paid a tribute worth remembering: *Qui nous peut plus ayder que cet Archange au monde?*

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME?

"IT is rumored that the Pope will leave Rome." Such has been the text of a good many leading articles in the anti-Catholic journals of our time. The explanation of the rumor is its improbability. Because it is unlikely that the Pope will leave Rome, his enemies try to console themselves with false reports. The Italian revolutionists, like most of the free-thinkers all over the world, have an instinct that the Pope ought to remain in Rome, and have therefore a passionate desire that he should quit it. We do them no injustice in attributing to them this dual attitude, since they admit it in all their writings and speeches. They tell us that the harmonies of the Catholic religion require the Pope's presence in his own city; but since it is desirable to get rid of the Catholic religion, it is desirable to get rid of the Pope's presence. Sometimes the journalists will cloak their adherence to this opinion by professions which are meant to seem as if they were friendly. We had an instance of this kind of writing in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the beginning of the month of August of this year. The writer said: "If the Papacy is still to be a world-power, the Pope ought to leave Rome, or rather to be driven out of it. The one thing which would shake our skepticism in the providential mission of the Holy See would be the establishment of the Papal throne in the English-speaking world. It is about time that the Catholic Church was occidentalized. It has been Romanized too long for the adequate realization of its cosmopolitan pretensions." Now here we have a complete misapprehension—we do not like to say a wilful misstatement—of the theory and the fact of Catholicity, which should seem to be absolutely impossible in this nineteenth century. "It is about time that the Catholic Church was occidentalized!" So that the writers and the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* must be presumed to be of opinion that the western Church—which most sane people are accustomed to regard as an established fact—is purely mythical, or at the most but a shadowy branch of a small sect which is declared to be "Romanized." It would not be worth while to notice such writing, were it not that a misconception of the whole structure of the Catholic Church underlies the geographical inaccuracy. We may be pardoned if we dwell for a moment on that misconception before speaking of our duties to the present Pope. The *Pall Mall Gazette* writer thinks that Rome is much too "local." He considers that the Roman Pontiff ought to travel. Very briefly let us consider what was the idea of the Papal

throne, in its bearings on the pagan capital of the Roman world; or, to put it differently, what was the apparent design of divine providence in supplanting the imperial Rome by the Pontifical?

The idea of the Christian empire was to "carry out" the Roman *civitas;* to create the right of Catholic citizenship in the Catholic Church—a right from which no human being would be excluded. St. Augustine, in his *De Civitate Dei*, exquisitely worked out this idea; and, having before him the experience, the observation, of the Church's infancy, he was able to do this experimentally. The question for the whole world was: which should succeed, the pagan or the Christian dominion? The answer was: the new Christian *civitas* took the place of the old Roman *imperium.* But the point of points, in the realization of the idea, was that the "City of God" should be wholly independent of the dominion of the city of the world. Whereas, in the pagan city,—as Bossuet expressed it, "*tout était Dieu excepté Dieu lui-même*," in the Catholic city nothing that was not divine could have any place in the building up of the dominion. The pagan Romans knew this. *Deletum nomen Christianum* meant that two names, two dominions, could not possibly co-exist in the same idea. The idea of Catholicity was God's city. The idea of paganism was the city of the world. The two ideas were to be henceforth at deadly feud. So far as the principles of truth and justice were concerned, the world must never again dictate to the Church; it must, on the contrary, obey it. "We have no king but Cæsar" must now be changed into the formula, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." "We will not do it," said the unconverted Roman world. And ten bloody persecutions showed they meant it. For nearly three centuries the city of God and the city of the world were in a conflict which meant death to one of the two. The Church conquered. And it conquered *because* it would not permit any compromise between two standards which had nothing in common; between the city of the moral power of truth and the city of the material power of the world.

But let us speak more particularly of the city of Rome, as being the capital of the new "City of God." Rome was; Rome is; but the idea of the "City of God" was that it should supplant, should occupy the place of, the empire which had been the great power of polytheism. We all know that the *Civitas Dei*, in the beautiful sense of St. Augustine, was comprehensive of all the members of the Christian Church; yet just as Rome had been the centre of a false religion, so Rome must be the centre of the true. The "city set on a hill"—to keep to the sense of St. Augustine—must be a city which every human intelligence could contemplate as the most obvious, the most conspicuous, of facts. And so, too, the

Christian capital of the new world, the new centre of what was henceforth to be Christendom, must be conspicuous as was the old pagan Rome, though in senses which should be as spiritual as appreciable. And a man must be blind not to see that Almighty God chose Rome for the new centre of the new struggle. As a matter of fact, it was the centre—it is the centre; yet in point of analogy, and of the clearest divine intimation; as a beautiful and luminous teaching of divine providence, which even the pagans understood in a negative sense; the placing of the centre of unity on the ruins of the world's city; the making that centre to be the very identical centre of which it was said "all roads lead to Rome," was a teaching so striking that all mankind must acknowledge it as being impossible to mere accident or chance.

"Will the Pope leave Rome?" is, therefore, a question which must be answered by appeal to eighteen centuries of Catholic belief. He may leave the city of Rome, as the Popes have often left it,—at one period for a long absence of seventy-three years,—but if he leaves it, he will return to it; or, being absent, he will still rule it, as the Supreme Pontiff who must be always subject to persecution. But it is strange that, in this 19th century, even Protestants cannot understand that the centre of unity is liable *only* to be persecuted. It is not liable to be obliterated; it is not liable to be conquered; no weapon that is formed against it can prosper; yet it can be harassed and gravely afflicted by a thousand mortal weapons, whose ugly sharpness is sure to be turned against their framers. And here let a distinction be drawn between Rome and what is called United Italy. Italy is not Rome, nor Rome Italy. True, as Leo the Thirteenth has expressed it: "In Italy God has placed the home of His vicar, the chair of truth, and the centre of Catholic unity,"—a fact which the immense majority of living Italians recognize as their most glorious national privilege,—but the home, the chair, the centre, are in the once pagan capital of the pagan world, and in the now Christian capital of the *Civitas Dei*. They are placed there because Rome was the centre of that world which the *Civitas Dei* was meant to conquer. Surrounded by a thousand pagan monuments, the Christian churches in Christian Rome stand in triumph. And even in the ancient catacombs it is now nearly two thousand years since the first Christian emblems effaced pagan emblems; since the first Christian inscription in honor of a martyred Pope was written on the back of a pagan marble, which had been set up in honor of a "divine emperor."

To force the Pope, therefore, to quit Rome is one thing; that the Pope should voluntarily quit Rome is another. To force the Pope to quit Rome is only the continuance of the same hostilities which imprisoned the first Pope, St. Peter; and it must issue in the same

greater freedom. Persecution is not conquest, but probation. If the ten persecutions, backed by imperial hosts, could not obliterate the *nomen Christianum* in the days when the Church was in its infancy, we may fairly argue that Masonic sects, backed only by heresy and schism, cannot in these days do more than court defeat. But the point we have to consider is the fact of the *Civitas Dei* being centred, in point of authority, in the Roman Pontiff. It is a fact which is always admitted by adversaries; it is only attenuated or travestied. Authority is Pontifical. Nor is it an accident that the chair of Peter is in Rome; it has been so from the beginning, and must be so. In the older dispensation Jerusalem and its Temple were the centre of the idea of the Jewish faith; and not until the veil of the Temple was rent could the idea be made to yield to a higher idea. What may be called the historic aspects of Judaism, as well as the historic aspects of Christianity, are inseparably associated with place. We live in a material world, though our faith in spiritual truths must be spiritual; the body of the Church, like the body of the soul, requiring the fitness of symmetry or presentation. The city set on a hill must be symmetrical; nor would it be conceivable that the *Civitas Dei*, which supplanted the city of the world, should not present easily appreciable characteristics. Divine authority is a fact, not a dream; it claims obedience, not mere sentiment or opinion; and to be obeyed it must be known, must be seen, must be realized, even more than are ordinary judicial tribunals. When our Divine Lord "went up to Jerusalem" to be crucified, the Jews *knew* that He went up to their holy city. Was it an accident that our Divine Lord went up to Jerusalem? And if it was not an accident, but, on the contrary, a grave lesson, of which the fitness of place was a chief feature, then, as Jerusalem was destroyed because it tried to destroy its Lord, so must Rome deserve to be punished when it outrages God's vicar, whose See has been divinely placed there, and kept there. Divine authority is not local,—no such idea could be sustained,—but it is central, so that the obedient can gather round it as one family, and so that all men may recognize what Leo the Thirteenth calls its "home," its "chair," the "centre of Catholic unity." And Catholics have always recognized this centre. Authority and the Holy See are one idea. The source of authority and the streams which flow from it are not different ideas, but are one idea. "Rome" has always meant this idea. In the early and middle ages a Papal Rescript was spoken of by the very simple title, *auctoritas*. "Rome has spoken," or "authority has spoken," were, and still are, the same thing. We read how Pope St. Zozimus sent "an authority" to the bishops of France; how Pope St. Leo sent "an authority" to the bishops of Spain; how the Em-

peror Marcian asked for "an authority" from Rome; and how St. Isidore expressed his belief that a Pontifical "authority" was equal to a definition by an ecumenical council. Now the "idea" of all such belief is that of the central authority; and it would be difficult for the human reason to conceive of a central authority which should have no fixedness of see or of throne, but which, like the opinionativeness of the sectaries, should look up to the clouds for its inspirations, and look down upon itself for their interpretation.

History has furnished us with such abundant repetition of wicked conflicts with Pontifical Rome that we are crowded with illustrations of the world-admitted fact that "Rome" means the centre of the *Civitas Dei*. We may glance at a very few illustrations. What is called the "Reformation" was a recognition throughout Europe that the Roman Pontiff and Authority were identical; Protestants, so-called, making their admission of the authority to be the reason of the obligation of resisting it. It was against authority itself, as "cramping the human mind,"—not against this or that teaching of it,—that the Protestant "philosophy" was most hostile. The word Rome to the Protestant mind, as indeed to the Catholic mind, meant the centre of the institution, the Teaching Church; the immovable, unchanging rock of power, round which the *Civitas Dei* dwelt in peace. It was *because* Rome was the citadel of doctrinal peace that the insurgent mind rebelled frantically against its doctrines; the citadel being impossible to be destroyed, but the doctrines being possible to be repudiated. Now this idea of unity—the true Christian idea—was and must be inseparable from the Holy See; just as the idea of the old Roman empire was inseparable from the idea of pagan Rome. We all know that Almighty God *could* have placed the centre of unity in any country or in any village of the world; but He placed it where the greatest of all worldly powers had centred its worldliness and its paganism. It is the fact which gives the force to the idea. And against that fact, that idea, all anti-Christian rebellion has been levelled for nearly two thousand years.

The "Reformation was really decentralization," and was therefore the principle of disunion. The lesser conflicts between the world and the Popes have been conducted on precisely the same principle. And here we may allude to what must be called an historic fallacy, though it is highly popular with most of the enemies of the Papacy. No one would wish to affirm that all the Popes have acted wisely under every circumstance of trial or irritation. "I have not understood the world, and the world has not understood me," were the last words of Pope Gregory, who died in 1417, after a turbulence which seemed to shake even the *Civitas Dei*. In an age when both

the Pope and the anti-Popes were asked to submit their claims to a general council, there was enough of havoc to shake the serenity of the wisest men, in both the political and religious spheres of thought. When kings and emperors wanted, practically, to be Popes themselves, and therefore tried to set up their vassal anti-Popes; when Pope after Pope was threatened and insulted by tyrants, by robber soldiers, by depraved mobs, it would have been strange if the voice of Peter could have been always clearly heard in Christendom, above a tumult which was confounding to the best Christians. During the seventy-three years when the Popes ruled from Avignon,—seven French Popes, and all men of fair ability,—was there not enough in the very fact of their being at Avignon to disturb the ideal harmonies of the Papacy? There is no need to be apologetic for feeble Popes—assuming that any of the Popes could be called feeble—any more than to be apologetic for our Lord's Apostles, because perfection was not the stamp of the whole number; the Church has not ruled that every Pope must be impeccable; there is no rule even of personal celebrity or of rare saintliness; all objections which are personal are but the cavillings of wilful enemies, who will not distinguish between the office and the man. Yet we may go so far as to say that in the whole history of the world, for ability, for discretion, and for personal virtue, the line of Popes can stand comparison with the greatest ones of the earth, to their own now happily recognized advantage. But such reflections are only congruous in this way, that they serve to show that the centre of divine authority, the Holy See, placed by God in the city of Rome, is in harmony with even such natural requirements as men of the world would desire to insist upon. More than this cannot be looked for in a sinful world. There was no promise of personal perfection to the Popes. The promise was that, as teachers, they should be preserved from teaching errors in whatsoever appertained to the Catholic faith.

The person and the office of the Pope have been ever divinely associated with the Holy See; and the Holy See has been divinely placed in Rome; so that "Rome" stands for person, office, see. Now, in all the great contests of the world with the Holy See, the world has fully recognized this idea of the centre of unity, this fact of the Roman Pontiff being God's vicar. The Church itself has not recognized it more fully, though of course in a totally different spirit, than have the enemies of religion and of unity. Gallicanism recognized it and disliked it. Protestant England has recently recognized it in the Irish controversy, and has even sent its own emissary to Rome.

A century ago, when Pius VI. was Pope, Mr. Pitt, who was Prime Minister, boldly recognized it, and the British nation even approved

the recognition. Mr. Pitt wrote to Pius VI. to say that if His Holiness would consent to publish a bull of coalition, so as to oppose the anarchical dangers of the period, England would send a fleet to protect the Roman states, and an ambassador to honor the rule of the Supreme Pontiff. What was this but the recognition of the central power? And so again, to speak of Prussia, which within the last quarter of a century has made "Rome" the supreme object of its antagonism. The Prussian Kulturkampf was at once a sort of savage recognition and a sort of savage repudiation of the centre of unity. Prince Bismarck sought to make the Catholic Church the slave of (his own) Protestant state, and received this answer from the Prussian bishops: "The Church cannot recognize or allow the pagan principle, that the state is the source of all power, and that the Church has a claim to those rights only which are conceded to her by the state." Prince Bismarck's idea was to make the Catholic clergy his nominees, and so to separate them from the centre of unity, which was Rome. Brutal and uncivilized were his methods for transferring the Papal authority to himself. Berlin was to become the seat of the new antagonism, and Prince Bismarck the new pontiff of German Protestantism; the laws which were to accomplish this end would have disgraced even the worst Roman emperors; the clergy who obeyed "Rome" rather than Prince Bismarck were to be "subject to restrictions as to their place of abode, such as had hitherto been binding upon persons who had been imprisoned, and who had to be subject to the surveillance of the police." No insult was too deep or too spiteful to accomplish the one end in view: the breaking up of the centre of unity, which centre all the world knew to be Rome. And what has been the issue of the contest? Leo the Thirteenth became master of the situation. And whereas Prince Bismarck is now regarded by the whole world as having failed, with all his hosts and his "iron heel," to make Berlin the new centre of disunion, the vicar of God is *more* recognized in the present day than he has been at any time since the "Reformation," as the guardian of the centre of unity of the Christian Church. "Rome" was the fortress to be attacked, because Rome was the acknowledged centre of unity; but the *Civitas Dei*, which knows that Rome is its own, had no fear for the ultimate issue of the conflict. The Supreme Pontiff may have lost the Papal states, but it is impossible that he should ever lose the Holy See. And to refer now for one moment to other countries. Catholic Belgium, which is ruled by a Masonic conspiracy, has been forced to accept a "neutral" system of education; the object being to prevent "Rome" from exercising that authority which, because it was central, must preserve unity. In France, also, the suppression of the congregations with other

iniquitous warfares against "Rome," have been intended to work the destruction of the central power, and to transfer the supreme rule to the state. In Italy, at the present day, the efforts of the civil government are being directed to legalize what is anti-Catholic; marriage without religious rites, education without Christianity, and the state suppression of Catholic properties or institutions, being the weapons which are fondly used by the revolutionists.

In all such cases we have the spirit of decentralization, which is another word for rebellion against "Rome." Let us speak, however, of what are called "historic" incidents. Perhaps the most remarkable of the modern instances of "decentralization" was the first Napoleon's personal warfare against Pius VII. The whole story was a wondrous homily on its own folly. An humble and retiring Benedictine monk had been raised to the supreme office of God's vicar; and against him were arrayed the forces of the greatest conqueror of modern times, who naturally "compelled the Pope to leave Rome." The motive for the hostility was simply this, that Napoleon had ordered that all the sea-ports in Europe should be closed against his then enemy, the English; and the Pope had answered him that the Roman states were his own, and that he did not allow even the mighty Napoleon to dictate to him. Napoleon, losing his temper, had the Pope dragged from his capital, and then proceeded to annex the Roman states. The Pope was Pope still at Savona; but Napoleon called Rome the second city of the French empire, and his son he afterwards called King of Rome. And how ended this conflict of the unequals? Did the weak Pope yield to the strong emperor, or the strong emperor to the weak Pope? The Pope returned in triumph to the Eternal City, and his captor died a prisoner at St. Helena. Volumes have been written on this episode in ecclesiastical history, but the "moral" is sufficiently voluminous in itself. It is perfectly true that Napoleon, so soon as he was made first consul, had "restored" the Catholic religion to Catholic France; just as it is perfectly true that he wished the Pope—Pius the Seventh, whom he had dethroned,—to come to Paris and reign with him in Papal glory; Napoleon's idea being that, if the Pope would rule from Paris, his Holiness would be simply the emperor's superb chaplain. How feeble, if how cunning, a presumption! Napoleon knew that Rome was the Pope's city; he knew that where the Pope was there was the centre; and he imagined that by simply changing the centre of unity, he could make himself its master, almost its Pontiff. Pius the Seventh only answered: "*Non possumus.*" And it would have been well for Napoleon if he had thought the same. In a few years the Vicar of God was back in Rome. Poor Napoleon wished he had never made him quit it. Yet the answer to the question,

"Will the Pope leave Rome," was in Napoleon's day precisely what it is now, and what it was when Garibaldi besieged Rome: "The Pope will not leave Rome; he may be driven from it; but if he should be, he will return; for it is his See."

II.

But the idea of the centre of unity is not solely ecclesiastical, though "the ecclesiastical" gives the tone to the whole idea. It would be impossible in such a city as Rome, where the old world has still its grandest monuments, to dissociate the ideas of every branch of education from the primary idea, which is unity. A scattered Rome, a removed Rome, is an impossibility. A usurped Rome jars enough on the sense of fitness. A merely royal Rome, or a republican Rome, is also incongruous. The idea of Rome is the central combination of everything which the Christian world accounts civilized. Education, and therefore the arts and sciences, must necessarily gather round the Supreme Pontiff. They must do so, because religion must tone and purify all that is true, as well as direct all studies in a Christian groove. For such reasons Christian Rome has been for centuries the natural home of what may be called the Christian intellect of the world. The temporal power is thus proved to be a necessity, if in the sense only of the peaceful pursuits of the intellectual. Every one who lived in Rome when Pius the Ninth was Pope-King will remember with what serenity all Christian studies could be pursued, and this, too, equally by non-Catholics and Catholics. Not in the whole world was there any place where intellectual cultivation could be conducted under such favorable circumstances. The place itself was an education; while the institutions, almost countless, and perfectly organized, all ministered to the educational idea. The fine arts were simply homed in the Eternal City. And this of itself is a most important consideration. The temporal power guaranteed peaceful study. The Popes have for centuries affirmed this. It has been said—and there is some truth in the assertion—that "Pope Nicholas the Fifth was the first Pope to make Rome the centre of Christendom, in the sense both of the fine arts and religion." His idea was that Rome had been too dependent on worldly sovereigns, who had "used" Rome as they used their armies or navies. In the earlier and fighting ages, when even ecclesiastics were sometimes martial, there was a rudeness which has now passed out of civilization. Rome could not be the home of all that was honored by the human intellect, unless it could be the home-city of the Popes, independent of external influences or ambitions. It became so. For centuries, art, science and literature have been as much at home in Rome as have the schools of

theologians or the religious orders. To this day the same spirit breathes in Rome. Not even revolutionary municipalities can quench it with their painfully modern ideas. And this is a point which should enter largely into the calculations of "men of the world," who sit in judgment on the Papacy. Is it nothing to have a centre of civilization, where religion and the fine arts can flourish in perfect harmony? where the students in every branch of education can combine their natural and supernatural aspirations? Catholics, of course, admit this; but would not all Protestants admit it also, if they would allow reason, not prejudice, to be their guide. Not only is it obvious that, for the unity of education, in every branch which can even remotely touch religion, the Supreme Pontiff should gather round him "schools of thought"; it is also obvious that in the most artistic city in the world—indeed the one city which is past and present at the same time—there should be that intellectual freedom which is impossible to revolution—which is possible only under the rule of the Pontiff-King.

And to take yet one more instance of the same fitness. The "Christian world" now wholly recognizes that it is time that *arbitration*,—of some sort,—which has not been fully determined, should take the place of hasty rushing into wars. In the words of Count Kamarowski: "If there existed in the midst of Europe a tribunal that could judge, in the name of God, nations and sovereigns, and which could prevent wars and revolutions, this tribunal would be the masterpiece of political wisdom, and the last degree of social perfection." And the world has recently applauded the common sense of this opinion, by actually appealing, in two instances, to the Sovereign Pontiff, to settle quarrels which were on the point of begetting war. It was a curious spectacle, when Spain and Germany were brandishing swords on the question of the possession of the Carolinas Islands, to see Prince Bismarck not only willing to appeal to the Pope, but willing to respect his judgment when unfavorable to him. "If," said Prince Bismarck, "the Pope decides that our pretensions with regard to the Carolinas Islands are not just, I shall not contest with Spain the possession of the Carolinas." So that the head of the Church, who has no army, and only a few acres of garden for his whole territory, has been acknowledged by the master of armies to be the most fitting power to decide questions which involve Christian principles of right and wrong. Now at this point may be urged the objection that, had the Pope been at, say, New York, he would have been equally fit to be consulted on points of morals. Perfectly true—so far as his divine office is concerned. But there are a good many other weighty considerations. Be it remembered that, in the difficult science of the "law of nations,"—now sought to be re-studied

by the civilized world,—there is the necessity of a profound knowledge of lofty subjects, and of taking counsel with the wisest jurisprudents. It was with this conviction that Mr. Urquhart, an earnest Protestant, wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff many years ago, and said: "I beseech you, most Holy Father, that you call forth the lofty and all-pervading intelligence of the Roman Church for the purpose of cultivating this science (of supernatural law), which the ancients denominated 'the science concerned about things human and divine,' and which made pagan Rome so great, so noble, and so venerable." It was at the time of the Vatican Council that the Catholic bishops had urged the establishment of a great school of supernatural law in the city of Rome; and Mr. Urquhart was only expressing, from a Protestant country, the strong desires which the bishops had reported from Catholic countries. Now how could it be possible for such a "school" to be established, under the paternal care and governance of the Supreme Pontiff in any city save only in his own city, or even in that city, unless he were its ruler? Mr. Urquhart's allusion to "pagan Rome" was singularly happy in many ways. It was because in pagan Rome there were thoroughly established schools—"holy institutions," as Bossuet called them, for the consideration of what constituted just wars,—that "the college of *Feciales*" was equally competent and free in the performance of its international obligations. The *jus feciale* in pagan Rome was the fruit of the peaceful labors of the wisest heads. And the same spirit of justice which fathered it, tempered only by loftier Christian ethics, was the spirit of the middle age of Christendom, when the Popes were the acknowledged arbiters of the world's quarrels. But how is international law to be studied, "as an auxiliary to the practice of the Roman Pontiff's mediatorial and judicial office," unless Rome be under the rule of the Pontiff, in all senses in which we use the word "rule"? The fitness of things requires that the Roman Pontiff dwell securely and independently in his own centre. He has to superintend such a variety of institutions, all "auxiliary" to what may be called the Christian science, that his dependence on the caprice of a hostile government must be not only hampering, but fatal. It *is* fatal. It has been proved so during the last quarter of a century. *A fortiori* must the Pope's banishment from Rome be the banishment of that supreme, vigilant ruler, who has at heart the temporal welfare of the world, only in secondary degree to its spiritual? The Pope needs his counsellors, his assessors, his means of free communication with the whole world. Therefore his "imprisonment" must be injurious to his free action, and his banishment injurious to civilization.

We have only hinted at a few reasons why it must be an offence against Christianity, and an offence against the intellectual sense of fitness, that the Supreme Pastor should dwell anywhere than in his own city, or in that city save only as its sovereign. It has been well suggested that God united the spiritual and the temporal powers in the Sovereign Pontiff, chiefly because they should be disunited in every one else. As long as this great truth was recognized, the civil powers had their best support at Rome, their best defender *because* he taught justice. It is perfectly true that in the Middle Ages, when feudalism was normal, there was a certain rudeness and barbarism in making war (though no one who has studied the modern wars of "enlightened" Europe can call them anything but barbarous in their pretexts, and barbarous in their disregard of just preliminaries), yet since in these days the world is more "armed" than it ever was, more ready for instant onslaught and destruction, there is really *more* reason for the recognition of a supreme arbiter than when fighting was less mechanical and more troublesome. But how can justice appeal to the Supreme Pontiff, when injustice has deprived him of his independence? "*We* are your judges," say the modern revolutionists to the Pontiff whom they have deprived of his sovereignty, "as to your moral rights over the states we have taken from you; how, then, can we ask you to be *our* judge as to our own moral rights or other people's." The world sees this. There is some sign that it will soon act on its conviction. Meanwhile the question is uppermost in the minds of all virtuous statesmen, "How shall peace be best assured in this most military age; and how shall we reconcile the fact that we *must* have a supreme arbiter, with the fact that we are dishonoring Him whom we would all select?"

"Rome," therefore, being the idea of stability, in all senses which any Christian would care to recognize, must be necessarily a fixed, changeless centre, from what may be called "the very nature of things." "Rome" means fixedness. It is the Mount Zion of the Christian dispensation. We cannot remove mountains; and the Holy See is that mountain which God has placed in the Christian world to be its fortress. Has any good ever come to the world from the Pope's leaving Rome? Or has any good ever come to the world from the Pope's being persecuted, from his being treated as a political item or inconvenience? Yet, though we all know that to compel the Pope to leave Rome is both the biggest political and religious blunder, we go to sleep over the monster scandal of contemplating it, or shrug our shoulders at what we mildly call "a mistake." Leo the Thirteenth has rebuked us for so thinking. Six years ago His Holiness wrote: "Let all who love Christendom

understand that it is now time to *begin something;* it is not a time for indifference and sloth." Such was the Pope's answer to the foolish question: "Will the Pope leave Rome?" The Pope will never "leave" Rome, though he may be driven out of it; and Rome, as it is now, is perpetually asking itself the question: "Shall we, Romans, restore to the Pope his own city, which is his by every divine and natural right? Or shall we go on piling up the curses of revolution, to our own injury and that of the whole of Christendom?"

THE COLUMBUS CENTENARY OF 1892.

THAT we are to celebrate in this country the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, four hundred years ago, seems settled and determined. New York is apparently to be the spot where the celebration is to be held, and a managing committee of capable, influential men has already been appointed.

The claims for the long prior discovery by the Northmen are swept aside, and there is a general desire to do honor to Christopher Columbus and the results, greater even than he dreamed of, which followed from the memorable voyage, planned and proposed after years of scientific study. The Irish and Northmen, groping along in the Hyperborean seas, discovered the Faroë islands, Iceland, Greenland, and finally land further south, the Vinland and Irland it Mikla. They had no idea that a new continent had been reached; they were simply extending the limits of Europe, and the earliest maps show their fortuitous discoveries as part of that continent. After the time of the Irish monk Dicuil, no one in the north seems to have made any scientific use of these early discoveries.

Columbus had applied the geographical knowledge acquired up to his time to the study of a route to the Indies by sailing westward. The sphericity of the globe was known and understood, but longitudes were vague; and his calculation of the distance between the western shores of Europe and the eastern shores of China and farther India was fortunately incorrect. Had he not underrated the distance, he would never have undertaken the voyage or found any to join him. Utterly unconscious of the existence of another continent, he described the lands he discovered

in 1492 as part of India beyond the Ganges. The merit of his voyage lies in the fact that it was based on the best science of his time, was planned to carry out a definite theory and in its results led to a complete knowledge of the earth's surface, revealed by future circumnavigation.

Personally, Christopher Columbus is one of the grand figures of history. A man of study and action, he knew the seas by constant comparison of the geographical works with the maps of the learned and the charts of practical seamen; he knew the seas, too, by actual voyages on the Mediterranean and Atlantic. He was, too, a man of enthusiasm, of deep religious faith, a man convinced that he had a great mission to fulfil. His life was chequered by trials which he bore manfully, by triumphs which filled him with no mean or vain ostentation, by adversities which he bore with unrepining submission to the designs of Providence, the noblest characteristic of a Christian.

His discovery changed the conditions of the world. As his great work was carried on and developed by others, new states arose on the continent he revealed; a new Europe, gradually rivalling the old in population, arts, science and learning, becomes a mighty element in human affairs, and men retaining the languages of Europe, glorying in its literature, its civilization, enjoy happiness and freedom that seemed impossible elsewhere.

With our vast republic traversing the great continent, increasing in all material prosperity, the people of the United States may well celebrate with gratitude to Almighty God the voyage of Christopher Columbus in 1492.

In the proposed exposition our people will bring together the products of our mines, our forests and our cultured fields; the fabrics of our looms, the articles wrought by factory and forge and machine shop, models of public buildings for legislation, education and charity; models of wonderful bridges and aqueducts; the thousand inventions in which the genius of men and women in this land seems prolific beyond that of any other time or country; instruments of most delicate construction for the man of science, the surgeon, or other professional worker.

Other and older lands will send their exhibits to show that we have not yet acquired superiority in all departments, and set some bounds to a national pride that may become overweening and unbearable. It promises to be one of the greatest of these expositions, worthy of our country and its object.

But is this exposition to be simply material? Is it to show the results of the human mind only as applied to matter, and seeking to meet material wants? Surely the exposition should bear some testimony to man's higher nature, to intellectual progress, and more

than all to bear testimony to the Christian faith in the land. Surely it ought not to be a mere tribute to materialism; there should be something to bear witness to man's spiritual nature—to Christianity.

Already some denominations have proposed to contribute exhibits which will show the results of their missions among heathen nations. This assures us that the Christian element is not to be overlooked and excluded, and we cannot deny that it is a step in the right direction. There has been too great a tendency to unchristianize the land, to carry out the strange statement made in our early treaties with the Barbary States, that our government was not based on Christianity or Christian law.

But if Protestant denominations, singly or acting together, are to make exhibits of their missionary efforts in foreign lands, present curiosities sent home by their missionaries, exhibit the bibles and devotional works which have been published to win or retain converts, if they show their progress here, and the results of their labors, we can but approve their zeal.

If the Bible Society and similar organizations, sustained by a number of Protestant denominations, have space assigned for the exhibits of their works, we have no word of condemnation.

But if these bodies, separately or collectively, are to appear in the great Columbus Exposition of 1892, there certainly can be nothing obtrusive or irregular in the Catholic Church proposing to have its exhibit also. More than perhaps all others we may modestly ask for recognition. The very occasion commemorating a Catholic event, our antiquity, the early date when our labors began in this country, our present numbers, our exertions in the cause of morality and education, all plead our cause. Nor can we suppose that it will be denied. But if the Columbus Exposition of 1892, whether held at New York or elsewhere, is to be open to the Church, it behooves the Catholic body to place there some tangible evidence of its vitality, its influence, its accomplished work and present efforts in the cause of Christianity and civilization. Our right to appear none can gainsay. Columbus was, above all, a Catholic. Every impulse was guided by a religious sense. He proposed to devote all the wealth he might acquire by his discoveries to the great work of rescuing the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the Moslem. Alas! the very year of the fourth centenary of his discovery, a pilgrimage from the continent he discovered finds the Holy Land still in the hands of the followers of Mahomet. Columbus showed through life a love of religion, and a desire to practise its obligations. He was enrolled, in youth, in a Catholic sodality, and later in life became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. When Viceroy of the

Indies and Admiral of the Ocean, he wore a Franciscan robe, not the garb of a courtier bedecked with the insignia of his exalted rank that engendered envy in meaner minds. Columbus was not only pre-eminently a devoted son of the Catholic Church, living and dying in her communion, but his merit is such that hundreds of Catholic bishops have petitioned the Holy See to permit the cause of his canonization to be introduced, that the Church, in her slow, cautious, and careful way, may order investigation into his life, and decide whether he practised the virtues in such a heroic way that he may be proposed to the faithful as a model. The exposition intended to honor such a Catholic hero has, then, a peculiar interest to Catholics, and, above all, to the faithful in any part of the New Word which he revealed to Europe.

Columbus belongs to us. From his baptism in a Catholic church to his interment in the Franciscan chapel at Valladolid, he is ours. His remains now, whether they be really still in Saint Domingo or in Havana, lie within the consecrated walls of a Catholic church.

Even for this land of ours we cannot be overlooked. Pineda, who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, and named it in honor of the Holy Ghost; the pious Marquette, who threaded it for so great a distance, and dedicated it to the Immaculate Conception; the missionary Hennepin, who ascended to the falls which he named in honor of Saint Anthony of Padua, were all Catholics. Ponce de Leon, who named Florida to commemorate its discovery on the great feast of the Resurrection; Ayllon, who named the Carolinas the Land of St. John the Baptist, and bestowed on the Chesapeake the name of Saint Mary, Mother of God; the navigators who named cape, and river, and promontory, and bay from the Catholic calendar, from the river of Saint John to the river of Saint Lawrence, were all Catholics. New Mexico bears the name given by a Catholic missionary three centuries ago.

The settlement of Maryland was due to the zeal and judgment of Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who took up and carried out the earlier projects of Catholic settlement formed by the bravest Englishman of his time, Sir Thomas Arundell, of Wardour, whose prowess won him on the continent the coronet of an earl, though England recognized his merit only by the lowest rank of nobility, that of baron.

The singular wisdom, tolerance, and justice embodied by Lord Baltimore in the charter which he obtained of the king, and which are evinced by no similar provisions on charters granted by that monarch, stamp Calvert as one of the noblest legislators and greatest friends of humanity. He founded a colony which prospered under his rule, as wise and practicable as that devised by the phil-

osopher Locke for Carolina was utopian and unpracticable. Maryland became the home of civil and religious liberty, the only one in the wide world. The example and the acts of the first and second Lords Baltimore, of Leonard Calvert, the first governor of the province, and of the Catholic gentlemen who carried out the planting of the Land of the Sanctuary, place them in a noble and conspicuous position among all the American colonizers for their liberality, their industry, their prudence, their wise and just treatment of the Indians.

These founders of a noble state will ever be the pride of American Catholics, and attempts to detract from their glory only serve to make their memory more illustrious. The proposed statue of Cecil Calvert may well be one of the exhibits of the exposition. But we are not restricted to Maryland. The Land of the Sanctuary is not the only state that had a Catholic founder, and in claiming this we refer to actual enduring settlement, not to projects which failed at their birth, like the French and Spanish attempts in South Carolina, or the early French and English colonization schemes in Maine; nor to missions created by our dauntless missionaries among the Indian tribes. Among real founders of colonies which have grown to be states, or are seeking admission in that capacity into the Union, are Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, founder of Florida; Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, founder of Michigan; the Sieur de Vincennes, founder of Indiana; La Salle, founder of Illinois; St. Ange, founder of Missouri; Tonti, of Arkansas; Iberville, of Louisiana; Sauvolle, of Mississippi; Bienville, of Mobile; Don Juan de Oñate, founder of New Mexico; Don Andres de Pes, of Texas; Don Gaspar de Portola, of California.

Of the adventurous men who threaded rivers, climbed mountains, traversed pathless plains amid a thousand dangers, we can claim Champlain, who has left his name to a lake in New York; Perrot and Nicolet on the upper lakes; Louis Joliet, Robert Cavelier de la Salle, La Verendrye, Coronado, Font and Garces, Kühn, Saint Denys. By these men the valley of the great lakes, the valley of the Mississippi, and the plains to the Gulf of California were made known before English colonists had any definite knowledge of the land beyond the Alleghanies.

The land teems with memorials of our Catholic pioneers; the missionary Le Moyne discovered the salt springs of Onondaga; the Franciscan Joseph de la Roche d'Allion the oil springs of Pennsylvania; Jesuits discovered the copper of Lake Superior and the lead of Illinois; a Jesuit identified the ginseng, and a Catholic physician first employed the sarracenia; Hennepin was one of the first to note our beds of coal; Father Marc, the mines of the

turquoise. Catholics were the first explorers, geologists, and botanists of this part of the New World.

They did this while threading the wilderness to carry to the native tribes the truths of Christianity and raise them from heathen degradation. The Catholic priest was the first to offer Christian worship to Almighty God within the limits of the United States. The churches of St. Augustine and of New Mexico out-date all others in the country, and were filled with worshippers before an English settlement existed on the coast. The first Christian missionaries to the Indians in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Maryland, New York, Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Mississippi, Louisiana, and the country from the Mississippi to the Pacific were Catholic priests. To their writings we owe the most valuable information as to the native tribes, their language, religion, government, and customs. The earth holds the remains of more than fifty who died glorious martyrs to their zeal in spreading the Gospel.

In an exposition that proposes to show the progress from 1492 to our own time, the Catholic Church is therefore entitled to a place. It may seem to some rather difficult for a church to make an exhibit, but the difficulty is more apparent than real.

Personal relics of Columbus may, perhaps, be obtained; some volumes noted by him from the Columbian library at Seville; copies of his account of the great voyage, printed at Rome or in Spain, can certainly be had; a memorial from the convent of La Rabida, tenanted still by Franciscans, as it was when Columbus knocked at the door to obtain shelter. Search made in the Vatican archives now open to scholars, a search which His Holiness, Leo XIII., will encourage, may bring to light some report or letter of the great discoverer which has been slumbering for centuries around the yellowing documents of the 15th century. There will be no difficulty in filling a Columbus case, and surely it will be one not only in harmony with the project, but almost requisite.

With the Columbus relics will come the earliest maps and charts showing the progress of Catholic discoverers, the Verazzani, the Ribera, the Cabot, and other maps; the remarkable copper globes preserved in the New York Historical Society and in the Lenox Library, one of which was dedicated to and owned by Cardinal Marcellus Cervini, who was subsequently elected Pope under the name of Marcellus II.

We need not even take in the whole continent of America, or even the whole of the northern portion, for material multiplies as we advance towards our own times. The collection should be restricted to material relating directly to the territory now inclosed

within the limits of the United States, and in which, as Americans and as Catholics, we can claim a heritage.

Portraits and memorials of Catholic founders of States, of early Catholic pioneers and missionaries, Menendez, Calvert, Arundell, La Salle, Iberville, Jogues, Margil and others, maps of discoveries, views of important scenes, will all be in harmony with the general idea.

Relics collected from the ancient churches and mission sites of the country, from Florida, New Mexico, Texas, California, from northern mission and church sites in Maine, Ohio, Illinois and the West, medals, crucifixes, chalices, the Perrot Ostensorium, the ancient bread iron from Mackinac, ancient vestments, articles from Bishops' Memorial Hall, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, all these would form a collection to interest thousands visiting the exposition, and would reflect credit on the Church.

A book-case might contain many a work that would speak eloquently of Catholic labors. The earliest separate work on New Mexico, the "Relation" printed at Rome before Virginia or New England had a settler; the work of Benavides; the Catholic Sir George Peckham's "True Account," and Weymouth's "Voyage," worth their weight many a time in gold; the printed accounts of the earliest attempts to form Catholic-English settlements in America; White's "Journal" and the first Maryland "Relation," relics from Georgetown College of Lord Baltimore and the settlement of St. Mary's; the famous charter of the province and the first printed copy of the noble Toleration Act of 1649; the Duke's Laws of New York; the charter of the City of New York, granted by a Catholic governor, under a Catholic lord proprietor; Thevenot's edition of the voyage of Father Marquette and Sieur Joliet; Cabeza de Vaca's "Shipwrecks;" the first printed histories of Florida, Louisiana, California; the parish registry of St. Augustine, dating back to 1591; those of Illinois, beginning somewhat later; of Detroit and Mobile; autograph letters of early Catholic pioneers and missionaries; works of early Catholic botanists like Plumier, Sarrazin, Lafitau, Charlevoix, making known the flora of this country. All these would form a collection of immense value and full of interest to every student and antiquarian; a collection that would excite wonder even in the most indifferent visitor. With them could be placed the earliest epic relating to the country and written in the country, the poem of Captain Villagrá, one of the conquistadores of New Mexico, published before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

To bring together the works of earlier Catholic writers, who treated incidentally of the Indians and mission work among them, would require space for a large library; but even if the collection

were limited to books on Indian languages of the United States, written by missionaries, or works printed in those languages, the catalogue would be a long one. Beginning with the works in the Timuquan language of Florida, by Father Francis Pareja, O.S.F., printed between 1612 and 1627, including a grammar, catechism, prayers; Sagard's Wyandot Dictionary, 1632; Father White's books on the Maryland language, written soon after 1634; Bruyas' Mohawk works, the Onondaga Dictionary, Garnier's Seneca and Cayuga books; Râle's Abnaki Dictionary; Le Boulanger's Illinois Dictionary and Catechism; Garcia's Texan Manual, 1760; the works of Sitjar, Cuesta and other California missionaries, with the labors of Bishop Baraga, Mengarini, Marcoux, Pandosy, Gailland, D'Herbomez, and other missionaries in our own days, the student of American linguistics has the richest and most valuable material.

Views of the only style of Catholic chapel-house permitted by law in Maryland before the Revolution, such as that still standing at Deer Creek in Harford County, or that near Wye Mills on the Eastern Shore, would attract attention as contrasted with the grand Catholic cathedrals of to-day.

To represent the growth of the Church since the establishment of the hierarchy in 1789, a set of autograph letters of the Archbishops and Bishops, from Archbishop Carroll down, would be appreciated generally, with some few mementoes of the most illustrious bishops, priests, religious women and laymen.

The exhibit of our educational and eleemosynary institutions ought to be ample and instructive. Our colleges, academies, and schools, although they number nearly four thousand, are so persistently ignored by the Bureau of Education, and by state reports, or mentioned only in brief and slighting terms, that a careful exhibit becomes necessary. They have grown in spite of opposition and discouragements, but, like the camomile, seem to thrive when trampled on. To some it may appear difficult to make a satisfactory exhibit of education. Some of our parochial schools are models in architectural solidity, in arrangements for ventilation and light, as well as in precautions against fire, no less than in the best appliances for aiding the pupils in their studies. These form one topic. The exhibit made by the Brothers of the Christian Schools at the New Orleans exposition show their mode of teaching, and its results in the progress and skill attained by pupils can be made clear to every one. Similar exhibits of our parochial school system might be contributed from different parts of the country, and a selection made by a committee of what could be offered to the exposition. Our higher colleges and academies can present evidences of classical, literary and scientific training. Every col-

lege can within the next three years create among the students an organization like the Toner circle, at Georgetown University, and thus stimulate collegians to make and describe collections gathered within the State in which the institution is situated, representing the Indian antiquities, minerals, fossils, trees, plants, birds, animals, fish, insects, etc., of the State; they can present the result of scientific, chemical, electrical and photographic experiments; architectural and mechanical or ornamental designs and models; evidences of many kinds that will attest how in our Catholic institutions sound learning in literature is given, while art in all its branches, and the multiform departments of science, are so well inculcated as to show in the pupils a hearty appreciation and the cultivation of a taste for increasing by all lawful means the well-being of the people of the Republic for time and eternity.

There are other topics to which we might allude, but as this is a matter of suggestion, rather than an exhaustive essay, we need not enter on them. Our actual work among the Indians and negroes is a department in which much might be presented.

A Church which reared its first altar on this soil as far back as 1521, which has three and three-quarter centuries of active and persistent work to illustrate, beginning in the next decade after the death of Columbus, is certainly entitled to a place in the centennial exposition in honor of Columbus and his discovery. No other denomination of Christians can claim priority or equal duration; no other can show such heroic missionary efforts to rescue the native tribes from heathen superstition; no other endured in colonial days such unmerited and prolonged persecution for justice's sake; no other, at this moment, is making such sacrifices for the cause of education among all classes. The claim of the Catholic Church is, then, a peculiar one, and it ought to meet no opposition from the managers of the exposition. Her exhibit will be thoroughly American, connected with the history of the country from the earliest attempts at settlement, and such a one as has never yet been proposed, much less seen, in any exposition here or abroad.

To ensure success, however, there must be prompt, harmonious, and continuous action on our part. The exhibit must be presented so strongly to those in control of the exposition as to meet all objections; and, if consent is given, the exhibit must be such on our part as not to involve those gentlemen in censure, or make Catholics feel that the exhibit is inadequate and not just to the Church, to our country, or the illustrious discoverer whom we all intend to honor.

The great gathering of prelates, clergy, and laity, of religious orders and secular priests, at Baltimore next month to commemorate the erection of a hierachy in this republic a century ago, when

scattered and isolated churches were organized into one body instinct with life, affords a grand opportunity for bringing this subject forward and adopting plans to carry it out.

The idea may be regarded by some as a novel one, the sketch here given imperfect and crude; but if sanctioned as wise by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church, and taken up in earnest by the Catholic gentlemen who will gather around the cathedral commenced by the patriot Carroll, abler minds will give the project a more definite and symmetrical form, and able hands be selected to carry it into execution.

It does seem, however, that the occasion so linked with a great Catholic hero, and contemporaneous with the celebration of the event by Catholic Spain and the territory in America that still obeys her rule, or preserves her language in republican states, ought to find the great Catholic body in the United States, now forming a fifth of the whole population, alive to the demands of the hour, and prepared to show the country and the civilized world what Catholicity has accomplished and is doing in this fair land of ours.

We would do it not invidiously as drawing distinctions, not in a spirit of vain glory, but from the very necessity of our position. We have been so much isolated from the rest of the people by the iron wall of prejudice that relegates us to a kind of helotage, that in the literature, the educational management, the charitable work, we are treated almost as if non-existent. Many denominations act together for common ends, and always do so as against the Church. They believe or seem to believe that they alone are Americans, and that Catholics have no claim to the title or the rights which it represents. The very Catholicity which makes the Church embrace men of all countries and races in one brotherhood is made almost a crime; and a narrow and exclusive national spirit, utterly at variance with the true spirit of Christianity, is exalted into a kind of virtue.

As the oldest, the most widespread, the most numerous organization in the country, with arms open to receive all without distinction, doing good for religion and morality, for loyalty and devotion to country, bearing without retaliation contumely and wrong, the Catholic body has certainly some claims, and if properly and eloquently presented they will be recognized by the great body of the American people.

THE FACULTY OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

A FEW weeks hence the Catholic University of America will be an accomplished fact. Thanks to the tireless energy of its Chancellor, Cardinal Gibbons, and of its Right Reverend Rector, aided by the vigorous support of the American Episcopate, seed-time will be speedily followed by harvest. Only five years have passed since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore officially inaugurated the movement for the establishment of the University. In the spring of 1887 the Holy Father sanctioned the project and urged its immediate realization. Shortly after, Bishop Keane was appointed Rector Magnificus and entrusted with the work of organizing the new school. Not a moment was lost. Now in the East, now in the West, he and his zealous co-workers pleaded the cause of learning and religion. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Liberal contributions poured in from laymen and clerics, from individuals and associations, such as the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which has voted $50,000 to endow a chair in honor of Father Mathew. To-day nearly a million of dollars has been subscribed and secure the financial success of the theological department of the University. After careful consideration and lengthy debate, Washington was chosen as the most suitable home of the new school of learning. Immediately plans for the buildings contemplated were called for and a selection made. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1888, the corner-stone of the divinity school was laid; and in the coming month of November, just a hundred years after the consecration of John Carroll, the first Catholic bishop of the great American Republic, the first Catholic University will open its gates for the admission of its first students.

Surely the success of the undertaking from a material point of view has been brilliant; but the founders and promoters of the University, whilst looking after its material interests, did not lose sight of the far more important intellectual side of the enterprise. They fully realized that bricks and stones and mortar do not constitute a school of learning; that costly buildings are not always symbolic of scholarship and intellectual excellence. Hence the newly-appointed rector did not devote all his activity to the gathering of the sinews of war. Once and again he crossed the ocean to study the various European university systems. In Italy, in Germany, in France, in England, he sought for light and advice on the vital question of the literary and scientific organization of the school entrusted to his care. Like the old Roman, the modern

American is not too stupid to see what is good abroad, nor too conceited to adopt it. Thus a plan of studies, based on gradually ripening experience, was adopted by the trustees of the University, and approved, with slight modifications, by the Supreme Pontiff. Again, amidst their manifold cares, the trustees never forgot the importance of a solid and comprehensive library of standard works. A school of learning without such a library is a workshop without tools. The selection and gathering of the books was confided to Dr. Corrigan, the learned Archbishop of New York, and he, with the aid of Dr. Messmer, has already built up a library fully adequate to present wants, and comprising all that is most important in theological literature, ancient and modern. But more than anything else the question of a competent faculty, a faculty worthy of the first Catholic American university and of the high ideal of its founders, absorbed the attention of its guides and managers. With open eyes and prudent care they went to work. They studied first their own needs, and then they scanned the academic world far and near to discover men who bade fair as scholars and as instructors to answer their needs and to compel the respect of the learned at home and abroad. All the chairs have not yet been filled. "Make haste slowly" has been the motto of the trustees and their counsellors; still, enough appointments have been made to foreshadow the character of the future faculty. Their names were announced several months ago. We shall here give brief sketches of the prelates and scholars destined to guide the beginnings of the Washington University.

The chancellor of the University is the Archbishop of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons. His career is too well known to need rehearsal here. Suffice it to say that his learning, his ability, his virtues, his untiring industry and unpretentious affability have won for him the hearts of all that know him. An American by birth, he is no less an American by sympathy. In this he is a true type of the American Catholic, for there are no more sincere lovers of our country and its free institutions than Catholic Americans, lay and clerical, native and naturalized. The Cardinal has been a successful author, his work entitled "The Faith of our Fathers" having passed through many editions and met with the warm approval of competent critics. It has also been translated into several foreign languages. A new work, we are assured, may shortly be expected from his pen. The new chancellor, therefore, is not only an eminent dignitary of the Church, but likewise a scholar, whose literary sympathies and success fit him for the headship of the new seat of learning. Many are his claims to distinction, as a zealous priest, industrious scholar, energetic bishop, primate of the great American Republic and Prince of the Church; and yet,

perhaps, future times may honor him above all as the first chancellor of the Catholic University of America.

Bishop Keane, the rector of our University, has for a long time been no stranger to American Catholics; since he became identified with the Catholic University his name has become familiar to all Americans. He is in the vigor of manhood, having just completed his fiftieth year. Though not born in the United States, he is an American by training and feeling; he was but seven years old when he came to this country. Here he received his literary and theological education, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1866. Washington, the future home of Rector Keane, was also the field of his first labors as a priest. From 1866 to 1878 he was connected with St. Patrick's church, beloved and admired for the faithful and intelligent performance of his priestly duties. His success in Washington marked him out for a larger sphere of activity, and in 1878 he succeeded Cardinal Gibbons as Bishop of Richmond, Virginia. When called to the rectorship of the University he resigned his see, in order to devote himself without reserve to his academical work. His eloquent appeals for the new institution have been heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and he has pleaded his chosen cause with equal ardor in the old world and the new. He has studied the organization of the most famous Catholic universities in Europe, not from books only, but by personal inspection. In the course of these studies he has visited Rome, Vienna, Innspruck, Munich, Münster, Louvain, Paris, and other seats of learning; without prejudice he has inquired and investigated, marked the weak and strong points everywhere, approved and admired, but never forgot that his university, whilst as Catholic as the most Catholic of the ancient schools, was destined to be the *alma mater* of American students destined to labor among American citizens on the soil of the American Republic. Bishop Keane is a well equipped theologian, an eloquent speaker, and a man of action.

To aid Bishop Keane in his executive duties, the trustees have selected the Reverend Dr. Philip J. Garrigan, with the title of Vice-Rector. Dr. Garrigan is a man just past forty, and comes from the diocese of Springfield, Massachusetts. Having made his classical studies at St. Charles' College, near Baltimore, he entered Troy Seminary as a theologian; there he was raised to the priesthood in 1869. How favorable was the impression made by him as a student at Troy appears from the fact that only a few years after his ordination (1873) he was called to assume the responsible position of director at his theological *alma mater*. In fulfilling the duties of this office, which brought him in the closest contact with the students, he gave eminent satisfaction. Dr. Garrigan is a man

of method, precision and discernment, combining great kindness with common sense, qualities that markedly fit him for executive work. In 1876 he resigned his position in Troy to devote himself to the care of souls. He became pastor of St. Bernard's church at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where his work was blessed with the same success that attended him at Troy. Here he remained until he was called to assume the vice-rectorship of the new University. During Bishop Keane's frequent absences its interests at Washington were confided to Dr. Garrigan, and his practical sense and his vigor proved equal to all the demands made on him. Shortly after his appointment as vice-rector, Rome conferred on him the doctor's hat.

Dr. Joseph Schroeder will be the professor of dogmatic theology. Prof. Schroeder is in the flower of his years, a man whose strong, open countenance and vigorous physique betoken great intellectual power and a capacity for hard work. He was born in 1849 near Aix-la-Chapelle in Rhenish Prussia. After completing his academical studies at the Gymnasium of Reusz in his native province, he decided to devote himself to the priesthood. Accordingly in 1867 he entered the German College at Rome. After a three years' course of philosophy and a four years' course of theology, he distinguished himself by passing most successful public examinations in both these sciences, and the doctor's hat was awarded to him amid the hearty applause of all present. Having been raised to the priesthood, he was now (1874) to return to Germany. But meantime the "Kulturkampf" had broken out. Like many other young German priests, he was forbidden by the "May Laws" to exercise the ministry and forced to choose between idleness and exile. His choice was soon made. Without delay he accepted a call from Monseigneur de Montpellier, Bishop of Liège in Belgium, who appointed him professor of Latin and Greek literature in the Seminary of Saint Trond. Before long he was transferred to the chair of philosophy, which he filled until 1887. At that time, thanks to the wisdom of Leo XIII. and the political needs of the Iron Chancellor, the "Kulturkampf" was abandoned, the "May Laws" were repealed in part, and Catholics handled, not with Bismarck's iron hand, but with Von Gossler's velvet glove. So Dr. Schroeder returned to his Fatherland and was appointed pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist at Cologne. But important and honorable as was this position, he was soon called away to resume his professional work. In 1888 the Cologne Seminary lost its professor of dogmatic theology, Dr. M Scheeben, one of the foremost scholars of Catholic Germany. Only a man of profound learning and a successful teacher could fill the gap made by his death. On surveying the field, Archbishop Krementz of Cologne

selected the new pastor of St. John's as worthy of Scheeben's mantle; after presiding for one year (September, 1887, to September, 1888) over his parish, he took the chair of dogma and morals at Cologne. When Cardinal Lavigerie started his anti-slavery movement, it was taken up with fiery ardor by the Catholics of the Fatherland. Dr. Schroeder threw himself into the midst of the movement, and much of its work rests on his shoulders. He is the general secretary of the German Catholic Anti-Slavery Society. Aside from his standing as a theologian, our professor of dogma is a man of marked and manifold accomplishments. As a linguist he is not only a master of the classical tongues, but has a ready and perfect control of several modern languages. German, French, and Italian he speaks and writes with equal fluency and correctness; when we say "speaks," we mean not only "converses," but speaks as an orator; for Dr. Schroeder is a powerful and logical public speaker. At the great national conventions of Catholic Germany, held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonn, Düsseldorf, and Münster, he shone as an orator alongside of such men as Heinrich, Lieber, Von Heeremann and Windthorst. As a writer, too, he has worked vigorously and successfully. Whilst residing in Belgium he wrote in French a refutation of the ultra-liberal views of M. Romain, besides contributing to several of the best Belgian periodicals. In German he wrote a work entitled: "Liberalism in Theology and History," besides articles in literary and theological papers. He has especially been a frequent writer for the Cologne *Pastoral Gazette*. Such are Dr. Schroeder's intellectual and scientific accomplishments. To these he joins a personal character of singular attractiveness, prominent among his many amiable qualities being an unselfish, self-sacrificing charity. Quite recently the Holy Father has appointed Dr. Schroeder private honorary Chamberlain, with the title of Monsignor.

One of the most important branches of learning in every divinity school is Biblical science. Of late years this department has witnessed many new developments. The decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and of the Assyrian cuneiform writing has opened up new sources of oriental history, and thrown light on many points more or less obscure in our Old Testament narratives. But the discoveries thus made have also been used by rationalist scholars to discredit the authority of Holy Scripture, and, in fact, all religion. The modern professor of Scripture, therefore, has a much broader field before him than his predecessors; besides the old learning and the old methods, he must handle much new material and deal with critical methods unknown a generation ago. Besides Hebrew, he must have mastered the Egyptian and Assyrian, or, at least, be acquainted with the last results obtained by

Egyptologists and Assyriologists. A competent knowledge of Arabic and Syriac, not to speak of other Eastern languages, if not absolutely necessary, will be very useful to him. Lastly, he must be familiar with Eastern customs and life, for much light has been thrown on many facts and incidents recorded in Holy Writ by a deeper knowledge of Eastern geography and customs and manners. Fortunately, from the very beginning, especially in France, Catholic savants have been among the pioneers of these important and interesting researches. We need only mention the names of Champollion, who deciphered the hieroglyphs; of Chabas, Lenormant, De Vogüe, and latterly of M. Robiou, to show how large a share Catholic laymen have had in these new conquests of science and scholarship. But the clergy, too, have been forward in this new intellectual field, and the Sulpician Abbé Vigouroux, the Abbé Loisy and the Jesuit Fathers Strassmeier, Van der Gheyn and Delattre, have compelled even their rationalist *confrères* to acknowledge their keenness and their acquirements. It is one of the most prominent disciples of the Abbé Vigouroux, Dr. Hyvernat, that Bishop Keane has secured for the Washington University. Like most of the savants eminent in these studies, he is comparatively a young man. But already he has attracted the attention of foreign orientalists, for not long ago the London *Academy*, a journal making oriental studies a specialty, published a letter in which he detailed some of the results of the scientific journey which he is just now making in Egypt, Arabia and Syria. A native of Lyons, in southern France, and a pupil of the Sulpicians in Paris, he continued at Rome the studies to which he intends to devote his life. If youth, vigor, and enthusiasm, coupled with a quick and penetrating mind, are a presage of success, the university may justly be congratulated on the acquisition of Dr. Hyvernat.

How keenly alive to the modern and American requirements of the new seat of learning its trustees have been, is well illustrated by the establishment of a chair of English literature in its divinity school. Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard is to fill this important position. He needs no introduction to the American public, for his name has a good ring in American literature. Born at Rochester, N. Y., in the year 1843, he felt the divine fire of poetry from an early age, for he was only twenty-four years old when he published his first volume of "Poems," at San Francisco, in 1867. His education, begun in New York city, was completed in California, where he went with his father in 1855. In 1864 he went to the Hawaiian Islands, which proved so attractive that they became almost a second home. However, his literary and journalistic abilities were not forgotten in California. In 1873 he was commissioned by the San Francisco *Chronicle* as its travelling correspondent, and as such

he visited many of the South Sea islands, besides Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico, everywhere studying the land and the people, everywhere gathering stores of knowledge. This literary excursion lasted five years. There are few branches of literature that Prof. Stoddard has not, at some time, touched and, we may add, adorned. Besides the volume of poems mentioned above, he published his "South Sea Idyls" at Boston in 1873. This was followed by a descriptive volume entitled "Mashallah: a Flight into Egypt" (New York, 1881). Four years later he sent a thrill of sympathy through the hearts of his countrymen by his pathetic story of the "Lepers of Molokai." Nor is he less well known as a magazine writer. He has been a frequent contributor to most of the leading magazines East and West, and his articles have always proved attractive. For a short time Mr. Stoddard graced the dramatic stage, and afterwards scored a marked success as a lecturer. Latterly he turned his attention to teaching, and in 1885–86 Notre Dame University, Indiana, secured his valued services as professor of English literature. In Prof. Stoddard the Washington University has found a teacher of experience accustomed to set forth his views not only on paper, but on the platform; a man who can both criticize and create; a student not only of many books, but of many men and many cities. Prof. Stoddard is a convert.

The disciplinary control of the students of the university will be in the hands of an officer called the director, who will be a member of the academic senate, in other words, of the faculty. Long ago the University Commission had determined to entrust this important department to the Sulpician Fathers, a society founded for and devoted especially to the training of candidates for the holy ministry. How worthily these sons of the venerable Jean Jacques Olier have fulfilled their lofty mission, even so pronounced an enemy of the Church as M. Renan has borne witness. His "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse" is, in many ways, a monument to the piety, the religious fervor, the honesty, and the learning of the Sulpicians. It is a member of this society of secular priests, reared in its mother house at Paris, honored by the most important trusts, for years a member of its faculty, an educator of many years' experience, a theologian thought worthy of teaching dogma and morals in one of the greatest seminaries in France, the Abbé Hogan, who will be the director of the Washington University. Dr. Hogan is an Irishman, born in 1829. Having completed his classical studies in his native land, he was sent, in his fifteenth year, to Bordeaux and Paris to study philosophy and theology. In France, as in Ireland, he became distinguished by his brilliant scholarship. When he had finished his theological course at St. Sulpice, he joined the

worthy band of holy and learned men whom he had learned to love and admire as his professors, and who, in turn, welcomed him to their ranks as one eminently fit to be the associate of their holy work. For thirty years he taught among them, at first as professor of dogmatic theology, but, for the greater part of the time, as professor of morals. He also, at various times, worked in other fields of theological learning. When, in 1884, Archbishop Williams opened his new seminary at Brighton, he invited Dr. Hogan to take charge of it as its president. Since then Boston has been the scene of his labors, and a busy toiler he has been; for, besides attending to the executive duties of the head of the seminary, he has filled the chairs of Sacred Scripture and homiletics. His long experience, both as student and professor, and a lifetime spent among young Levites, more than justify Dr. Hogan's choice for the position of disciplinary director of the divinity school.

In providing for the department of philosophy, the heads of the University have in a special manner shown their practical American instincts. The scientific discoveries of the 19th century could not fail to exert a strong influence on philosophical speculation. The atomic theory of the chemists, Darwinism, the theory of evolution, are only some of the many modern scientific hypotheses that modified or conflicted with philosophical views held for centuries. It is plain that a scholar who is a trained scientist, as well as a profound philosophical student and thinker, has unusual qualifications for a professor of philosophy in our days. Such a scholar the managers of the University have found in Dr. Joseph Pohle. Born, like Dr. Schroeder, on the banks of the Rhine, Prof. Pohle has completed his thirty-seventh year. His physique combines the refinement of a scholar with the vigor of a man in the bloom of his years. Having gone through the high school of Boppard, he was enrolled as a student of the gymnasium at Treves in 1866, and is said to have outstripped all his fellow-students as a scholar. His superior merit gained for him a scholarship in the German College at Rome, where he attended the Gregorian University from 1871 to 1879. There he received the degrees of doctor of philosophy, doctor of theology, and licentiate in canon law. After his ordination we find him studying the natural sciences at the University of Würzburg, where he enjoyed the friendship and advice of the celebrated botanist, Prof. Sachs. Having thus rounded off his education and prepared himself for the professor's chair, he found the "Kulturkampf" a bar to his exercising the sacred ministry in his native country. He was allowed neither to preach nor to teach. But distinguished talent need never lie fallow. For several years he was professor in Switzerland, and in 1888 he was called to England to teach morals and dogma in the diocesan seminary of

Leeds, where he immediately gained golden opinions on all sides. But he did not stay long in England. As soon as the episcopal seminaries were re-opened in Germany, by Bismarck's partial repeal of the Falk laws, Dr. Kopp, then Bishop of Fulda, summoned him to teach in his re-established seminary. There he will remain until his duties call him to Washington. A successful teacher, Dr. Pohle has been equally successful as an author. In 1883 he published a biography of the great Jesuit astronomer, F. Angelo Secchi, which was followed in 1884–89 by a work on "Star-Worlds and their Inhabitants," in two volumes. The reputation gained for him by these works forced on him increased literary activity. His proven merits as a reliable scholar and writer induced Cardinal Hergenroether and Dr. Kaulen, his successor in the editorship of the second edition of the great "Church Lexicon" of Wetzer and Welte, to secure him as one of the chief contributors to that monument of German Catholic scholarship. For the "Political Lexicon" of the Goerres Society Prof. Pohle has written many notable articles. Recently he and Dr. Gutberlet of Fulda have been made the joint editors of the "Philosophical Year Book" of the Goerres Society, an annual recording the progress of philosophy and giving reviews of the most remarkable philosopical works published every year. The Goerres Society,—let us say by way of parenthesis,—so named after the great journalist and philosopher, Joseph Goerres, is an association aiming to encourage Catholic authors on the one side and to be helpful to educated Catholics on the other, by undertaking the publication of useful works, the printing of which the ordinary publisher would be unlikely to undertake. The "Year Book of Philosophy" is an example in point. Nothing can be more helpful to the thinking priest and the educated Catholic than a work setting forth exhaustively in a moderate compass the philosophical movement of the age; still it might be very difficult to find a publisher ready to undertake the risk of publishing a work that must appeal to a limited circle of readers. If Prof. Pohle's residence among us will result in the successful establishment of an association with aims similar to those of the Goerres Society, with which he is so closely identified, his beneficial influence outside of the Washington Divinity School will be as great as it is sure to be inside.

The rapid growth of the Church in the United States, and the more normal organization which has been the consequence of that growth, has given an importance to canon law little dreamed of thirty years ago. Hence canon law will be one of the prominent subjects taught in the University. It goes without saying that the lecturer on this subject, to be really helpful to his hearers, must be familiar with the civil law of the United States, and have a

comprehensive knowledge of the peculiar circumstances which environ the Church in our great Republic. The trustees of the university have accordingly appointed to this chair a scholar thoroughly acquainted with our country and the condition of the Church in the United States, Dr. Sebastian Gebhard Messmer. Dr. Messmer was born near St. Gall, in Switzerland, on the 27th of August, 1847, and from early childhood was distinguished for his piety and love of learning. On completing his course in the *Realschule* of Roeschach, near his native place, he entered the *petit séminaire* of St. Gall, at the age of thirteen. There he gained many friends by his exuberant spirits, combined with good nature, whilst at the same time he made an excellent record as a scholar. His father next sent him to Innspruck, where he attended the lectures of the distinguished Jesuit professors of the university for four years. At the close of his studies he made a somewhat lengthy visit to the Eternal City, by way of preparing himself for ordination. On his return to St. Gall, Bishop Greith conferred holy orders on him (on July 31, 1871), and now the young missionary was ready to sail for America, where he had determined to work for God and the Church. Arriving here early in September, 1871, he was almost immediately appointed to the professorship of dogmatic theology at Seton Hall, the seminary of the diocese of Newark. This position he has filled for the past eighteen years, to the entire satisfaction of his superiors, as well as of the students to whom he lectured. His accomplishments as a theologian and as a Latinist led to his appointment as one of the secretaries of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, by no means a merely honorary position. No doubt the proofs of learning and ability given by him in handling the delicate work there entrusted to him had much to do with his promotion to the important office now confided to him.

To fill the chair of moral theology, one of the most important in the course, Bishop Keane has been fortunate enough to secure Dr. Bouquillon, until lately the professor of morals in the University of Lille. Dr. Bouquillon's merits as a moralist are well known, not only in his native country,—Belgium,—but also in France and Germany. He is the author of a manual of moral theology—"Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis"—which has been favorably received by European theologians, and is in itself a proof of his deep and sound scholarship. Besides this, his most important work, he has made minor contributions to theological literature. Prof. Bouquillon was born at Bruges, in Belgium, about forty-two years ago, and received his education in his native country. Naturally fond of learning, and gifted with a bright, quick mind, he prepared himself for the professor's chair by careful, conscientious, and intelligent toil at the University of Louvain, and his scholar-

ship there was so marked and so well appreciated that he was appointed to a professor's chair in Belgium immediately after his ordination. His reputation as a scholar and teacher, however, soon passed beyond the limits of his own country; hence his appointment at Lille, one of the most successful of the Catholic high schools founded by the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the Catholics of France, when infidelity had shamefully usurped the schools founded by their ancestors in the ages of faith.

The trustees of the University have also secured the services of Fathers Hewit and Searle, of the Congregation of St. Paul. The former will lecture on Church history, the latter on astronomy and physics. There are few priests in the Union better known than the superior of the Paulists, Father Augustine Francis Hewit. He was born at Fairfield, Conn., in 1820, being the son of a Congregationalist minister. Having graduated at Amherst at the age of nineteen, he took up the study of law. But young Hewit's mind naturally had a strongly religious and metaphysical bent, and the law did not satisfy the cravings of his heart. So, like his father, he abandoned jurisprudence and studied divinity. He was licensed to preach as a Congregationalist minister in 1842, but he was evidently out of sympathy with the stern fatalism of the Calvinistic creeds. Consequently he abandoned Congregationalism and was ordained deacon in the Episcopal church. Nor did he find rest there. Enthusiastic and fervent, he dedicated himself to the work of the foreign missions, and was about to accompany Bishop Southgate as a missionary to Turkey. But God had determined otherwise. The Missionary Committee disapproved of his appointment, for the young clergyman, they discovered, to their horror, held views distinctively Roman Catholic. Some time afterwards (1846) he was received into the Catholic Church, and the following year Bishop Reynolds, of Charleston, raised him to the priesthood. At Charleston his learning and gifts as an educator led to his selection as vice-principal of the Charleston Collegiate Institute. The work was congenial, and yet he felt that further sacrifices were required of him, and in 1850, bidding adieu to the world, he became a Redemptorist. When eight years later F. Hecker, encouraged by Pius IX., founded the Congregation of St. Paul, destined in a special way to make the Church known among Americans, F. Hewit felt the call to share in this undertaking and became one of the first and most active members of the new Congregation. Alongside of his chief he worked as preacher, missionary, author, professor, shrinking from no toil and ready for every call of duty. He is an untiring student, interested in every branch of philosophical and theological literature, equally familiar with the early Church Fathers and the most modern theological authorities. F. Hewit

has been a voluminous and successful writer. He began his career as an author by publishing his "Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church" (1846), since which time he has published, besides other controversial works, "Problems of the Age, with Studies in St. Augustine on Kindred Subjects" (1868); he also wrote lives of the Princess Borghese, of F. Dumoulin-Borie, and of Father Baker. He did a noble service to American Catholic literature by editing Bishop England's works. In fact, his pen has seldom rested, and countless are his contributions to recent periodical publications.

As we have already stated, besides Father Hewit, the Paulists will furnish another distinguished member of the faculty of the new University, the Reverend George M. Searle. Father Searle will lecture on astronomy and other branches of science. He is well equipped for the task he has undertaken. A profound mathematician, a skilful physicist and a distinguished astronomer, he is a living proof that true science is not in hopeless opposition to Catholic faith and teaching. Born in London in the year 1839, he was a graduate at Harvard in 1857, and at once chose astronomy as his life pursuit. Immediately after graduation we find him at work as an assistant at the Dudley Observatory in Albany. There the young astronomer, barely a year from college, signalized himself by discovering the asteroid Pandora, September 11th, 1858. Leaving Albany in 1859, he entered the United States Coast Survey Service, doing yeoman's work under Professors Bache and Peirce. His merits soon received acknowledgment in the shape of a call to an assistant professorship in the Annapolis Naval Academy, where he taught from 1862 to 1866. It was in 1862 that Father Searle, after deep and careful study, took the decisive step of his life, and became a Catholic. Meantime Harvard had not lost sight of her brilliant alumnus. In June, 1866, he was honored by his *alma mater's* summons to take his place as an assistant in the Harvard Observatory. There he pursued his favorite astronomical studies until March, 1868. But science alone no longer satisfied his heart and mind; he felt that there were nobler ends to work for; that he was called to work for God and His Church. He gave up all his brilliant prospects without a pang, bade farewell to his *alma mater* and the world, and donned the plain cassock of the Paulist Fathers (1868). Entering heart and soul on his new studies, he was soon raised to the priesthood (1871). Henceforth he labored with characteristic vigor in the pulpit and the church, but he did not give up his old love. He became the science professor in the Paulist seminary, and continued his scientific experiments in its laboratory. Soon he was enabled to advance the art of photography by his studies, and is carrying on original researches in va-

rious directions. In 1877 he published a volume on the "Elements of Geometry," in which, according to the high authority of the Jesuit Father Charbonelle in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, he has succeeded in giving satisfactory demonstrations of some fundamental propositions that had been accepted without rigid proof from Euclid's day to our own time. Father Searle's past achievements in astronomy and science are manifest proof that in him the trustees of the University have chosen a most competent lecturer on these important subjects.

On reviewing the faculty of the new University, it needs no seer's eye to discern at least some of the views that guided its trustees in making their selection. The gentlemen they have appointed are none of them novices, none of them young men, with brilliant student reputations only. The heads of the university have looked for ripe minds, minds broadened and deepened by age and experience, minds tested by the best of tests—practical work. On the other hand they have avoided men whose future is in the past; men, if you like, with great reputations, but without the strength, the vigor, the enthusiasm that promises great things in times to come; men out of touch with living scholarship and the present day. In the third place, they have not been satisfied to seek scholars who are specialists in their several lines; they have chosen men who have actually taught, given practical proof that they can make known to others what they know themselves, have the gift of suggesting, encouraging, stimulating, infusing not only learning, but the love of it. Fourthly, the trustees have aimed to secure scholars alive to the needs of the present, familiar with modern thought, Catholic and non-Catholic, in sympathy with the spirit of the age, whilst chivalrously loyal to the Mother Church. Lastly, they have paid due regard to the local needs of the new seat of learning; they have not forgotten that our University is intended for American students, that it is to be the *American* Catholic University. And here a remark suggests itself. Gratifying to all American Catholics is the history of the foundation of their first university; gratifying in its origin, gratifying in its progress, gratifying in its rapid success, gratifying in the sympathy it has met with amongst their brethren in the faith beyond the ocean, and not least gratifying in the friendly interest displayed by their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Lately, however, an odd, discordant voice has been heard; a cavilling, fault-finding voice. The papophobists are not all dead, and though they struggle hard to repress or disguise their bitterness, masquerading as champions of liberty, they will break out now and then. Their antics would be comical if they did not inspire pity. Well, some of these masquerading papophobists have made a discovery. Our

country, its liberties are in danger. Several of the professors of the Catholic University will be foreigners. The Pope did not trust American scholars; he insisted upon putting in foreign tools of his own. It is wonderful how well-informed these gentlemen are. They know what the king whispered to the queen, as old Plautus says, and the Pope, whenever he is concocting some particularly vile and secret scheme to enslave an empire or a republic with sixty millions of inhabitants, instantly sends for them to help him keep his secret. Now, without pretending to be in the confidence of either Pope or trustees, but knowing something of what the papophobists are unconsciously and blissfully ignorant of, to wit, the condition of the Church in America and Europe, we venture to assert that the only aim the trustees and the Holy Father had at heart was to secure as professors the best men available. That every chair should be filled by an American was not to be expected by any one who knew, as all might know, that not only superior scholars, but men experienced as teachers, men familiar with the latest developments of their several specialties, would be selected. Owing to the needs of the Church in the United States the best native talent has been forced into the practical work of the ministry, and in the past our diocesan seminaries have been obliged to draw no small proportion of their staffs from European sources. Then some of our strongest scholars and best teachers are liable to be called away from the seminary chair and raised to the bishop's throne. Witness Archbishops Kenrick, Spalding, Corrigan, and Heiss. In fact, Rector Keane of the University is taken from the ranks of the Episcopate. Nor is it at all unusual for non-Catholic institutions of learning to summon European scholars to fill their chairs. Harvard owed much of its rapid progress, some thirty years ago, to a Swiss, Prof. Louis Agassiz. Nobody ever called her to account for appointing a foreigner to a professorship. Look at the Johns Hopkins University. A few years ago the names of Sylvester, perhaps the foremost English mathematician; of Martin, a distinguished English physiologist; and of Haupt, the German Assyriologist, added lustre to her faculty, and there may be other foreigners whose names have escaped us. Princeton is an old Presbyterian university, one of the oldest in the country. No one doubts her loyalty and her patriotism. Still, scarcely a year has elapsed since its presidency was held by a Scot, imported especially to fill the place. We refer to the learned and venerable Dr. McCosh. In New York city, only a few years ago, an Irish divine, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, was made the chancellor of the New York University—like Princeton, a Presbyterian institution. The men who now fret and fume because some chairs in the Catholic University are to be filled by German and French

scholars, applauded when other universities called British and German scholars to their lecture-rooms. But what is perhaps a little amusing, some of the very journals that fret and fume because foreigners are going to teach in the Washington University, have been owned and are edited by foreigners—by self-imported foreigners. Some of them did not even condescend to be naturalized, and one of the former editors of one of these fault-finding journals is to-day a member of the British Parliament. Yet journalists claim, and claim truly, that they too are teachers—teachers of wide and profound influence. But some people's effrontery challenges our wonder—we had almost said admiration. Their effrontery is only exceeded by their ignorance; for these same people talk twaddle, implying that an American Catholic professor of dogma or morals would teach different doctrine from a German or a Frenchman. Let these victims of papophobia make themselves easy; let them wait until the lectures begin; let them follow a course or two; and then, if these German or French scholars teach treason, or anarchy, or despotism, let them denounce unsparingly the professors and the University. Meanwhile, we shall console them by pointing out that revolutionists and agitators are rarely found among hard-working, devoted scholars, among the Newtons, the Cuviers, the Mommsens, the Pasteurs, the Curtiuses, the Hefeles, the Hergenroethers. Such men are neither agitators nor even politicians, as some journalists and some other people are. Moreover, the present state of things is not intended to last. Both the Holy Father, the chancellor, and the rector of the University, as well as its trustees, are anxious to see all the chairs filled by American scholars as soon as this is feasible. Already some younger men, like Dr. Pace, of Florida, and Dr. Shanley, of Connecticut, have received assistant professorships in the departments of philosophy and canon law; and when their success and experience warrants it, they will undoubtedly receive promotion. Meanwhile, Catholics need neither blush for the scholarship nor the Americanism of the faculty as it stands; and before many years we feel convinced that even those of its present critics who are not playing a part, will be ashamed of their short-sighted narrowness.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

THANKS to Signor Domenico Berti, ex-minister of public instruction in the new Piedmontese kingdom of Italy, and to the patronage of the government, those who will can readily form a little library of pretended biographies of Giordano Bruno, and of books and pamphlets setting forth the apostate friar's extraordinary greatness of soul, love of truth,—more especially of philosophic and scientific truth,—literary power, whether as a poet or prose writer, and "way-breaking" originality. Imagine a being fashioned out of the fine and less fine clays from which a Dante, a Campanella, a Machiavelli, a Gioberti, and Mazzini were moulded, and you see *Il Nolano* of the books—a queer mixture, indeed. To this noble man the professional free-thinkers set up a statue at Rome, on last Pentecost, as a sign and a symbol that a new day had opened on the world, a day of grace, giving promise of the conversion of mankind to the "philosophy of nature, which is not merely a doctrine, but, indeed, a destiny."[1]

Readers who are anxious to believe everything that is not of faith, may, by straining a point, form a fairly high opinion of Bruno with the kindly aid of Signor Berti, who, in his latest version of the life of the new great man,[2] has blended imagination with facts and probabilities in a charmingly unscientific manner. Signor Berti's book is marked by an agreeable style, a careful attention to details regardless of their actual importance, a winning pretence of fairness, and an unguarded use of "perhaps" and "we may assume," just where a perhaps or an assumption helps to suggest an ideal that does not harmonize with the reality. However, Signor Berti has printed his "sources." They are at our disposal. Using them without any "perhaps," and without details that serve only to distract or confuse, we shall be able to form an unprejudiced judgment on the life and works of Giordano Bruno, doing no injustice to him or to ourselves.

Complete justice we cannot do Bruno, because the necessary documents are wanting. The men of his day, including the crowd of free-thinkers, did not consider him worthy of notice. Our free-thinkers tell us that he shook the world; but, if he did, the men of the 16th century were too unscientific to recognize the fact, and too blind to perceive that there was an earthquaker among them.

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[1] *Parole per l' Inaugurazione*—Giovanni Bovio. Roma, 1889, p. 30.

[2] *Giordano Bruno da Nolano, Sua Vita e Sua Dottrina. Nuova edizione.* Torino, 1889.

To the legal system of the time our modern disciples of "the philosophy of nature" are largely indebted for such knowledge as they have of their model's adventurous career. During the course of his trial before the tribunal of the Inquisition at Venice, Giordano told his story, more or less completely, more or less truthfully. The official report of this trial was first published by Signor Berti. Father Luigi Previti, the learned Jesuit, has also gone over these documents and they may be found in his valuable book,[1] as well as in Berti's. We have very little material from which to check Giordano's story. There is the testimony of the five witnesses who were examined during the Venetian trial, and a letter of Caspar Schioppius to his friend, Conrad Rittershausen, professing to give a sketch of Bruno's life and doctrines, and an account of his execution. Besides these, we have some short, though valuable, records, discovered at Geneva by M. Dufour, an entry found at Marburg by Wagner and re-edited by Eugenio Ferrai, and some disconnected extracts from the records of the trial before the Inquisition at Rome. As for dates, only a few are definitely established; and yet these few permit us to follow the wanderings of the *Nolan* so closely as to assure that we are not far out of the way. Giordano's printed books contain some details about his doings, and are unimpeachable testimony as to his teachings, philosophic, scientific, and theological. With these various documents before us, let us see what manner of man was this *egregio* Bruno.

Born at Nola, not far from Naples, in the year 1548, of Giovanni Giordano, a soldier, and Fraulissa Savolina, our hero, Filippo Bruno, went to school in good time,—to a *public* school, of course,—and when he had progressed far enough, being then about eleven years of age, was sent up to Naples to study the humanities, logic, and dialectics. Besides attending the *public* lectures of Vincenzo Collo, *Il Sarnese*, Filippo studied logic privately with Fra Teofilo da Vairano, an Augustinian. At the age of fifteen Bruno entered the Dominican order, and, according to custom, changed his baptismal name, assuming instead that of Giordano. After a year's probation he was solemnly professed; in 1569 he was made a subdeacon, and in 1572, being in his twenty-fourth year, he was ordained a priest.

Among the three hundred churches of which Naples is still proud, there is none more attractive to the Christian philosopher than the Church of San Domenico, with the neighboring convent, in the *Via Sta. Trinità*, just off the Toledo. There, three hundred years before Giordano's ordination, the great St. Thomas himself taught philosophy to crowds of studious men. There studious

1 *Giordano Bruno e Suoi Tempi; P. Luigi Previti, S. J.* Prato, 1887.

men of our day seek the cell in which he prayed, contemplated, reflected, and the hall wherein he publicly philosophized concerning nature and the things above nature. According to the customs of the Dominican order, Giordano should have remained in the famous convent where he passed his nine years of preparation for the priesthood. Strange to say, immediately after ordination he was sent to Campagna, and there he celebrated his first Mass. Soon he was shifted to another house, and then to another. Having had a rambler's experience in the province, he was at length brought back to Naples in 1576. Why did his superiors think that Giordano's constitution required such frequent changes of air? According to his own story, he began to doubt about the truth of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity when he was eighteen years of age. He had maintained certain un-Christian views of his own. Then the friars misunderstood him once, when he gave away some sacred pictures that he had, retaining only a crucifix. The friars thought he meant to show a contempt for holy things. Once he suggested to a novice, who was reading an ascetic work on the seven joys of Mary, to throw away the book and busy himself with the lives of the Fathers. Charges were twice made against him.[1] The first batch was dismissed. The second accusation was more serious. There were articles other than those I have mentioned, said Bruno to the Venetian Inquisitors. "I do not know what they were."[2] Here Signor Berti forgot the "perhaps." Whatever the charges were, Giordano knew enough about them to deem them serious, for he slipped out of San Domenico and made his way to Rome. In the holy city he found a refuge in the convent of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, the residence of the general of the Dominicans. Letters from Naples advised him that the papers in his case had been forwarded to Rome. A second time we are assured, by Giordano's actions, that he knew what were the charges against him, and that he had a full measure of their seriousness. Without asking leave, he hurried away from the *Minerva*, put off his friar's dress, and took to the road. When next we hear of him he is at Genoa. Remaining there only a few days, Bruno wandered to Noli, some twenty-five miles away, on the Riviera. At Noli, which was then a wealthy and important town, he taught grammar to children, and gave private lessons on the Sphere—quite a fashionable study at this time. After four or five months in Noli, Bruno thought to try his fortune at Savona. A fortnight there disenchanted him. Turin housed him next. He was not satisfied with the metropolis of Piedmont, and speedily passed

[1] See *Report of Venetian Trial*—Berti, pp. 392, 401, 402, 403.

[2] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 420.

out of its gates on the way to Venice. Though they had the plague in Venice, Bruno stayed there two months, going thence to Padua. During the three days he remained in Padua he fell in with some Dominicans, who, according to his story,—and a likely story it is,—recommended him to wear his habit, even if he had no intention of continuing as a member of the order. On reaching Bergamo, he acted just as if he had been advised by somebody to do a clever thing. He bought a piece of white cloth, had a new robe made, put on a hood that, by good luck, he carried away from Rome, and, thus accoutred, played the friar at Brescia, Milan, Turin, and Chambéry. Occasionally he lodged with the Dominicans, and, curiously enough, was rather coldly received. At length, in the early part of the year 1579, he halted at the "Rome of Calvin"—Geneva. A number of Italian "philosophers," known as Anti-Trinitarians, had a church at Geneva. They sought out the newcomer and asked him to join them. Bruno answered, so he swears, "that he had no intention of professing the Genevan religion, because he did not know what religion it was."[1] They insisted that, even if he would not put on their religion, he should wear their clothes; whereupon Bruno cut up his friar's robe and had it fashioned into a garment of the proper Calvinistic style. He now obtained employment as a corrector in a printing office, but, after a couple of months he was told that if he did not become a Calvinist he could not remain in the city. Like a man of spirit, Giordano shouldered his kit, deprived Geneva of his egregious presence, and smiled sweetly on Lyons.

The story of Bruno's Genevan experience, as here narrated, is taken from his sworn testimony before the Venetian Inquisitors. The documents published by Theophile Dufour, director of the Genevan archives, prove that the ex-friar was inclined to be over free with truth, and that the charges made against him at Naples were not the only matters he would willingly hide. From M. Dufour's documents,[2] which may be found in Berti's book, we learn that under the name and title of Philippus Brunus, *sacræ theologiæ professor*, our great philosopher of nature matriculated at the Academy of Geneva, on May 20th, 1579. In order to be admitted as a student in this academy, founded by Calvin, Philippus, or Giordano, was compelled to accept and sign the confession of faith imposed by the regulations of 1559. Filippo's name is likewise found on a roll of the members of the Italian Anti-Trinitarian church of Geneva. Could we doubt both of these records, our doubts must speedily be removed in face of the following facts, culled from

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[1] *Report of Venetian Trial*—Berti, p. 393.

[2] *Giordano Bruno à Genève*—Berti, *Vita*, pp. 449–459.

the Genevan state papers and from the Acts of the consistory. Shortly after entering the academy, Bruno attacked De la Faye, the professor of philosophy, printing certain answers against his teachings and certain invectives against him. Not satisfied with this truly philosophical action, Giordano defamed the ministers of the church, in speech and writing. On the sixth of August, 1579, he was arrested and tried for this intolerable exhibition of free thought and rude expression. After an explanation and apology he was discharged, on condition that he should ask God's pardon, and also the professor's, and destroy the libels he had printed. Next he was taken before the consistory, on August 13th, where he bandied words, lavished humble apologies, suffered a rebuke, was informed that a man who made trouble in the school, as he did, could not be endured, and finally was forbidden *to receive the sacrament.* On the 27th of the same month, he presented himself before the consistory, acknowledged his fault, and begged that he be reprimanded, and that the interdict against receiving the sacrament be removed. The reprimand was generously accorded him, and the interdict removed. Signor Berti is troubled about this evidence. There can be no doubt, he says, that Bruno was a Calvinist, at Geneva, *exteriorly;* but, *interiorly*, we may be certain he was—something else. Listen to Bruno again, on the occasion of the fourth interrogatory of the Venetian Inquisitors:[1] "I have read books of Melanchthon, Luther, Calvin, and other ultramontane heretics, not, indeed, to learn their doctrines, nor to make use of them, esteeming these men more ignorant than I am, but I have read them through curiosity." "I despise the above-named heretics and their doctrines, because they do not merit the name of theologians, but of pedants, but I esteem, as I ought to, the Catholic doctors, especially St. Thomas, whom I have always esteemed and loved as my very soul." These are the lying words of a pretended Catholic, who had in fact accepted the "heretical doctrines of men he despised," and who worshipped with forms devised by "pedants more ignorant than himself." Perhaps this was monumental lying!

We can now understand why *Il Nolano* was in haste to have done with the Genevans. His five months' stay—and not two months', as he testified—was not wholly agreeable. Had Bruno been seeking a chance to be burned for free-thinking, there was no more inviting spot in Europe. Calvin had "martyred" Gruet and Servetus "without shedding of blood." Valentino da Cosenza escaped Geneva only to find a pyre awaiting him at Berne. Ochino, Simone da Lucca, the two Socini, Alciati, Biandrata, and many other Italian "reformers," were persecuted out of the city. Perhaps

[1] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 409.

Bruno valued a conjoined exterior and interior more than did these nobler souls.

With a whole skin, the ex-Calvinist and ex-friar reached Lyons in due time. Though the city enjoyed the honor of entertaining a fair company of Italian free-thinkers, Giordano was not happy. Toulouse gave greater promise, with its university and the ten thousand students who were free of speech and free in act, if not in thought. For a time our philosopher was pleased to give the Toulousans private lessons on the Sphere. His ambition was for greater things, however, and, if we may believe himself, he took a doctor's degree at the university, and then competed for the vacant lectureship of philosophy. He won the prize, and during two years filled the chair of philosophy, with how great success we can only judge from the fact that, some time after leaving Toulouse, he claimed that his enemies there had made trouble for him. Record we have none other than his statement. All we can say is that he did not write his name large in the history of the university.

From Toulouse the doctor journeyed to Paris, where he arrived about the middle of 1581. Madcap Henry III. was king. The religious troubles were at their height. Bruno was not active in public life during 1581 or 1582. He devoted himself to writing, and published several works which he had previously begun or completed. Then, as he says, "in order to make himself known and talked about," he began to lecture publicly on the Thirty Attributes of God, and he followed with an explanation of the wonderful *Ars universalis scientiarum* of Raimondo Lullo, a system by which learned and unlearned were speedily made wise and fitted to comprehend all dark and difficult things. This system included a no less wonderful art of mnemonics. The method of Lullo readily lent itself to charlatanism, and Bruno was a better charlatan than philosopher. With his modifications, the new method was calculated to astonish the crowd. Bruno was talked about. He made the acquaintance of men at court. King Henry heard of the wonderful art of mnemonics, sent for the expounder, and, having assured himself that there was nothing magical about it, condescended to take lessons from the grand philosopher of nature. To his Majesty Bruno dedicated one of his works: "De Umbris Idearum." We may trust Berti when he says that, in the "De Umbris," "rationalist and pantheist ideas are clearly expressed." Giordano's cleverness, his flattery—as a flatterer he deserves the qualification "egregious"—won the king. The royal professor of mnemonics ventured to ask for an appointment as "extraordinary" professor at the Sorbonne. Our ex-Calvinist was so conscientious, if we are to believe his testimony at Venice, that, though he had the right, on account of his Toulousan honors, to

give ordinary lectures, he was unwilling to do so because, by the rules of the university, these officials were obliged to attend Mass. Giordano "always avoided this, because he knew he was excommunicated on account of leaving his order."[1] What a sweet, simple soul it is, the soul of a philosopher of nature!

The king was princely, and saved Bruno's conscience by appointing him "extraordinary" lecturer. Toward the end of 1583 Bruno left Paris, probably not because his success was greater than it had been at Toulouse. What he taught at Paris we know from the books he printed there. After the "De Umbris," he published the "Canto Circeo," a clumsy thing in which men are characterized as animals. This was not a mere fancy of Bruno. He was a believer in the transmigration of souls, and there is hardly one of his works in which he does not make use of the material which is so obscurely handled and so poorly argued in the "Canto Circeo." The "De Compendiosa Architettura" followed, a revised version of the clap-trap Bruno-Lullian method; *cosa di poco rilievo*, Signor Berti thinks, with a just freedom of thought that Giordano would not have forgiven; for he, who knew how to esteem his own work, pronounced this "a jewel." Besides praising himself, *Il Nolano* had been profusely praising other people —those who could help his ambition. All who did not think with him were fools, bears, swine, and asses—especially asses. His Neapolitan experience had familiarized him with these wilful animals, and he had a stiletto at hand with which to prod them. But Brunus, Bruno, Giordano Nolano was the one great man, the *uno savio*, the man who "occupied himself with nothing that anybody else had done." How well he deserved this self-laudation we may, in part, judge from his next Parisian publication: "Il Candelaio." Better men than this adventurer have been burned for writing less scandalous things than this so-called comedy, and yet it will interest the Society for the Prevention of Crime to know that the Italian free-thinkers are working hard to make Bruno's foul screed "popular." For a few pennies it may be had from the publisher of "classical libraries," and even a Signor Berti, ex-minister of public instruction, must give it a chapter apart, where, with an unpardonable humor, or else with an audacity born of a too close familiarity with his hero, he not merely apologizes for this contemptible piece of gross obscenity, but argues, against every rule of ordinary taste, that it is a work of art. There is a devilish art, but "Il Candelaio" does not rise even to that low level. Without plot, without any truthful presentation of honest or dishonest human nature, without humor, drearily, wearily wordy, the "comedy" is

[1] *Venetian Trial*—Berti, *Vita*, p. 394.

notable only for its inanity, vulgarity, blasphemy, and filth. Had Signor Berti written "Il Candelaio," the humor, at least, would not have been wanting, as the following quotation from his eulogy of Bruno will prove: "This (play) is one of those episodes which reveal both the defects and the excellence of his talent, *as well as the disorder of his youthful passions.*"[1] Signor Berti's suggestion is based on his study of the comedy. From internal evidence he is convinced that "Il Candelaio" is a work of Giordano's twentieth year, and that he carried away the MSS. with him, wholly, or in good part, finished when he fled from Naples. Signor Berti adds no perhaps, nor shall we, but some one less considerate may add, that, perhaps, while at Naples, Giordano knew that if certain charges were not made against him, it was not for want of material. Signor Berti evidences humor, keen perception, and a parliamentary conscience in another sentence, whose import no student of Bruno should, for a moment, lose sight of. "I think," these are Signor Berti's words freely rendered, "I think that I can claim, without exaggeration, that you will find the writer of comedy in all his philosophical works, and, in the comedy, the author of the philosophic works."[2] We can hear Signor Berti's guffaw.

And now we are with Giordano in London. He is, according to his own story, an inmate of the establishment of Castelnau, the French ambassador. The virtuous King Henry had favored the comic philosopher with letters of introduction. Bruno was simply Castelnau's "*gentiluomo.*" Still desirous of having himself talked about, he published a "Spiegazione dei Trenta Sigilli," dedicated to Castelnau. In this work he announces himself as "doctor of an exquisite theology, and professor of a wisdom purer and more innocent than that usually taught." He is also "the awakener of the sleeping, the vanquisher of presumptuous and obstinate ignorance." He is "neither Italian nor Briton, neither male nor female, neither bishop nor prince, neither civilian nor warrior, neither monk nor layman, but citizen and "*domestico*" of the world, son of father sun and mother earth."[3] A strange being, indeed! After the "Spiegazione," he printed the "Cena de le Ceneri," the "De la Causa, Principio e Uno," the "De l'Infinito, Universo e Mondi," the "Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante," the "Cabala de Cavallo Pegaseo," and the "Eroici Furori." The philosophic ring of these titles tells of the method and the man. Some people have been impressed with the notion that Bruno was burned because he taught the theory of Copernicus. The first evidence we have that Giordano had any acquaintance with this theory appears in the "Cena de le Ceneri," of 1583. Coper-

[1] Berti, *Vita*, pp. 156–157. [2] Berti, *Vita*, p. 157. [3] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 171.

nicus's work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium," had been before the world for close on half a century, so that Giordano was far from being an early disciple of the great canon of Thorn. When a youth in Naples Bruno had every chance to study the new arguments adduced in favor of the old Pythagorean theory. Indeed, the Neapolitans claimed that Copernicus had not advanced the position of their school, arguing that he derived his proofs from existing manuscripts of the Calabrian, Tallavia, who preceded Copernicus by a century; and Bruno himself made a long catalogue of the writers who taught the doctrine of the motion of the earth before the famous Catholic astronomer.[1] The value of Giordano's support of the Copernican theory may be estimated from the following sarcastic judgment of Signor Berti: "The lively and copious images, the warmth, the enthusiasm, with which Bruno discourses of the Copernican system, lead us to believe that he embraced that system rather from an impulse of fancy or of poetic intuition than from any rational process of the mind.[2]" The infinity of the universe is Bruno's thesis, one that Copernicus spurned.

In the works mentioned, *Il Nolano* devoted himself to boasting, as usual, and to abuse. He is a "Diogenes, who, if he were in a country that could breed a thousand Alexanders, would be visited by five hundred of them." He *must* praise himself. Could Phidias do other than praise himself? The Nolan is a Columbus, who has found the way by which to mount to heaven, and opened the veil of the clouds, so that men may see beyond. The "Spaccio della Bestia Trionphante," one of the London publications, is highly esteemed by modern Italian free-thinkers. It holds place after Tasso and Alfieri, in the "Biblioteca Classica per il Popolo." There is a tradition that in this work Giordano made a terrible attack on the Papacy. The tradition is not founded on fact. "Lo Spaccio" is just what Berti states it to be, "a proclamation of natural religion and a negation of all positive religions." Voltaire, who knew a heresy when he saw it, put down "Lo Spaccio" as "worse than heretical." The *Bestia* represents the animals placed in the heavens by mythology and astronomy. They are signs of what Bruno calls superstition. Setting paganism above Christianity, teaching a corrupt naturalism in morals, defending socialistic principles, scouting every honest belief and every noble doing of men, Giordano jumbles stilted and vulgar prose and puerile verse in a mess of pantheism, materialism, braggadocio, abuse, blasphemy and foulness. Signor Berti's comedian speaks from every page. And yet Signor Giacinto Stiavelli, the editor of the "popular" edition, declares that this book "is one of the few in our literature

[1] Berti; note, p. 84.

[2] Berti, *loc. cit.*, 84.

that is inspired by a high conception of truth and justice."[1] Stiavelli's conception of truth and justice, and the aim of the propagandists of the Brunonian doctrines, may be gathered from the following quotation: "A spirit illuminated by truth, he recognized the falsity of every existing religion."[2] The "Cabala de Cavallo Pegaseo," and the "Asino Cillenico," form only a chapter of the "Bestia," and, while repeating all Bruno's fanciful notions, are in the main an ironical, satirical attack on Christianity—"malignant," says Berti. "He lavishes derision on humility of heart and mind, and on those who are guided by the *lantern of faith*."[3]

Not content with ridiculing all religions, Bruno poured out his venom on the English people, learned and unlearned, and especially on the Oxford professors. They were "ploughmen, asses, swine." Those who read his books protested against his rudeness and his coarse vulgarity. Giordano felt the ground going from under him. He tried to withdraw, to explain away, to palaver; but the man's impertinence, self-sufficiency, insincerity, bad manners, were unpardonable. With a fine show of audacity, he opened a course of lectures at Oxford. The "sleepers" had been awakened, however, and at the end of three months Giordano found it convenient to close the course.

Towards the end of 1585 the *uno savio* is again in Paris, and there he remained until July, 1586. Henry III. still reigned, but we hear no more of kings or courtiers, or of learned society. We have a book published here, a windy laudation of a work by Fabrizio Mordente called "Compasso e Riga," and dealing with the measurement of the earth. And a second book is of this time: "Figuratio Aristotelici Physici Auditus," probably a summary of his private lessons, says Berti, and though "it must be counted among his metaphysical works," "wanting in order, lucidity, completeness, and written in an ungraceful, colorless style."[4]

These books made no stir. Bruno could not live without his little "sensation." He announced a public disputation at the university. From his own works he gathered a hundred and twenty propositions turning upon certain arguments of Aristotle. The day was fixed—the feast of Pentecost, 1586. His champion, Jean Hennequin, a pupil, entered the lists. The master was there to give him support. We do not know the outcome of the disputation; but we do know that within a few days the great philosopher—of nature—turned his back upon Paris without waiting to print his theses.

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[1] *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, p. 13. Roma, Perino, 1888.
[2] Preface to above, by G. Stiavelli, p. 3.
[3] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 190.
[4] Berti, *Vita*, pp. 205–206.

Does any one doubt that the ex-Calvinist is an unbeliever, a free-thinker, a pantheist, "naturalist," atheist, anything rather than a Christian? If we trust his printed words, there can be no doubt as to his position. Listen now to his sworn statement before the Venetian Inquisitors.[1] "For about sixteen years I never presented myself to a confessor, except on two occasions, once in Toulouse to a Jesuit, and a second time in Paris to another Jesuit, with the intention of confessing, while I was negotiating with Mgr. the Bishop of Bergamo, and with Don Bernardin di Mendoza, to return to my Order, but they told me that they could not absolve me because I was an apostate, and since that time I have abstained from confession and from hearing Mass, intending nevertheless to free myself from these censures at some time and to live in a Christian manner and as a religious, and whenever I sinned I have always asked pardon of God, and I would have freely confessed could I have done so, because I have never doubted in the least about this sacrament, nor about any of the others, holding firmly that impenitent sinners are damned and go to hell." We have a school of psychologic novelists. We commend this interesting, because abnormal, character, to their microscopic study.

In this truly Catholic, penitential state of mind, the "malignant derider of those who are guided by the lantern of faith" entered Mainz, where he staid only twelve days. Thence he pilgrimaged to Marburg. On July 25th, 1586, he entered his name among the students of the university as *Giordanus Nolanus Neapolitanus, Theologiae Doctor Romanensis.* "Romish" theology Bruno would profess and none other. The Jesuits have limed him evidently. Our "Romish" doctor next applied to the rector and faculty for permission to teach publicly. The request was promptly denied for *grave reasons*. Perhaps the faculty had word of the man, perhaps they had read some of his delightful works, perhaps they had been moved by his brutal insults to the Germans.[2] Whatever the grave reasons were, Giordano was not satisfied. With his usual Nolan amenity he sought out the rector at his home and insolently abused him, claiming that the Brunonian rights had been shamelessly violated. The rector made an entry of the facts on the university books, and the name of *Nolanus Neapolitanus* was scored.[3]

Meantime, the doctor of theology had gone to Wittemberg, where, on August 20th, 1586, we find his name thus recorded on the university roll: *Jordanus Brunus, Doctor Italus.* Without any public commission, our Italian doctor, who was low in funds,

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[1] Berti, *loc. cit*, *Third Interrogatory*, pp. 407–408.

[2] See *Lo Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, p. 205.

[3] See the document in Berti *loc. cit.*, p. 459.

began to lecture on metaphysics, physics, mathematics and the *Organon* of Aristotle. His lectures were well attended. The professors and students of the great Lutheran foundation treated him kindly. He was encouraged to try another venture with the famous art of Lullo. Successful, honored, surrounded by those he now loved—the great Germans, who gave to the world Luther, "the liberator of minds, the new Hercules, worthy of all praise for his war on the ecclesiastical power and the Papacy"—Bruno suddenly withdrew from Wittemberg. Why? It seems that, when the penitent "Romish" doctor came there, August, a Lutheran, was elector of Saxony. On his death, Christian, the new elector, turned against the Lutherans and lifted up the Calvinists. Bruno says that the favor shown by the new ruler to the party "opposed to those who favored him"—Bruno—was the cause of his leaving Wittemberg.[1] Does this mean that the penitent Catholic, the ex-Calvinist, the contemner of Luther and Calvin, the pantheist, the sarcastic enemy of all religion, had became a Lutheran, *exteriorly*, of course? Leo XIII. has well characterized the philosopher as one whose "talent was to feign."

An old tradition says that, while at Wittemberg, Bruno delivered a panegyric of the devil, and it is probably because they believed this tradition that the philosophers of Genoa carried a banner, surmounted by a figure of the Evil One, at the inauguration of the Bruno monument. Beyond the tradition we have no proof of this very reasonable story. Giordano was not less audacious than the present rector of the University of Bologna, Giosué Carducci, who addressed a hymn to Satan, or than Rapisardi, the poet of Lucifer. *Uomo da bene*, so Bruno termed the Evil One. Why hesitate to panegyrize "a good man," even at Wittemberg?

Prague was the next city honored with Giordano's presence. Shortly after his arrival he published two small works under one cover, the "De Specierum Scrutinio" and "De Lampada Combinatoria," both *réchauffés* of the Lullian books previously printed at Paris and Wittemberg. "Dry and obscure" is Signor Berti's verdict on them. To Rudolph II. Bruno dedicated a compilation of one hundred and twenty theses against the mathematicians and theologians of his day. In these he claims to be the founder of a new Christianity, rejects all authority in matters of philosophy, except his own authority, declares that it is iniquitous and contrary to the dignity of human liberty to submit oneself to the reason of another, proclaims the duty of philosophers to combat the tyranny of the Fathers, and of whoever would preserve this tyranny. Rudolph was a patron. He took Bruno's measure, giving him three

[1] *Venetian Trial*—Berti, p. 395.

hundred thalers, whereupon the Fathers were left in peace, the mathematicians and theologians of Prague breathed more freely, and Giordano hastened to Helmstädt. On January 13th, 1589, he matriculated at the university in that city. The Duke of Brunswick died in the following May. At his own risk, Bruno composed an oration in honor of the deceased and sent it to the new duke, Heinrich Julius. Eighty *scudi* promptly found their way into the pocket of the rhetorician, and forthwith he left Helmstädt. This paltry honor was not the only one he gathered in the city. Boethius was then pastor and superintendent of the Lutheran church of Helmstädt, and he exercised his authority over the recent combatter of the tyranny of the Fathers in a most effective way. He excommunicated him from the Church. There can be no doubt of the fact. Giordano protested against the excommunication and demanded a new trial. His request was refused. Is it any wonder that the would-be founder of a new Christianity forsook Helmstädt and sought refuge in Frankfurt?

Comedian! That is not the word, Signor Berti. An apostate monk, who still firmly believes in all the teachings of the Catholic Church, and is anxious to confess his sins and become once more a friar, a laudator of paganism, a scouter of Christianity, an excogitator of the philosophy of nature, a recalcitrant Calvinist and an excommunicated Lutheran! And yet an ex-minister of public instruction pretends that he is pleased with him. A comedian! Can there be a looking-glass in Signor Berti's house?

We have reached the year 1590, and we are with the unfortunate ex-Lutheran at Frankfurt. He has made an arrangement with a publisher, who is to print several books for him, supporting him meanwhile in a Carmelite house. There Bruno meets a Venetian bookseller, who buys a few copies of his works for the home market. The Frankfurt publications: "De Imaginum, Signorum et Idearum Compositione," "De Triplice Minimo et Mensura," and "De Monade, Numero et Figura," are, according to Berti, cold, obscure, fantastically allegorical, and in part unintelligible. They are, in other words, fully up to Giordano's average. In February, 1591, we miss Bruno suddenly. We may call it a flight, says Berti. The arrangement with the publisher has not been completed. Bruno is at Zurich. Why did he run away from Frankfurt? No one knows. A Venetian, Giovanni Mocenigo, who had read one of his Lullian books, expressed a desire, through the before-mentioned Venetian bookseller, to take lessons from Bruno; but this had nothing to do with the flight, since the philosopher did not go to Venice and did go to Zurich. Some writers surmise that the Frankfurt town council was about to lay hands on him. For what reason? The subject is as dark as one of Giordano's own

books. He remained at Zurich several months, and then went to Venice and gave lessons to Mocenigo, lodging first in the city, and later on at his patron's house. Mocenigo was thirty-four years of age, a scion of one of the noblest Venetian families, and proud of his wife and children. The ex-friar found a comfortable home in the patrician's house. From time to time he went to Padua to give private lessons to some of the pupils at the university, and to study judicial astrology. Mocenigo, who knew nothing of Giordano's early history, soon learned not only who he was, but what he was—a very bad man, a heretic, a blasphemer, and a teacher of immorality. At the end of seven or eight months, Mocenigo felt himself bound in conscience to denounce Giordano before the Inquisition. The Venetians did not take kindly to heretics. In 1564 the Council of Ten, deeming "that nothing more pleasing to Jesus Christ and to all the faithful could be done than to remove those bad men who followed particular opinions in matters of religion," ordered that all such persons should be driven out of the territory of the Republic within fifteen days, and be threatened with imprisonment and grave penalties if they returned.[1] Mocenigo's complaint was therefore duly considered, and, on May 23d, 1592, Bruno was arrested and placed in the hands of the Inquisitors. As constituted by law, these were the Nuncio Apostolic, the Patriarch, the Father Inquisitor and three nobles—*savii dell'eresia*. Without the presence of the *savii* no process was valid. Monsignor Taberna was, at the time, Nuncio. He attended the first meeting, but was absent afterwards on account of the strained political relations between Rome and Venice. Monsignor Lorenzo Priuli was Patriarch, Gabriele da Saluzzo, a Dominican, held the office of Father Inquisitor, and the three *savii* bore great names, Luigi Foscari, Sebastiano Barberigo, and Tomaso Morosini.

The trial began on May 26th with the examination of two booksellers and of Giordano, who, under oath, began the story of his life and an explanation of his theological opinions. The inquiry was continued on May 30th, June 2d, 3d, 4th, and July 30th. Besides the booksellers, a friar with whom he had conversed, and Tomaso Morosini, at whose house he had visited, were examined. A summary of Mocenigo's accusation cannot but serve to put an end to the myth, so current nowadays, that Bruno suffered because he opposed the teachings of Aristotle, and because he favored the Copernican theory. According to Mocenigo, Giordano had on various occasions told him:[2] "That it is a great blasphemy to maintain, as Catholics do, that the bread is transubstantiated into the flesh; that he (Giordano) is opposed to the Mass; that no re-

[1] See *Previti, loc. cit.*, p. 181.

[2] Berti, *loc. cit.*, pp. 377–378.

ligion pleases him; that Christ was a miserable fellow (*un tristo*), and that he did wicked things (*opera triste*) to seduce the people, that he could well have foretold that he would be hung; that there is no distinction of persons in God; and that this would be an imperfection in God; that the world is eternal, and that there are infinite worlds; that God makes infinite worlds continually, because he says that he wills all that he can; that Christ performed seeming miracles, and that he was a magician, and so were the Apostles, and that he felt that he could do as much and more than they; that Christ showed that he died unwillingly, and that he avoided death as much as possible; that there is no punishment for sins, and that created souls, by the operation of nature, pass from one animal into another, and that as the brute animals are born of corruption, so were men also, after the deluge, when they began again to be born. He stated that he wished to make himself the author of a new sect under the name of the new philosophy; he has said that the Virgin Mary could not have brought forth, and that our Catholic faith is filled with blasphemies against the majesty of God . . . ; that our opinions are asses' doctrines, that we have no proof that our faith merits in the sight of God; and that in order that we should live well, it suffices if we do not do to others that which we would not have done to ourselves, and that he laughs at all other sins, and that he wonders how God can bear so many Catholic heresies. He says that he wishes to give attention to the art of divination, and that he desires to make the whole world run after him; that St. Thomas and the other doctors knew nothing alongside of him, and that he will satisfy all the theologians in the world that they cannot answer him. Furthermore, he had stated that he fled from Rome because he was charged with throwing into the Tiber the man who accused, or whom he supposed had accused, him before the Inquisition."

In a second deposition, Mocenigo testified that Bruno told him he had been a religious, but had only taken first orders. Deposing a third time, Mocenigo stated, among other things: that Bruno said he had great hopes of the King of Navarre, and when the time came he would be a captain, and that he would not always be poor, because he would enjoy the wealth of others; that to say that God is three and one is to say an impossibility, to speak ignorantly and blasphemously against the majesty of God. At another time he said that he was quite fond of women, and that he had not yet reached the number Solomon had, and that it was a great sin for the Church to make that a sin by which nature was so well served, and that he held it as a most meritorious action.[1]

[1] Berti, *loc. cit.*, pp. 382, 383.

Giovanni declared that he finally looked upon the philosopher of nature as an *indemoniato.* Can we wonder at his coming to this very reasonable conclusion?

There is not a charge in the accusation that is unreasonable. Giordano had scattered heresies far and wide, says Berti. And he proves the truth of this statement by gathering the following heretical propositions from the two works published at Frankfurt, the "De Triplice, Minimo et Mensura" and "De Monade, Numero et Figura": "That souls pass from one body into another, from one world into another; that the same soul can inform two bodies; that magic is good and honest; that the Holy Ghost is one with the soul of the world, and this is what Moses meant when he said that the Holy Spirit diffused itself over the waters to fecundate them; that Moses performed miracles by means of magic, in which he was more expert than any of the Egyptians; that Moses himself invented his laws; that the sacred books are merely a romance; that the devil will be saved; that Adam was the father of the Hebrews only; that other men owe their origin to the progenitors that God created before Adam; that Christ is not God, he was a great magician, and that, having deluded men, he was justly hung and not crucified; that the Apostles were wicked men, magicians, and that many of them were also hung."[1] This is only a small fraction of the heresies and blasphemies that may be collected from Bruno's writings.

The record of his examination by the Venetian Inquisitors is most interesting reading. He was left free to tell his story in his own way, to explain all his teachings as seemed good to him, and to answer Mocenigo's evidence, item by item. He was advised to acknowledge his errors, whatever they were, to make his peace with God, and to determine to live a new, religious life. He was impressed with the fact that the duty of the examiners was, first of all, one of Christian charity, and that their desire was to convert him to the truth and not to punish him. In the hands of one of our clever American cross-examiners Bruno would have been sadly confused. He was a smooth-tongued, dodging, contradictory witness, and certainly a most untruthful one. Again and again did he deny that he had ever taught certain doctrines which he boldly sets forth in his works. He has one distinction, with which a reader can see that he is always saving himself. *Philosophically* he may be a heretic. He is a philosopher and professes to know little about theology. Should he be philosophically a heretic, he wishes it understood that he none the less accepts, with his whole heart and soul, all the doctrines of the Church.

[1] Berti, *loc. cit.*, pp. 297, 298.

With all this pettifogging he acknowleges that he knows that the plea of philosophical heresy, as distinguished from theological heresy, does not save a man from being a heretic. "There are," said he, at the end of the second interrogatory, "several works composed by me, and which I printed, that I do not approve, because I discoursed in them too philosophically, too shamefully, and not too like a good Christian."[1] And at the fourth and last interrogatory he not only acknowledged his errors, after a fashion, but expressed repentance and pleaded for pardon. "It may be," he said, "that, in this long course of time, I have erred in other ways, and have deviated from the Holy Church in other manners than those I have set forth, but though I have thought much about the matter, I do not recall them. I have confessed and I now confess my errors freely, and I am here in the hands of your illustrious Lordships to receive a remedy for my salvation; of my sorrow for my misdeeds I cannot say how great it is, nor sufficiently express my mind, as I would wish." Then, kneeling, he said: "I humbly beg the pardon of the Lord God, and of your illustrious Lordships, for all the errors I have committed, and I am here ready to do what your prudence may determine, and what you may judge expedient for my soul." After making a plea that, in meting out punishment to him, they will remember his cloth, he adds: "And, if life be spared me, I promise to make a notable reform in my life, which will recompense for the scandal I have given with as much edification."[2]

Before the Inquisitors had pronounced judgment, letters came from Rome demanding the extradition of Bruno on the ground that serious charges lay against him there, which he had avoided by flight. The Venetians were slow to grant this request, as they deemed it against their dignity to let a prisoner go out of their hands until the law had its full course. Finally, the procurator was consulted, and on his advice Giordano was handed over to the officers of the Roman Inquisition.

About the middle of January, 1593, Bruno reached Rome. We cannot follow the course of the Roman trial for lack of documents. The few extracts printed by Signor Berti, though not official, are probably authentic. From these we learn that on January 20th, 1600, the Inquisitors ordered that Giordano be handed over to the civil authorities as an apostate who "refused to acknowledge or to abjure the heretical propositions set forth in his writings, asserting that he had never maintained heretical propositions."[3] Probably he was burned, as Schioppius reports, though we have no legal proof of the fact. It is more than likely that the official docu-

[1] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 396. [2] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 428. [3] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 447.

ments will soon be given to the public. Only then shall we know the details of the Roman interrogatories and the truth about Bruno's punishment. From the fact that seven years of grace were accorded the "philosopher of nature," it is evident that the Roman Inquisitors, a most learned, able, and pious body of men, were as patient as ever, and that they used their best efforts to save this misguided man from the legal penalty attached to his crimes.

Modern free-thinkers, who look up to Bruno as a precursor, a prophet, an evangelist, and who pity his fate with oceans of words if not of tears, should know that his punishment was wholly in accord with his own teachings. He had a hearty detestation of those who believe in faith without works, and in the "Spaccio della Bestia" he frankly tells us how he would deal with these worse than heretics if he had his way. "Those who believe the contrary cannot only juridically, conscientiously torment them, but they should esteem it a great sacrifice to the gods and benefit to mankind to persecute them, kill them, and root them out of the land, because they are worse than caterpillars and sterile locusts and harpies."[1] And in the very next paragraph he claims: "That they deserve to be persecuted by heaven and earth, and exterminated as a plague to society; they are no more worthy of mercy than wolves, bears, and serpents, whose destruction is meritorious and worthy work; and so the more of them one removes, so much the more will he merit, inasmuch as these bring a greater plague and a greater ruin than those." After death he would have them transmigrated for hundreds of years, until finally they entered into the bodies of swine or asses. At the fourth Venetian Interrogatory he was less lengthy, but no less positive: "Those who call themselves members of the reformed religion, which is *diformatissima*, ought to be extirpated from the earth like serpents, dragons, and other pernicious animals."[2] Had Bruno been his own judge, and guided by his own logic, he could not well have avoided treating himself just as the Roman authorities treated him.

Bruno's mental abilities and moral qualities are before us. There can be no question about them. Ambitious, inordinately self-conceited and proud, loose-minded, loose-tongued, loose in morals, unprincipled, strong-willed, gifted with a rare memory, a lively fancy, a furious imagination, and an unending flow of illogical, confused, coarse, indecent language, he placed himself under no restraint other than that which appealed to his cunningly short-sighted wits. Over-measuring himself and under-measuring the world, he failed in his main object in life—to make a name at any

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[1] *Lo Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante.* Perino, Roma, 1888, p. 71.

[2] Berti, *loc. cit.*, p. 410.

cost. Fame he sought through flatteries, sensations, novelties, blasphemies, indecencies, regardless of honesty, consistency, or self-respect. It is the vogue to speak of his "system" of philosophy, though he had no system. His training and natural qualities of mind were eminently unsystematic. He was original in the sense that he adopted an unsystematic form of dealing with philosophical and theological questions. He was no more a "way-breaker" in his handling of the theory of Copernicus than in his discussion of Aristotle. Rehashing the theories of the pagans and Christians who preceded him, Bruno combined, jumbled, theory with theory. The result is not a system, but a pudding. The Germans of the Brunonian school, the school of negation, charge themselves with having found an odd plum in the pudding, and a spoiled plum is the only godsend that is recognized by free-thinking philosophers.

We have followed Giordano as he entered city after city, university after university, religion after religion. He has lectured, written, disputed, flattered, and abused others and extolled himself. Taking him at his own measure, or at the measure which Signori Bovio, Labanca, Stiavelli take of him,—and which Signor Berti, perhaps, does not take of him,—one would think that Giordano stood in the front rank of the famous men of the latter half of the 16th century. Signor Berti has a ready recipe for the making of famous men. When Bruno has temporarily settled himself in a new city, the signor compiles an "*Élite* Directory," naming and picturing all those who have gained a reputation in the political, literary, and philosophical world. These are the men with whom, perhaps, Giordano associated, says Berti, and, consequently, you can see how great a man he was. Now it is a fact that hardly one of the reputable men who really did have relations with Giordano deigned to mention his name. Even Castelnau, in whose house Bruno claims to have resided for months, and who wrote his own "Mémoires," has not a word about Giordano. Sidney and Foulke Greville are as silent as if no such man had ever come in their way. The professors and students of the many universities he attended do not know him. His Calvinist and Lutheran brethren were satisfied with an official expression of their opinion of him. His philosophic Italian co-heretics, and there were many of them, never speak of him. Neither Paolo Sarpi, whom he met at Venice, nor Alberigo Gentile, who befriended him at Wittemberg, remember him. Campanella once honored him, in a touchingly considerate way, as *quidam Nolanus*. Is it not remarkable that so great a man was so universally slighted? It is, indeed, difficult to explain. Signor Berti would explain it if he could. He does explain it by

stating the fact in these euphonious words: "*Il nome di Nolano non suonava in quel tempo al modo che suona in questo nostro!*"

Nor did the Nolan name resound as noisily as it does to-day for many a year after 1600. When we do hear it echoing through the vasty hall of time, the sound is not uncertain. The free-thinkers of every nation join in a chorus that is not flattering to the grand Giordano, though it is a beautiful tribute to the common sense of mankind. Mazzuchelli and Cromaziano speak of him contemptuously. He is a "*Ravagliacco in religione*, an illustrious fanatic."[1] "I defy the most acute mind to penetrate his system, and the most patient of men to read it. Everthing is enfolded in dark and mysterious words of which he himself probably did not understand the meaning." So Brücker wrote in the "*Historia Philosophiæ.*"[2] Bailly in the "History of Modern Astronomy" declares that Bruno knew just enough of astronomy to teach the Sphere; and Barbieri, in the "Notices of Neapolitan Mathematicians and Astronomers," puts him down as a "hysteric." Giannoni, a historian who stands well with the Italians of the new order, dismisses Bruno as a "visionary." "Only love for science and a special affection for our unfortunate *massimo* philosopher can carry one through the tedious text," says Signor Spavento,[3] who has himself tediously labored to make a *massimo* Italian philosopher out of a terrible bore. Hegel, who is reputed to have been Giordano's debtor, repaid him cleverly with this acute saying: There was something of the bacchant in Bruno. And here is Gioberti pressing his weighty hand on Giordano and charging that he, with Pompanazzi and Cardano, "universally discredited the speculative sciences." Do we wonder that the men of the 16th century dismissed this sort of a philosopher with silent contempt? And shall we not wonder greatly that men of any age should try to foist themselves into notoriety on his crooked shoulders?

The substance of the fancies, assumptions, futilities, which make up the so-called Nolan philosophy, is not to be misunderstood. "His teaching, even according to his warmest apologists, was merely a blending of materialism and pantheism," to quote His Grace of New York.[4] "His writings prove him an adept in pantheism and in shameful materialism," says Pope Leo XIII. in the Allocution of June 30th. Every page of Bruno's books witnesses to the truth of these statements. Whether we consult the learned Mr. Bayle or such recent historians and philosophers as Ueberweg and Stöckl, we find a common agreement as to the ex-Calvinist's

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[1] Berti, note; p. 349.
[2] Quoted by Previti, *Giordano Bruno e i suoi tempi*, p. 274.
[3] See Previti, *loc. cit.*, p. 284.
[4] *Pastoral Letter*, 1889, p. 6.

philosophy. "The hypothesis of Bruno," writes Bayle, "is at bottom that of Spinoza, both extravagant pantheists. Between these two atheists the only difference is in the method, Bruno using that of the rhetoricians, Spinoza that of the geometricians. Bruno threw aside precision. He used a figurative language which often covers up the ideas. The hypothesis of both surpasses the sum of all possible extravagances. It is the most monstrous theory imaginable, the most absurd, the most diametrically opposed to all the most evident ideas of our intellect."[1] M. Bayle was at one time looked up to as a very considerable free-thinker. It would, nevertheless, please him, perhaps, to find himself agreeing about Giordano with an American Archbishop and a most enlightened modern Pope.

Was Bruno an original thinker? The adepts in the philosophy of nature assure us that he was so original that he supplied all the great moderns with the germinating seed of their systems. Leibnitz, Hobbes, Schelling, Fichte, Hegel, Lessing, Condorcet, Herder, even Darwin and Moleschott are the philosophic offspring of the great Giordano. It is interesting to read Mr. Bayle's views: "His claim to have set aside the theories of the Peripatetics is absurd. The very contrary can be proven from his books. He owed much to Aristotle and to Plato, everything to one or another ancient philosopher, and nothing, or very little, to himself."[2] Berti and even Stiavelli concede as much, though the latter is more proud of the fact than is the former.

And yet to this second-hand "excubitator" of worn-out theories, "the most monstrous imaginable, the most absurd, the most diametrically opposed to all the most evident ideas of our intellect," a statue has been raised with rejoicings. As the Pope so recently said, "it is not his noble deeds, his signal services to his country," that made Bruno worthy of this honor. "His talents were to feign, to lie, to be devoted solely to himself, not to bear contradiction, to flatter, to be of a base mind and wicked heart." Was it for these reasons that an international committee glorified him? Implicity, yes; but explicity the reason was, because "his one claim to distinction was hatred of Christ our Lord, hatred of the religion which He founded, and of His representative on earth."[3] The statue exemplifies, and is intended to exemplify, a politico-religious idea. Minister Crispi is as outspoken as Signor Bovio or Signor Stiavelli. Christianity is to be removed from the face of the earth as cleanly as Bruno would have removed his fellow-Lutherans and Calvinists. The struggle has been going on for fifteen centuries, according to

[1] *Dict. Hist. art Brunus;* quoted by Previti, *loc. cit.*, p. 273.

[2] Quoted by Previti, *loc. cit.*, p. 278.

[3] *Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of New York*, 1889, p. 6.

Signor Crispi. At length the day of victory has dawned. In the place of Christianity we shall have the religion of the philosophy of nature, with no priesthood, no prophets, no temples, and no creed except that of universal free thought.[1] The "dominant hypocrisies" will be put down. All men shall enter into the Church of the universe, whence no man shall be excommunicated. The centre of this Church will be Rome; a Rome without any dogma other than the concordant thought of the nations. Vivified by the philosophy, the ideals, of Bruno, all the people "will at length see what thou seest, O Nolan."[2] This religion has at the present time a government to aid it, the Italian government. Why does it encourage the religion of nature, of Bruno? Signor Stiavelli knows. It is that "clericalism" may be overthrown, that every chance of a conciliation with the "obscurantist Vatican" may be removed, and that "the war that is being waged against it may be more conscious and more formidable."[3] A government of force is to lead mankind to its rational end by means of the "philosophy of nature."

The bitterness, the audacity, the want of conscience of the men who have inaugurated this war, is made apparent by the monument they have raised; a monument which is a sign of shame to the Christian world. Still more, however, is it a sign of the weakness of the enemies of Christianity. The Church of God is not to be overcome by those who fight under the banner of Satan, nor is the Papacy to be crushed by politicians whose model is a scorner of womankind, a teacher of untruth, a scoffer at all law, human and Divine.

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[1] *Parole per l'Inaugurazione*—Giovanni Bovio. [2] *Parole*, etc., p. 31.
[3] Preface to *Lo Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, p. 2.

MONSIGNOR CORCORAN.

TWENTY years ago the Church in America could thank God for the possession of three great men, of whom any country in the world might well be proud. They were Brownson, Hecker and Corcoran—our great philosopher, our great missionary, and our living encyclopædia of sacred learning. Now we are lamenting the death of the last of this illustrious trio, and no wonder if we regard the loss as irreparable. Upon one after another of these three tombs have been laid the tributes of reverent admiration and profound sorrow. And to none of the three has the tribute been paid more lovingly and more universally than to Monsignor Corcoran.

The sunny Southland, to which he was ever so loyally attached, laments his loss, and numbers him among her noblest sons. Charleston enshrines his memory undyingly amid that galaxy of wonderful men, grouped around the immortal Bishop England, who have given her so enviable a place in the annals of the Church's first century in this country. Many a grateful heart in the two Carolinas bears testimony to-day to the fatherly gentleness, the untiring patience, the heroic self-sacrifice with which, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, amid sufferings and want and dangers of every kind, he did all his duty as a true priest to the flock of Christ. Many an humble child of God can tell with tearful thanks with what simplicity and assiduity he ministered to both their bodily and their spiritual wants, even when already his great learning had made him noted throughout the world.

Countless priests in every part of the country are lamenting the translation from among us of the great scholar whose name has been for so many years a household word in every home of sacred science throughout the land; who towered so high in his peerless intellectual pre-eminence that it was no disparagement of any one else to call him the most learned man in America, and who, out of the vast store-house of his knowledge, was ever ready with winsome simplicity and fraternal sympathy to give forth in response to every question and every need. It was an unspeakable comfort to have such a treasury ever at hand to draw from at any time, and it is an unutterable sorrow and incalculable loss to have its doors barred to us forever by the angel of death.

To the Bishops of the country he was an invaluable counsellor, a sort of court of last appeal in all matters calling for the clearest and surest learning. Sadly will they miss him in their Plenary

Councils, where his presence was ever expected as a matter of course, where his familiar portly form was as welcome to every eye as the matchless cadences of his Latinity were musical to every ear, where it was a pleasure even to listen to the minutes of a meeting when Dr. Corcoran read them, and where fullest security might be felt as to the perfect finish of the acts and decrees when his hand was to give them their final shape.

Not to the Bishops of our country alone, but to the Bishops of the world does the news of his death come with mournful import. Some of them still live to remember the American student of the Propaganda who, more than forty years ago, bore off the intellectual palm from all the rival students of the world in the Eternal City, and with a modesty which won their affection, while his powers of mind commanded their admiration. And still more will recall the American theologian of the Vatican Council, who, amid that unparalleled assemblage of the world's picked men, was advanced by the sheer force of his marvellous learning to the very forefront of those great minds, and into the narrowest inner circle of the most renowned theologians, on whom rested the responsibility of ultimately formulating the most important matters that were to engage the attention of the Council, and to constitute its immortal decrees.

How glad he was to take refuge from all this publicity and responsibility in the pleasant and congenial home which Providence had prepared for him in the Seminary of St. Charles at Overbrook! And how fondly will the hundreds of students, who have gone through its courses these nearly twenty years past, cherish the memory of the imcomparable teacher whose lessons it was their good fortune to receive! Never will they forget "the old Doctor," in form and feature so like to the Angel of the Schools, whom he seemed to them to rival in depth and extent and accuracy of erudition. Highly privileged they were, indeed, to have been the disciples of so wonderfully learned and so every way lovable a master. And great and inconsolable may their sorrow naturally be, that they can hear his words of wisdom and of kindness no more.

But most heavily of all, we may well believe, must his loss be felt by this American Catholic Quarterly Review, whose head and guide and animating spirit he had been ever since its inception. No one can have forgotten the characteristic modesty with which he said, in his "Salutatory":

"We are not without misgivings, either as to the arduous nature, or the probable success of our undertaking. We wish that some consciousness of power might enable us to say with the Roman

orator, '*neque illud ipsum, quod est optimum, desperandum est; et in præstantibus rebus magna sunt ea, quae sunt optimis proxima.*' But, at least, we may say with the Umbrian poet:

'*In magnis et voluisse sat est.*'"

And no one surely can doubt that the aspiration and the hope have been fully realized. The reputation of his name at once placed the QUARTERLY in the front rank of learned periodical literature; and during the fourteen years of its existence, his matchless ability, joined with his quiet but untiring energy, has kept it in its high place with honor. The articles from his pen would of themselves suffice to make the reputation of any review. Whatever the nature of the subject that he had to treat, it served to show his phenomenal acquaintance with every department of learning, and with nearly everything of value that has ever been written on any topic of importance. What other men would have to seek on the shelves of their libraries, he seemed to have systematically stored up in his ample mind, under the custody of a never-failing memory. He seemed never at a loss for needed information, how recondite soever it might be. And amid the treasures of his erudition his judgment sat, not blindfolded, but clear and keen of sight, with balance and sword like those of Justice herself in their truth and impartiality. Of his articles it could always be said: "No one but Dr. Corcoran could have written this."

His power of expression, too, was as exceptional as the extent of his knowledge was wonderful. Naturally endowed with an exquisite artistic taste, and trained by his years in classic Italy to a just appreciation of faultlessness of form, it seemed natural to him to clothe the noblest thoughts in the noblest and fittest words. The great masters of style in all ages and all tongues were to him like familiar friends, and, in their abiding companionship, the grander the thoughts that possessed his mind, the purer and more majestic naturally grew the diction which sought to give them utterance. The style of Dr. Corcoran, united to such learning as his, was, to use his own beautiful expression, "like the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Phidias."

Not a few have wondered that a man of his powers should have limited himself to the field of periodical literature, instead of writing books that would have been worthy monuments of his genius and lasting blessings to mankind. Many a time was he affectionately chided for it. But with a quiet smile he would answer: "The world has more books than it knows what to do with, and it needs no books from me." In fact, the helpful instinct of his priestly office ever found its prompting in the present needs of his genera-

tion. His literary life, besides, received its direction when, soon after his ordination, he was called upon to carry on the work so grandly inaugurated by Bishop England, of answering with ever-ready tongue and pen the honest questions and the dishonest sophisms of the erring and hungry souls around him. The nervous, anxious mind of our age, constantly doubting, constantly questioning, and urging its doubts and its questions in ever-changing shapes, requires that the providential expositors of God's truth should be ever on the alert, quick to meet the turn and the shape of each day's needs. Hence the writings of men like Newman and Manning, men raised up to be great powers in their generation, have scarcely at all been works of closet study, deliberate efforts at book-making, but have been called forth as present answers to urgent questions and instant needs, and embody, as it were, not only great truths, but the history of the generation to which they were uttered. Such, too, was the vocation of Dr. Corcoran; hence his life-work lay mostly in the periodical literature of his day.

When, therefore, Divine Providence was pleased to call our great reviewer, Dr. Brownson, from the literary post which he had so superbly held for a quarter of a century, all eyes turned instinctively to Dr. Corcoran as the one man in America who could take his place. How well he fulfilled the expectations all tongues are now proclaiming.

Hardly indeed could two men be more dissimilar in natural qualities than these two illustrious writers. Their characters were as different as their faces—Brownson's, lion-like in eager aggressiveness and force; Corcoran's, the very embodiment of gentle repose and unruffled calm. But we may believe that the contrast came even less from temperament than from the different tenor of their intellectual lives. Beautifully has Dr. Corcoran himself described the contrast in his obituary of the veteran reviewer, picturing with a master-hand the mental storm and struggle which left their lasting imprint on Brownson's every lineament, and breathed in his manner and his words: "How toilsome and desolate was the road over which he travelled, none can adequately feel but he who has trod the same dreary path, and can judge from his own experience. Those born to the inheritance, and brought up in the household of faith, can form no just conception of it. He that stands safely on the shore watching the struggles of the mariner, who is a prey to the fury of winds and waves, and in imminent danger of being swallowed up, far from enjoying the sight like the heartless worldling of Lucretian philosophy, may pity the sufferer and pray for his rescue; but he never can realize the mental agony

of him who is battling for life against such fearful odds. His own sense of security is a barrier to *sympathy* in the full, original sense of the word, which implies fellowship in suffering. Thus it is with the Catholic who dwells in the house built upon a rock by no human hand, and from under its shelter looks out upon the unhappy crowd, with no guiding star but private judgment, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and in hourly danger of spiritual shipwreck."

Here we have the secret of Brownson's storminess and of Corcoran's placidity. Born as he was into the inheritance of the fulness of truth, drinking it into his soul as naturally as he breathed the air, and finding in it fullest satisfaction for every need of mind and heart, there could scarcely be expected in him the hungry craving to find it, and then the burning eagerness to make it known to others, which naturally characterized converts like Brownson and Hecker. Their genius, so long and sadly acquainted with intellectual darkness and groping and difficulty and struggle, naturally found its place amid the blinding dust and toilsome strife where so many needed the help and guidance which their experience fitted them to bestow. Corcoran's intellect, on the contrary, was like some vast cathedral, inviting the weary wayfarer to enter its open portals, that his tired brain might find rest in its calm depths, that his harassed soul might taste peace and hope in all its hallowed surroundings, in the consciousness that it is indeed the home of grace and truth.

No wonder that his predilections led him especially to the study of the Holy Scriptures. It was to him a sweet relief to turn from the babbling tongues of men to the deep eternal truth of the Word of God. He knew thoroughly all the writings and all the schools of the philosophers and the theologians; he was well acquainted with the theories and disputations of ancient and of modern times. But he took little pleasure in them, for all that was true and good in them he found in far nobler shape in the Inspired Word. To that same sublimest of studies most of his other wonderful acquirements were directed. Thus, among the many languages which he knew, his favorite was Syriac, because of its supplying the best key to the understanding of the Bible.

Next to his love of the Holy Scriptures was his interest in whatever concerned the life of the Church of Christ. His acquaintance with all the details of ecclesiastical history was simply prodigious. A glance at any of his articles on Church History must astonish one by the erudition shown in text and foot-notes. His article on "The Papal Power and Roman Forgeries" (July, 1877) would alone suffice to stamp him as one of the foremost historical scholars of our age.

And when from these works of God in the order of grace he turned to the works of God in the material creation, as he loved to do, the same profundity of intellect always characterized him. He could not linger among the noisy crowd of scientists wrangling about the external phenomena of nature; he longed to plunge into her inner depths and study the great laws given her by Him who hath ordered all her realms "according to number and weight and measure." He was one of the best mathematicians in America; and when his brain was tired of schools and councils and the ways of men, he loved to refresh it with long excursions into the calm, soundless regions of the pure mathematics.

When with so exquisitely moulded and so marvellously equipped a mind Dr. Corcoran came to the work of a reviewer, it was natural to expect that all his writings, while radiant with superior learning, should be redolent of the calmness of his intellect and the tenderness of his heart. And so they were. But beneath it all there slumbered a leonine strength, which, when occasion demanded, could be terrible in the manifestations of its anger and its power. His great love of truth and justice rendered him unsparing in his scorn for what he considered untruth or injustice. When especially deceit and fraud laid their touch on the Word of God or the Church of Christ, then his honest indignation made him pitiless in exposing and denouncing the wrong. "There is," he wrote, "an inexorable logic of facts, in the presence of which Christian charity loses all her resources, and must yield the contest. She may weep, but she can utter no word of defence. She is stricken dumb by the sentence of her own Divine Master: "*Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos.*"[1] On such occasions he rivalled St. Jerome in power of withering denunciation, for he felt that no mercy should be shown to those who showed no mercy to the souls they were deluding. To such vehemence we can well apply what he wrote of Brownson's fierce earnestness: "It was the storm-wind proclaiming in clear, loud, defiant blast what might have been conveyed in gentler tones . . . None can doubt that he was prompted solely by his strong convictions and zeal for the truth."

But when, from any side of intellectual wanderings and any form of error, he beheld honest souls struggling, no matter how weakly or how hopelessly, for the truth, then the gladness of his charitable heart gushed forth in words like these: "Science has brought them—shall we say to our feet? God forbid that we should indulge in such idle, sinful boast! No! but it has led them, willing captives, to kneel at the feet of truth. And for such result, though

[1] *Protestant Interest in Patristic Literature*, April, 1888.

it come not up to the full measure of our hopes and prayers, we heartily thank God."[1]

A character like Dr. Corcoran's is naturally incapable of human respect. In what concerned truth and justice, no considerations of person or position could dim the clearness of his judgment or warp its calm equilibrium. Human experience has abundantly demonstrated how difficult it is to reconcile such clear-sighted and impartial candor with the requirements of prudence and charity. The lives of men like St. Cyprian and St. Jerome showed that even the holiest and noblest souls may sometimes fail in the adjustment. It could hardly, therefore, be expected that in Dr. Corcoran's long and varied career no failures of the kind should have occurred. But who could be angry with a man like him? Or who would not rather have his reproof than the praise of ordinary critics? And who could, for a moment, doubt the honesty of his intentions and the Christian charity of his heart? Or who could think of imputing to him any haughtiness or any want of due regard or of becoming reverence? Of these admirable qualities we might cite many instances, but it will suffice to mention his review of the "Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich" (July, 1885). This article may well be considered a typical specimen of his work. It is a charming unconscious manifestation of his own character, as well as an analysis of that of the blessed ecstatica and her biographers. The historical and theological sides of the biography call forth an admirable display of his almost unbounded erudition, while his treatment of its spiritual side gives a delightful insight into the depth of his own piety, the enlightened simplicity of his faith, and the tenderness of his relish for the sweetness of the Lord. But when he comes to the disparaging statements concerning Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi attributed to the holy woman, his whole soul rises up in protest, for here, as a scholar, he sees historical injustice, and, as a Christian, shrinks from an unsaintly lack of reverence for God's anointed ones. "If," he exclaims, "we really believed that Sister Emmerich had uttered such un-Christian language, we should feel disposed to treat her words as the hysterical ravings of a pious, nonsensical woman. But we believe nothing of the kind." With keen theological and literary analysis he distinguishes between the holy woman's thoughts and the coloring given them by her biographers, Brentano and Father Schmoeger. "The poet and the Redemporist," he says, "though most excellent men, like all children of Adam, have their human weakness, and, without detriment to their character and reputation, may be

[1] *The Latest of the Revisions*, July, 1881.

suspected of occasionally allowing their zeal to outrun their judgment; but nothing of the kind can be suspected of a pure, holy soul that communes with the invisible world, and stands face to face, as it were, with angels and saints and Deity itself. In that presence she could never forget the precepts of Christian charity, nor lose sight of God's commandment to Israel: '*principi populi tui ne maledixeris.*'" How admirable the lesson, and how beautifully taught! Would that poor human frailty might always observe it faithfully.

Another of his writings which tells as much of the writer as of his topic, and gives delightful insight into the sanctuary of his inner thoughts and hopes and aspirations, is his article on the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII. concerning the philosophy of St. Thomas (October, 1879). How his heart must have been stirred to unwonted depths by this utterance of the great Pontiff, that he should thus burst forth: "We can only raise our hands in silent wonder, joy, and thanksgiving, as we listen to those words of matchless eloquence which enhance, instead of impairing, the ardor and persuasiveness of reasoning and exhortation in which the Teacher and Father of the faithful pours out his whole soul to his children." Then with the pen of a master he sets forth the relation and agreement between the intellectual attitude of Pius IX. and that of Leo XIII., refuting with unanswerable logic the imputation that there was any conflict between the two. In like manner he shows the perfect accord between the spirit of the Pope and that of the great theological schools of our day, especially that of the illustrious Society of Jesus, whose greatest writers have ever gloried in being disciples of the Angelic Doctor. Then with characteristic lucidity he sketches the history of philosophy, and shows how its confusion of unstable and misleading theories can mainly be traced to departure from the grand philosophical principles and matchless logical method of this prince of the scholastics. Next, in some splendid pages, he dwells upon the poetical genius and literary dignity of St. Thomas, and, in refutation of the charge that he is unintelligible, contrasts his thought and style with that of the great German philosophers, and concludes: "If you are disposed to be candid, you will confess that, compared with them, St. Thomas is like the noonday sun compared with Cimmerian gloom." Finally, glancing at the warfare against Divine truth ever waged by Satan and by human pride of intellect, and which they are likely to maintain until the end of the world, he asks: "But may not some important results, in the interest of revealed religion and human society, be confidently looked for from the weighty and well pondered action of our Holy Father?" And he answers with this

admirable passage, which is a revelation of his own mind, and which we pray may prove prophetic: "We think there is every hope of it; and that the whole body of philosophical doctrines and the style in which they are taught will be, if not entirely regenerated, purified at least in great measure, and elevated from their present unsatisfactory and degraded condition. The Infernal Serpent will lose a great deal of the influence he now wields over the souls of men, since he set himself up and was accepted as their teacher. His reign in the schools of philosophy and pretentious false science will be stripped of its supports and consequently shorn of its present power, and a goodly amount of that deceitful crop of wicked opinions and teachings, with which the fields of literature and philosophy are now wild and rank, will be unsparingly swept away by the hand of time and of reason when she will have regained her true place and just prerogative. And thus will be verified, in part at least, that happy event which the great poet, drawing evidently from something higher and nobler than Pagan sources, predicts as a necessary consequence of that better age, to which our hearts are now looking forward with fond hope and lively expectation:

> "Occidet et Serpens, et fallax herba veneni
> Occidet."

Here he has not only given us his profoundest conviction and his fondest hope, but has revealed to us the motive and inspiration of his life, and the providential lesson which it was meant to teach our generation. It needs no deep research to recognize that Monsignor Corcoran was so wonderfully endowed by Divine Providence in order that he might bestow on the Church and on humanity that honor and those advantages which only great learning in a noble soul is capable of imparting. Other men might possess, even in greater degree, one or another of the amiable or the useful qualities for which he is rightly praised. But none of these, nor all of them together, could give to the ministry of Divine Truth that special glory conferred by the aureola of superior learning, illumined by the gifts of wisdom, understanding, counsel and knowledge, which form so large a part of the treasures of the Holy Ghost. And none of them, nor all of them together, could so well and nobly serve mankind as does such a beacon-light lifted up to enlighten the dark and dangerous paths of human thought and life. The need of such guidance to our generation is becoming daily greater, as intellectual keenness and activity steadily increase. Amid the new adjustments everywhere working out in human life, new problems and difficulties will constantly be more and more

loudly calling for all the light that broadest learning and deepest philosophic insight, guided by the fulness of Revelation, can shed for their wise and safe solution. Precious and indispensable and worthy of all honor as is the daily toil of the shepherds of the flock, yet in the face of needs and dangers and wiles of sophism such as the next generation is surely to meet in hitherto unparalleled profusion, the intellectual might of a man like Monsignor Corcoran is a power beneath which all are glad to take refuge, is an aid to which all look instinctively, is a treasure and a blessing for which flock and pastors and prelates are all equally grateful. And when such a life is taken away, as it must be at last, by the hand of death, its moral abides with us, to spur on to bravest efforts and noblest results those whom Providence has called to be in his stead the expounders of truth to the millions who need it.

In many a young heart, we trust, that noble ambition is budding to-day. The glorious Pontiff whose words made Monsignor Corcoran's heart leap with such unwonted joy and pour forth such strains of hope and prophecy, is still appealing by word and by example to all whom God has destined to bless mankind. With unerring hand he points out to them the fields of Scripture, of history, and of philosophy, in which the soul of our great scholar loved to revel, and with stirring accents exhorts them to grow perfect in these, if they wish to do worthy work for God and for men. The voice of the immortal Leo will surely not be unheeded, and the example of him whose loss all now deplore will render doubly persuasive the words of the Vicar of Christ. The Divine guidance, which fits the action of the Church and her children to the exigencies of each succeeding age, will not fail to characterize her second century in our country with an intellectual advance which will give her the position and the influence through which alone she can fulfil her evident mission in our country's future. And every hand that toils for the blessed result, will find courage and inspiration in the heroic men who have prepared the way before them.

No one man has been left to take the place of either Brownson or Hecker or Corcoran. But each of them, it may be hoped, has left not only a lasting influence, but a school to emulate his example and to carry on his work. It may be long, indeed, ere our country shall boast of such a philosopher, such a missionary, and such a scholar. But hundreds of willing and eager disciples may do even more and better work than was done in their day by these towering geniuses. And their prayers will help us on.

Scientific Chronicle.

THE WEEMS ELECTRICAL RAILWAY.

During the past year experiments have been made at Laurel, a small village on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about midway between Baltimore and Washington, to test the efficiency of a new system of electric locomotion devised by Mr. David G. Weems, of Baltimore. The trials have been very satisfactory, a speed equivalent to three miles a minute on a level tract having been attained. Such a result, together with the safety with which the trains can be run and the perfect control under which they are at each moment in their journey, show that the system is eminently practical, and have led to the formation of the Electro-Automatic Transit Company of Baltimore. This company has secured patents for its appliances in all parts of the world, and expect soon to begin work on a road that will show the capabilities of the new system. The experiments at Laurel were chiefly directed to the method to be adopted in carrying the mail, parcels, and perishable light freight. A train will consist of the motor, mail, and express cars. The wheels, motors, and other appliances are all enclosed within the walls of the cars. The motor car is pointed in front, the wedge or point being below the longitudinal axis. The mail car is telescoped into the end of the motor car, the first express car into the mail car, and each succeeding car into the one preceding, the last car terminating in a wedge similar to that on the front of the motor. The motor car is pointed to adjust it to the air pressure, which is thus utilized in keeping the car on the track. The object of enclosing all appliances within the walls of the cars and of telescoping the train, is to present an unbroken surface to the air and reduce atmospheric friction to a minimum. The pointing of the rear end of the rear car prevents suction as the train rushes on. The motor car is eighteen feet long and two and one-half feet square. The track is a twenty-four inch gauge, and will be built on the surface of the ground, except in thickly settled districts, where the road will be elevated. The electricity will be generated at a central station and carried to the motor by the rails. These rails are of peculiar construction, so arranged that the same rail carries the outgoing current and returns the same, so that pedestrians and vehicles can cross the track with perfect safety. These central stations will probably be about one hundred miles apart, as one electrical plant is supposed to be able to supply sufficient current fifty miles each way. There will be no attendants on board the train, which will be under the complete control of the station master, who will be informed by electrical signals of the precise position of the train at every point along its journey.

The train can be perfectly controlled from the central station, the operator in charge being able to start, to stop, and to back the train, to increase or decrease the power as ascending or descending grades require.

These points have all been brought out at the experimental station at Laurel. Here the experimental line is a circuit of exactly two miles. On this short route there are twenty-nine changes of grade, one amounting to one hundred and eight feet in a mile. On this track and around a heavy curve a speed of two miles per minute has been attained, which on a level road is equivalent to one hundred and eighty miles an hour. The advantages of such a system and the new fields of usefulness it will undoubtedly open up, cannot at present be fully realized. Mail will be delivered almost with the promptness of the telegraph. A letter sent from New York in the evening will be delivered in Omaha next morning. The business of the Post-Office and of the express companies will be multiplied. Interest will be saved on remittances at long distances, and new activity will be infused into every part of the country by bringing the smaller cities and towns, and the now isolated portions of the country, into closer relations with the active business centres of the nation. The company has secured one hundred and forty-three patents, covering all the important details of the system. Among these patents is one for a passenger road to be run on somewhat the same plan. Experiments in this direction will be made at Garden City, Long Island. It has been stated that during the exhibition of 1892, Mr. Weems expects to run passenger trains from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-five minutes. All this shows the immense strides being made in the application of electricity, especially in our own country.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION.

The National Electric Light Association held its tenth convention at Niagara Falls on August 6th, 7th, and 8th. There were about two hundred and twenty members present, and many valuable papers were read and thoroughly discussed. President E. R. Weeks, in the opening address to the convention, drew a bright picture of the present condition of electrical industries. He spoke of the steady increase in the arc light business, and of the growing commercial value of the alternating current, due especially to the invention of metres and motors suitable for such a current. These metres are of great value, for the customer feels more confident if he knows that his commodity is being measured. The president pointed out a bright future for electrical industries from the fact that our apparatus was in demand in Europe; our schools, colleges, and large electrical companies were paying more attention to electrical education, and, as a consequence, "with greater efficiency in apparatus, better trained men and more intelligent management, depreciation will be reduced, the conservatism of investors toward electrical

securities will disappear, and capital will seek us." But the greatest activity at present is in the transmission of power. Here the electric motor is working a revolution. But while Mr. Weeks dilated on these points he called attention to the criticism of European engineers on our street and station construction, which he considers just. More improved methods in station construction would do much to harmonize the electrical and insurance interests, which was a subject of discussion during the convention.

The superiority of the incandescent light was commented upon, but owing to the fact that the residual products in the manufacture of gas have such great commercial value, the incandescent light cannot compete with it in matter of price. The statistics presented by the president show well the present status of the interests represented at the convention. During the last six months the number of arc lamps in use in the United States increased from 219,924 to 237,017; the incandescent lamps from 2,504,490 to 2,704,768. The number of street railroads operated by electricity is now 109, comprising 575 miles of track and 936 motor cars. The capital now invested in these enterprises is $275,000,000.

Mr. A. R. Foote's paper on "The Value of Economic Data to the Electric Industry" was very able, and heartily approved during the discussion, as it touched a vital point, in fact, the very object for which the association was formed. The electric industry is based on the application of the discoveries of science, and its successful carrying on will depend upon reading experience aright. This latter cannot be done unless a careful and systematic record be kept of the cost, maintenance, durability, and efficiency of each piece of electrical or mechanical apparatus. These records should be kept at all central stations, and so collated that each manager could profit by the experience of all the others. Manufacturers who watch carefully over their inventions could often suggest how their special apparatus could be run to greater advantage, and from these data could learn where and how to perfect their inventions. This would all tend to give the user a better article at a lower price, and thus widen the demand for the commodity. It would, moreover, bear fruit in other directions. A higher grade of workmanship would be required on the part of the inventor, engineer, and mechanic, and to produce these more perfect machines a more thorough knowledge of electricity would be demanded. Thus the practice begotten of the theory reacts upon it, demanding further development that present applications may be perfected and new fields of usefulness developed.

Mr. M. D. Law's paper on "The Perfect Arc Central Station" contained much valuable information on the construction and running of a central station. The report by Mr. Alexander on "Harmonizing Electrical and Insurance Interests" insisted on the improvement of the electric services in general, and the better education of workmen that electric stations may not be considered the great risks they have been in the past.

The paper on the "Constitutionality of Execution by Electricity"

was followed by quite a lively discussion, during which the general sentiment of those present was clearly expressed. They claim, and with good reason, that killing by electricity is a cruel and unusual punishment, and therefore violates the constitutions of the different States. Moreover, electricity, to be a killing agent, should be a certain one, and this has not, as yet, been clearly established, as there are numerous cases on record of men who took very powerful electric currents and who recovered, but withstood the current at the expense of intense torture. Electric firms are opposed to it on the ground that if the law goes into effect it will bring odium on their profession and diminish the demand for electricity; for people will not introduce electric wires into their houses, as they might at any moment come in contact with the instrument that deals death to the criminal.

The paper by Mr. William Bracken on "Electric Traction by Storage Batteries," and that on "Dynamo Room Accessories," by M. C. C. Haskins, contained valuable data of interest to all those present. The papers by Mr. G. W. Mansfield and Mr. E. P. Roberts on "Electric Railways" and "The Electric Transmission of Power," are probably the best on these subjects ever presented to any association in this country.

In fact, the whole work of the conference shows the rapid progress making in the application of electricity, and the effect it is bound to have in raising the standard of scientific education.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF CABLE TELEGRAPHY.

All know that the relays and sounder used on land lines are too coarse to be worked by the delicate electric impulses sent through an ocean cable. Hence messages sent through the Atlantic cable are not read by sound, as are land messages in this country, but by the oscillations of a pencil of light reflected from a sensitive Thomson galvanometer. This galvanometer consists of a small light piece of steel suspended by a very fine silk fibre in the centre of a coil of insulated copper wire. There is a small mirror attached to this piece of steel, which reflects a beam of light to the centre of a scale placed three or four feet from the galvanometer. The operator sending a message to such a receiver uses two keys, one connected to a positive and the other to a negative battery. A current sent by one key causes the piece of steel to rotate in one direction and produces a deflection of the beam of light, say to the right, sending a current by the other key turns the beam of light to the left. Thus, by these alternate deflections, a system of signals is formed corresponding to the familiar dots and dashes of the telegraph service. By this, the most rapid cable system, an average speed of about fifteen words a minute is secured. This low rate is due to an electrical phenomenon that occurs in the cable while the operator is sending his message. The cable, with its core of twisted wires forming a strong conductor, which is encased in a coating of good insulating material,

the whole bound with hempen twine and armor wires to protect it, is familiar to all. It is evident, then, that as the cable contains a metallic core which is separated by an insulator from the outside metallic coating, and from the water, which is a good conductor of electricity, it is practically a Leyden jar. Now, if one coating of a Leyden jar be charged positively, the other will charge negatively by induction. So as soon as an electric current is sent into the cable an opposite current is induced on the outside. The effect of this exterior current is to weaken the current passing through the core, and induce a static charge which, when the cable is put to earth, as is done after each impulse, runs out at both extremities of the cable, prolonging the signal at the receiving station and opposing the entrance of the next electrical impulse at the sending station. Now, if the operator waits for the complete static discharge. cabling becomes unprofitable, and if he sends the next impulse before the static charge has run out, it will be delayed by this counter-current, thus reducing the speed of telegraphing. It is to overcome this difficulty and increase the speed of sending messages with the present receivers, and with the hope of introducing the Morse sounder, so that cable messages may be read by sound, that Mr. P. B. Delany devised and presents his improved system. Here the operator does not use two keys to send the message, but an ordinary Morse sender so that any operator may work a cable. By means of an ingenious mechanical device two electrical impulses of the same sign are never sent into the cable in succession. But when the key is pressed down and an impulse sent through the wire, a contact is automatically made with the opposite pole of a condenser, and when the key is raised a charge enters the cable which neutralizes the static charge induced by the first impulse and clears the way for the next signal. By means of this system, Mr. Delany, experimenting on the cable which connects Duxbury, Mass., and St. Pierre, Island of Miquelon, a distance of eight hundred and seventy-eight miles, found that messages could be received very well by sound at the rate of twenty words per minute. At the rate of twenty-four words per minute the work was not so satisfactory, but this was due to the fact that the telegrapher receiving the message did not understand the adjusting of the relay used on that occasion. Mr. Delany is confident that this line can be worked well at the rate of thirty words per minute. This is a great improvement, for during the last twelve years repeated experiments were made to receive messages by sound over this cable, and three or four words per minute was the highest speed attained. Whether the method of receiving by sound be adopted or not, the system can be employed with the present Thomson reflecting galvanometer or the Thomson recorder, and the efficiency of the cable will be at least doubled.

QUARTZ FIBRES.

The physicist is continually using electrometers, galvanometers, torsion balances, and similar instruments for measuring almost inappreciable

forces. The more accurate these measurements the better the laws of nature are understood, and the greater the advance made in science. The usual way of determining these small forces is by opposing them with known delicate forces so as to produce equilibrium. The torsion of delicate fibres is the known force generally employed, and the way of working may be gathered by a short illustration. I hold in my hand a small magnet, too weak to raise a small fragment of iron which rests upon the table, but still I can determine its strength in a very simple way. Suspending a straw in a horizontal position by means of a delicate fibre, I place the fragment of iron upon the straw. When the straw is at rest, I bring the magnet near it, and the action of the magnet upon the iron will cause the straw to turn through a considerable angle and hold it there against the torsion of the fibre. Knowing the torsion of the fibre, I know, as a consequence, the magnetic force which balances it.

Up to the present the chief torsion fibres experimented with have been spun glass and silk, the latter being universally adopted in the most exact instruments.

Spun glass is about the $\frac{1}{1000}$th of an inch in diameter, and would be an ideal torsion thread were it not for its want of elasticity. So imperfect is its elasticity that if a small mirror be suspended by a glass fibre and deflected two or three times in the same direction, a beam of light reflected from the mirror will not come back to the original point of rest, and successive deflections vary this point of rest still more, so that it is impossible to tell what the point of rest is, and as a consequence impossible to determine the torsion.

The natural cocoon fibre, about $\frac{1}{2000}$ of an inch in diameter, was therefore the most delicate thread known for small measurements. Although its torsion is much less than that of glass of the same thickness, still it was not constant, and this inconstancy was sufficient to vitiate delicate measurements.

Impressed with the fact that progress in science required a more accurate fibre for these delicate instruments, Mr. C. V. Boys began investigations which have led to an extremely simple process of manufacturing a very perfect torsion-thread.

The apparatus consists of a cross-bow and straw arrow with a needle-point. A fine rod of quartz, which has been drawn out in the oxyhydrogen jet, is attached to the tail of the arrow. The operator holds in his hand a similar rod of quartz. He draws the bow, places the two pieces of quartz against each other endwise, fuses the joining in the oxyhydrogen jet, and, while the quartz is still viscous, releases the bow and the arrow flies off, carrying after it a fine thread of quartz. In this way very long and delicate fibres can be made. Mr. Boys has had one in use the $\frac{1}{5000}$ of an inch in diameter. Dr. Royston Piggott has estimated some fibres made in this way at less than $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of an inch in diameter. Some idea of this extreme tenuity may be gathered from the fact that if a cylinder of quartz one inch long and one inch in diameter were drawn out to this degree of fineness, it would go around the world

658 times. These fibres are not affected by the weather as silk is, and do not show the fatigue of glass. Hence they are peculiarly adapted for use in the delicate measurements which must be made by the physicist.

MINOR NOTES.

From the *Scientific American* for August 17th we learn that there are at present, in the United States, more than 5650 central electric stations, and that the increase of capital invested in electrical industries during 1888 was nearly $70,000,000. These figures show the part electricity is playing in our everyday life.

Eiffel Tower.—The highest structure devoted to scientific investigations is the Eiffel Tower. On the highest gallery, which is less than six feet in diameter, and over nine hundred feet above the ground, Mr. Mascart presides over the meteorological station established there. The station is equipped with a registering thermometer and hygrometer, a psychrometer, and several maximum and minimum thermometers. One set of thermometers and hygrometers are constantly transmitting their readings electrically to the Arts Libéraux building, where they are recorded. Outside the gallery is a recording actinometer and rain-gauge, and sixty feet below is a large registering barometer. An anemometer with aluminium vanes, which moves under the slightest wind current, registers, by means of electrical contacts, the velocity of the wind, which is recorded on the ground-floor. These instruments, with many others, make a complete laboratory, which has been in working order for some time.

In the Chronicle of April last we wrote of a new metal, gnomium, which the German chemists, Krüss and Schmidt, found associated with cobalt and nickel. This discovery has not been allowed to pass unchallenged, and papers have appeared which tend to show that this new metal does not exist. Winkler, whose process Krüss and Schmidt were following, has carefully repeated his method with carefully purified chemicals, and, having found no trace of this new metal, calls in question the purity of the materials employed by the discoverers. Moreover, Dr. Fleitmann, using the method of Krüss and Schmidt for separating gnomium from nickel and cobalt, and using commercially pure metals, not only did not find the new element, but failed to obtain a sufficient amount of impurity to justify the assumption of its existence. He is of opinion that the oxide obtained is a complex mixture of the oxides of lead, zinc, arsenic, manganese, molybdenum, aluminium, chromium, etc., which occur as impurities in the metals used. This throws doubt on the existence of gnomium, and necessitates further inquiry.

Book Notices.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By *Wilfrid Ward*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

As a biographical sketch the book before us is a model of what such a work should be. It traces the personal history of its subject from early boyhood up to the turning point of his life, describing clearly his peculiar traits of character, his physical, intellectual, and moral characteristics, and the influences by which they were shaped and moulded in the course of their development. It contains, too, interesting accounts of the persons with whom Mr. Ward came into close contact during the fifteen years of his residence at the University of Oxford; among whom were some of England's brightest and most distinguished scholars and thinkers, such as Newman, Pusey, Stanley, Jowett, Archbishop Tait, Dalgairns, Oakeley, Faber, and others.

Yet though this alone is sufficient to make the work highly interesting and instructive, it constitutes its least claim upon the attention of intelligent and thoughtful readers. It is the only work we know of that in its fulness of details, definiteness of statement, transparent candor, and freedom from personal bias, even approaches in value, as a history of the Oxford Movement, Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*.

Indeed, the work before us may be properly regarded as a worthy supplement to the *Apologia*, furnishing much-needed information about a side of the movement (and a later phase of it) which the *Apologia* touches upon incidentally, lightly, and of which Mr. Ward was the chief representative and acknowledged leader.

The notice of the movement, so far as Cardinal Newman represented it, was chiefly historical. But in a few years there arose alongside of him another school of thought composed of persons who, as he says, were "of a cast of mind uncongenial to his own," and which, while "working towards the same end, swept the original party to the movement aside, and took its place."

Of this latter school of thought William George Ward was the most prominent leader, if not the founder. The motive power of this later school was primarily ethical and severely logical, as that of the older school, of which Newman was the acknowledged head, had been primarily historical. Of the manner and degree in which he personally surrendered himself to the influence of this younger school, Newman gives a full account, but neither he nor any one else, prior to the writer of the work before us, has given any clear or distinct description of the origin and aims of this later school, though it had a marked effect on the progress of the movement and on its relations to more recent religious controversy.

The volume before us supplies this want, and brings into public view one who, though lacking the qualities which gave Newman his immense influence, yet succeeded Newman as its typical representative during its later stages.

Independently, too, of Mr. Ward's position with respect to the movement itself, his influence at Oxford was very great. His style of writing, especially in his early days, is described by himself as "dry, harsh, and repulsive," yet, according to universal testimony, his conversation

was vivacious, entertaining, brilliant, and at times highly dramatic. Then, too, his marked freedom from even the slightest trace of personal vanity and assumption, his frankness, sincerity, outspoken candor and logical consistency won for him the friendship and warm esteem of men of opposite schools of thought, and differing as widely, as respects opinions, positions, and surrounding circumstances, as Pusey, Professor Jowett, Newman, Stanley, Oakeley, Archbishop Tait, Lord Coleridge, Tennyson, and John S. Mill.

Mr. Ward's intellectual movement towards the Catholic Church might seem at first to be tortuous and disconnected, yet in reality it was not so. He was at first attracted by the writings of Bentham and Mill. Their clearness and desire for reform gave them a strong hold upon him. They led him, too, to see the inconsistency of Anglicanism. Then Arnold's ethical earnestness took strong hold of him. But he soon found that Arnoldism halted and stopped short in several respects. It professed to base all its dogmatic beliefs on the principle of free critical inquiry. But this principle, Mr. Ward soon saw, would lead to skepticism if consistently carried out. Again, Arnoldism strove to keep the supernatural at a distance. It tolerated the mysteries which do not, as it were, force themselves on practical life, but it spurned those which challenge constant and immediate attention—the protecting office of angels, the mysterious gifts of the priesthood, the divine grace of the sacraments. Then, after this, the ideas of Hurrell Froude, Keble and Newman attracted his attention. The deep religious earnestness and evident sincerity of Newman took strong hold upon him; the rejection by Newman and still bolder rejection by Froude of the old lifeless conservatism started his thoughts in a new direction. His sense of the utter delusiveness of the principle of "private judgment" led him to the conviction that the true sense of Scripture is handed down in the Church, from age to age, by tradition. Other kindred ideas led him still further onward, and, in 1838, Mr. Ward openly avowed his adherence to the party of which Newman was the representative. About the same time a number of other very able men joined the party. Most prominent among these were Oakeley, Faber, Dalgairns, Brande, Morris and Seager. Cardinal Manning speaks of this accession and of its relation to the movement as follows: "A new school of thought was rising, as is usual in doctrinal inquiries, and was sweeping the original party of the movement aside and was taking its place." It consisted of "eager, acute, resolute minds," who had heard much of Rome, had cut into the original movement at an angle, and then set about turning it in a new direction.

We cannot follow the author any further in the history of the movement and Mr. Ward's connection with it, but refer our readers to the work itself. They will find it almost invaluable to a clear and full understanding of the Oxford Movement, and its relations to the opposing schools of thought in England, both to those which tended "Romewards" and to those which find their logical outcome in rationalism and skepticism. It contains, too, numerous graphic descriptions of the intellectual and moral characteristics of some of England's greatest scholars and thinkers, and of the part they took for or against the movement during the different stages of its progress and at the period of its collapse.

The story of the "condemnation of Mr. Ward" by the Convocation is told with almost dramatic effect. The last chapter of the work consists of a very able discussion of the relation of the Oxford Movement to modern religious thought. Following this chapter are nine

appendices, containing extracts from Mr. Ward's writings and letters, and other documents from Archbishop Tait, Professor Jowett, Dean Stanley, the Dean of Norwich, and others whose ideas were entirely opposed to those of Mr. Ward, but who give their personal recollections of him, and speak of him in terms of high admiration and warm esteem.

Tennyson has written of him the following memorial lines:

> FAREWELL, whose living like I shall not find—
> Whose faith and work were bells of full accord,—
> My friend, thou most unworldly of mankind,
> Most generous of Ultramontanes, Ward!
> How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!
> How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

AUTHORITY; OR, A PLAIN REASON FOR JOINING THE CHURCH OF ROME. By *Luke Rivington, M.A.*, Magdalen College, Oxford. Fifth edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

WHAT ARE THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS. By *Rev. Austin Richardson*, late Professor of the Institut St. Louis, Brussels. With an Introductory Essay, by the *Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A.*, Magdalen College, Oxford, author of "Authority," "Dust," etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

DEPENDENCE; OR, THE INSECURITY OF THE ANGLICAN POSITION. By the *Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A.*, Magdalen College, Oxford, author of "Authority" and "Dust." New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

What is commonly known as the "Tractarian Movement" in the "Established Church of England," fifty years ago, is still bearing its mixed fruits of good and of evil. In one direction it was instrumental in producing the conversion to the true faith of men of such highly gifted intellects and single-minded hearts as Newman, Manning, Ward, Faber, Oakeley, Wilberforce, Dalgairns, Northcote, Lockhart and others.

On the other hand, by bringing plainly into view the logical, historical and doctrinal inconsistencies and self-contradictions of Protestantism, it furnished an occasion, and, to some extent, an actively impelling cause, to others to become pure skeptics and rationalists.

It had a powerful effect, too, and the effect still continues as an operative force, on minds less logical than those of the two other classes we have mentioned, of causing a number of persons to change their mode of thought and action whilst remaining members of the Established Anglican Church, so that from being, as formerly, inactive "high and dry churchmen," they became active in their efforts to imitate Catholic religious services, and to inculcate belief in many distinctive Catholic doctrines, particularly those which refer to the Sacraments. Though, as we believe, they disclaim the name, public opinion has correctly styled them "Ritualists," owing to their closely patterning after the ceremonies prescribed in the ritual of the Catholic Church. But, from time to time, the inconsistency of thus adopting ceremonies (all of which are full of profound spiritual significance), and of believing and inculcating doctrines which have their full and true meaning only in their relation to the Church which authoritatively teaches them, become evident to persons of single minds and sincere hearts among these "High Churchmen" and "Ritualists." Following out faithfully this true suggestion, and corresponding with the grace that is given to them, they find their way, after more or less hesitation and struggling, into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church.

This was the case with the learned and highly gifted writer of the

works before us. He was known in the Anglican sect, of which he was an adherent, as a learned scholar and an earnest Christian. He devoted himself to missionary life in India. While there he became involved in controversy (five years ago) with one of the Catholic bishops in India—Right Rev. Bishop Meurin, S.J. His whole contradiction of the Catholic Bishop's argument was based on a passage from St. Chrysostom's writings as *translated in the "Library of the Fathers"* edited by the late Dr. Pusey. He afterwards discovered that it was a *mis*-translation. In it an assumed meaning was given to the text which the text itself did not warrant. The assumption was that a certain pronoun referred to a particular person, and *the person's name was substituted for the pronoun, without a word of note or comment. A sentence, too, was also transposed, and this transposition made the substitution plausible.*

This discovery, which Mr. Rivington made with chagrin and horror, led to further investigation of the writings of the early Church Fathers as preserved in the languages in which they originally wrote. The study of those Fathers, and of truths that came into his mind while studying them, brought him to the conviction that Peter was, by Divine appointment, the Primate of the Apostolic College, the visible Head of the Church, and that the Holy Roman Pontiffs are his official successors, and the centre and source of all ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction.

Accordingly, Mr. Rivington applied for admission, and was received, into the Catholic Church. His conversion was a severe blow to members of the Anglican Establishment. Nor did he escape the usual lot of converts—that of having his motives and reasons misrepresented and maligned. By way of reply, he published the first mentioned of the books, the titles of which we have given above. Its scope is summed up by himself in the following words:

"If," as St. Jerome says, "one is chosen in the time of the Apostles in order that a head being established occasion of schism may be taken away, how much more now for the same reason must there be a chief in the church? The fold of our Lord is to last till the consummation of the world, visible unity; the unity of external government must remain in it, and nobody has authority to change the administration save our Lord, who established it."

To this work a number of replies were attempted, which evaded the real question and strove to becloud and confuse by irrelevant statements. These Mr. Rivington answered and exposed in a pamphlet entitled "Dust."

Meanwhile one of these attempted replies, which, though evading the real point, embodied much seeming learning, was taken up at Mr. Rivington's request, and refuted by the Rev. Austin Richardson, late professor of the "Institut St. Louis," Brussels. This, with a brief "Introductory Essay" by Mr. Rivington, forms the second of the works at the head of this notice. It sets forth twelve claims which the Church makes. The first is, "That our Divine Lord founded *on earth* a divine society, a kingdom which was to remain *as He founded it*, unto the end of the world." The subsequently stated claims refer to the visibility and unity of this society or kingdom, to the necessity of its having a divinely appointed, visible *human* head; that St. Peter was such a divinely appointed head; that the Roman Pontiff is "the true successor of St. Peter, and the chief or head of the Catholic Church; that *that* unity which all the Fathers pointed out to heretics as the *evident* and *unanswerable* mark of the true Church, is an *essential* and *abiding* mark of the Church *in all ages unto the end of time*"; and that this Apostolic and

Patristic unity exists *evidently and clearly to the whole world*, in the one Catholic, Apostolic and Roman communion, and *in her alone*.

These undeniable claims are set forth and proved clearly and briefly and unanswerably in successive chapters. Following these chapters are three very interesting concluding chapters, treating respectively on the "Nature of Schism," on "Anglican Ordinations," and on "Anglican Orthodoxy."

Soon after this, Mr. Rivington, in the third of the volumes we have mentioned above, "carried the war into the enemy's country," by proving by a careful examination of Scripture and of history the incontestability of the Catholic claims, and the utter untenableness of the Anglican contentions and pretentions. The chapters clearing up the existing obscurity and confusion respecting the disputed orthodoxy of Liberius and Honorius, and refuting the charges brought against Pope Alexander VI., are models of concise, lucid statement. The chapters following, respecting "Henry VIII., the Ecclesiastical Politician"; "Elizabeth and Her Clergy," "The Decline of Dogma"—in the Anglican Establishment, "Pusey and Laud," and "The Lincoln Persecution," are also very interesting.

The entire series of volumes is a valuable contribution to existing literature on the subject on which they treat.

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THE SWISS CONFEDERATION. By *Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, K.C.M.G., C.B.*, and *C. D. Cunningham*. With a map. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

We hope it is a sign of good omen that the comparative study of federal government has of late become fashionable with Englishmen. It is not long since we had occasion to notice Professor Bryce's work on the United States; and now the nearest European pattern to our system of government is dealt with and explained in detail by two co-operating writers, one of whom, at least, has had the opportunity of studying his subject on the spot, for Sir F. O. Adams was formerly the English Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Bern, the capital of the Swiss Confederation.

The work opens with a historical sketch that is by no means satisfactory, being too meagre, even in comparison with the other chapters, several of which, though, are far more thorough than the corresponding ones in Professor Bryce's work. True, the story is distinctly divided into seven phases of growth and development, namely: the original league of the three communities in 1291; the confederation of the eight cantons in 1353; that of the thirteen cantons of 1513 (with their dependent territories of Thorgau, Aargau, etc., and their allied republics of Geneva, the Grisons, etc.); the Helvetic Republic of 1798; Bonaparte's Act of Mediation, recognizing nineteen cantons, of 1803; the Federal Pact of 1815; and the Federal Constitution of 1848, with its revision of 1874. But the original relation of the cantons to the German empire is nowhere set forth, nor is it explained how what was at first only a revolt against the Archduke of Austria led to complete severance from that loosely bound confederation of Teutonic feudal lords entitled only by courtesy to the name of empire.

But the exposition of the present Swiss Constitution could not well be clearer. Like our own national framework, it is based on a double sovereignty, federal and cantonal; the union and each of its component parts have separate legislatures, having much the same competence as our own; to the upper branch of the former, known as the Council of

the States, each canton sends two members; to the lower, the National Council, members in proportion to its population. There is a president and a vice-president; but the president is vested with scarcely a shadow of that of the United States—he is practically only a chairman of a committee and serves but a short time, there being four presidents in a legislative term of three years. He is chosen by both branches of the federal assembly voting together. They also choose for him his cabinet, called the Federal Council, consisting of seven members. An important check on legislation is the Referendum, giving to the people the veto power in case fifty thousand voters ask for it. Perhaps it would do no harm to introduce this plan into the United States.

All these matters, and others, are treated in separate chapters, the second dealing with the constitution in general; the third with the federal assembly; the fourth with the federal council; the fifth with the federal tribunals and administration of justice; the sixth with the referendum and initiative; and the eighth with political parties. Other chapters give details of the communes or townships, the cantons and cantonal tribunals, the army, religion, education, agriculture, commerce, socialists and anarchists, capital punishment, international unions, etc. In the last chapter but one is traced an instructive and accurate comparison between the Swiss and United States political institutions, while topics of general reference are taken up in the concluding chapter.

Among these the authors set forth "growing religious toleration," signs of which they see in the probable appointment of a Roman Catholic to a place in the executive council for the first time, in the recent election of Herr Zemp as vice-president of the national council, being the first thus chosen since the adoption of the Constitution of 1848, and in the "curious fact that, in 1887, three Roman Catholics, all from the canton of Luzern, were, at the same time, presidents of the two chambers and the Federal Tribunal." But they fail to censure with proper severity, though they allude to it occasionally, the bitter persecution to which Catholics have been subjected, especially since 1848, and the disabilities from which many Catholics suffer even at the present time. But how can they reconcile with the statement that full religious liberty exists, the fact that certain religious orders are forbidden by law from having habitations in the country, that even individual members of these religious orders cannot enter Swiss territory, that no new religious orders can be established, nor even additional communities of those orders that are tolerated. Messrs. Adams and Cunningham do not explain these points, though they set forth, sometimes with mild censure, individual acts of persecution, like the giving over of the Chatholic church of Bern to a mere handful of "Old Catholics." Proportionally, too much space is given to the "Reformation," whose political character is entirely ignored; but we discern a negative disapproval of Zwingli's propensity for war, by which he deservedly perished.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY DEPOSED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH. With Fuller Notices of Its Last Two Survivors. By the *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.*, and the late *Rev. T. F. Knox, D.D.*, of the London Oratory. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.

In these busy days of material inventions and scientific research, it is refreshing to meet with such a work as Father Bridgett has given us. For this is a selfish age, and in the onward rush, each one eager to outstrip his neighbor, the world soon ceases to think of those who have been called away from life's arena. In Father Bridgett's work we have an exception to the rule. Turning aside from more alluring paths, he has set

for himself the task—devoting to its performance much time and continuous painstaking labor—of doing justice to the memory of men who have been foully wronged by the pen of the historian.

His was no easy task. Obstacles of every kind opposed him. The work of the literary forger was aided and strengthened by the well-intentioned, yet nevertheless erroneous, statements of friends.

But for Father Bridgett, the memory of those noble bishops of the Church who suffered so much and so long for the faith in the time of England's Elizabeth, formerly styled "Good Queen Bess," but now that her real character is becoming more clearly known, infamous alike for her hypocrisy and her cruelty—would have gone down to posterity unhonored and defamed. Both designedly and inadvertently, great wrong has hitherto been done them. Even the usually careful and correct Lingard has unintentionally aided in the vile work. Trusting to unreliable authorities, and employing data whose source ought to have provoked suspicion, Catholic writers have not only not done those noble confessors of the faith full justice, but have greatly misrepresented them and done them positive injustice; whilst English Protestant writers have systematically conspired to defame them.

In order to conceal the hardness of Elizabeth's heart, and the unscrupulousness of her nature, they have sought, and in a great measure with success, to place those men before posterity, not as the victims of religious bigotry and hatred, which in fact they were, but as enemies of the State, men guilty of grave offences, as traitors and conspirators. In every possible way they have minimized the story of their sufferings. Heath, Bishop of York; Thurlow, Bishop of Ely; Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, and those other faithful Catholic bishops who lingered for years in English prisons, dishonest historians would have the world believe had no wrong done them, and were treated not only with leniency, but with extreme and unmerited kindness.

But though truth is proverbially slow in overtaking falsehood, sooner or later she overtakes and puts it to shame. Thanks to the laborious examination of original documents that have only recently been brought to light, and to opening to individual research and study by the English Government of State papers, which, until a few years ago, were hidden away in secret recesses, and carefully kept from examination, much material of great value for correcting misrepresentations, exposing falsehood, and bringing the truth to light, has been availed of.

Of these materials Father Bridgett has taken advantage, and in his work has thoroughly exposed the misrepresentations, currently believed, of those who so foully wrong these holy men. He tells the true story of their sufferings. His narrative is so well sustained, so clearly and palpably honest, that, on reading it one cannot repress a feeling of most intense indignation towards the men who dared to defame those noble and heroic Catholic bishops.

They suffered, not because they had sinned against the State, for no crime could be laid at their door, but because they were loyal to the visible head of the Church in Rome, and refused to acknowledge Elizabeth's impious pretensions to being the supreme spiritual head of the Church in England.

Clearly and beyond all shadow of a doubt Father Bridgett shows this. Unquestionably his book will do great good. Animated by the true story of the trials and sufferings of those heroic bishops, its readers will be led to love their faith with warmer love, and to stand by it more firmly.

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC. By *Daniel R. Goodloe.* Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The title hardly does full justice to the character and scope of this volume. It is really a genesis, and, though not a perfect model of typographical elegance and accuracy, is a very useful compilation, not only for those who have not the original sources of our revolutionary history within their reach, but even for the scholar himself. A compilation for the most part it is, there being comparatively little original composition in it, and this, too, the least valuable part of the work, in which the author hazards opinions that will scarcely bear investigation. For instance, in closing his introduction, he says: "America made a successful rebellion at a time when the population was not above three millions. How idle the notion, then, that Great Britain could continue long to rule these colonies, inhabited by a free, energetic race, which doubles in numbers four times in a century!" Now, it is almost universally admitted that without the aid of France the American rebellion would have been unsuccessful, and it is far from likely that the population would have increased as rapidly in British colonies as it has done in a free country, whose resources would not have been developed as rapidly in the former condition.

But the quotations so skilfully arranged by Mr. Goodloe tell a most interesting and instructive story. They are "compiled from the national and colonial histories and historical collections, from the American archives and from memoirs, and from the journals and proceedings of the British Parliament," and contain "the resolutions, declarations, and addresses adopted by the Continental Congress, the provincial congresses, conventions and assemblies, of the county and town meetings, and the committees of safety, in all the colonies, from the year 1765 to 1776; to which is added the Articles of Confederation, a history of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, the election of President Washington, his inauguration April 30, 1789, a copy of the Constitution, and Washington's inaugural speech." Such is the scope of a book that gives us a pretty clear insight into the origin of our independence and greatness. And it is a good work as far as it goes; but it passes over two important points essential to a full understanding of the subject; namely, the religious and anti-Catholic character of the Revolution in its early stage, and the French alliance.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By *Henry Cabot Lodge.* In two volumes. (American statesmen series.) Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The unique position occupied by Washington among the world's military and political heroes is certainly something for Americans to be proud of; for not only did he achieve independence for America, and take a large part in securing a stable government for the new country, but he has compelled praise and honor even from his and its enemies, from the whole world, in fact; and this because he won the far greater victory of conquering himself, in which respect he stands alone among the world's heroes, outside of the religious life. This much we must admit, even though it be true that the George Washington of history, with whom all his biographers and historians have made us familiar, is an idealized personage. Of him as a man we know little, almost nothing. Even Professor McMaster's lifting of the veil reveals to us not very much of his inner life, but it is probably nearly all that we will ever know, for the "father of his country" was always severely reticent about himself, and to his contemporaries the glory of his public deeds ever diverted

attention from his social characteristics and his conduct as a mere man. The present biographer and historian tries to combine both phases, and he succeeds as well as the circumstances will permit, though he is a little of a hero-worshipper without intending it; but if ever hero-worship was excusable, it certainly is so in the case of Washington. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lodge's work will take rank as a standard, and be to its hero, at least, a more graceful tribute than "the mighty cairn which the nation and the states have raised to his memory." Apropos of this monument that adorns (?) the capital that bears the name of the nation's hero, we notice a peculiar omission by Mr. Lodge. For it, he says, "stones have come from Greece, sending a fragment of the Parthenon; from Brazil and Switzerland, Turkey and Japan, Siam and India beyond the Ganges," and even from China. Why does he say nothing of the stone sent by the Pope from Rome, and consigned to an unknown part of the Potomac's bed by religious fanatics, whose ancestors probably fought against Washington while their Catholic fellow-countrymen were risking their all on behalf of the patriotic cause? He also thinks it not worth his while, we suppose, to notice the friendly relations existing between Washington and the representative American Catholics of his time, and his answer to their congratulatory address to him as President.

INSTITUTIONES LOGICALES SECUNDUM PRINCIPIA S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS AD USUM SCHOLASTICUM accommodavit *Tilmannus Pesch, S. J.* Pars I., Summa Præceptorum Logicæ; Pars II., Logica Major. Volumen I., Complectens Logicam Criticam et Formalem. Friburgi Brisgoviæ: Sumptibus Herder. (The same house, St. Louis, Mo.)

These two portly volumes belong to the series known as the "Philosophia Lacensis"; so called from the celebrated Jesuite establishment of Maria Lach. Begun, in 1880, with the "Institutiones Philosophiæ Naturalis," and continued in 1885 with the "Institutiones Juris Naturalis," the work has been delayed by the religious persecution in Germany and the ill-health of some of the writers; and, indeed, the editor of the present volumes dates his preface from Blijenbeck, in Holland. Lovers of scholastic lore should pray that no further troubles will delay the completion of the work, which is most valuable for reference. It is also well adapted for use as a class-book, the essential parts to be studied first being printed in large type, and the portions to be consulted only by the beginner and studied by the ripe scholar, in smaller letter. Copious and exact references to the authorities are given in footnotes. Each volume is also provided with a general or summarized index, and a special or analytical one.

The whole work is divided into two parts and five books. The first book containing a detailed history and a summary of the precepts of logic, and the second a sketch of the plan of scholastic logic. These two subdivisons fill a volume of well on to 600 closely-printed octavo pages, and the second volume, which is even larger, is taken up entirely with critical and formal logic. A third volume will be devoted to real or conceptual logic, embracing questions of ontology. As giving an idea of the thoroughness and scope of the work, we may point out that the historical chapter in the first volume fills over 75 pages, and the introductory disquisition in the second, 54 pages. Other chapters give even a fuller development of their particular themes.

A work on scholastic philosophy is herein given to the public that must naturally at once assume the position of a standard, both as a text-book and a work of reference.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF JESUS AND MARY. Meditations for the Feasts of Our Saviour and of His Blessed Mother. By *Thomas Carre*, Priest of the English College at Doway. Printed at Paris, A.D. 1658 and 1665. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns and Oates. 1889.

This is a volume of a series of "Old English Ascetic Books," edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. The real name of the author of the work before us was Miles Pinkney. When he went to Doway College, he assumed the name Thomas Carr or Carre, by which he was afterwards known.

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1625, and for nine years discharged the duties of procurator of the college to the satisfaction of all connected with the institution. He was then appointed chaplain and spiritual director of the Convent of Our Lady of Sion, a community of English ladies in Paris. For forty consecutive years Father Carre devoted himself assiduously to his charge, and also rendered valuable assistance, both pecuniary and spiritual, to the many English refugees and exiles who flocked to France during the disastrous times of the English Commonwealth. Father Carre was a prolific writer. The preface to the book before us gives a list of sixteen of his published works on various religious subjects. The volume we are noticing contains a selection from the meditations contained in the original work, and is confined to those which treat of the chief feasts of our Divine Lord and our Blessed Lady. The editor is of the opinion that a companion volume might well be compiled from other parts of the work, and styled "Sweet Thoughts of the Passion and Eucharist."

The meditations in the present volume are very brief, pointed, practical, and animated by a spirit of profound devotion. They furnish profitable and edifying reading to the laity as well as to religious.

KANT'S CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY FOR ENGLISH READERS. In two volumes. Vol. I., The Kritik of Pure Reason; Vol. II., Prolegomena to any Future Metaphysics. By *John P. Mahaffy, D.D.*, and *John Bernard, D.D.*, Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. A new and complete edition. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

If all that has been written, both in commendation and condemnation, of Kant's system of philosophy, were collected and given to the world in book-form, it would fill many a volume. The work before us is a new and completed edition of his Critical Philosophy.

In a book notice, necessarily restricted as to its limits, it would be out of place to attempt a digest, or an analytical examination, of the work. Suffice it to say that Kant's ground is untenable. Like Descartes, he builds up a system of knowledge, beginning *a priori*, and, rejecting all previously admitted principles, together with the conclusions derived from them. In his "Criticism of Pure Reason" he endeavors to show how reason "as pure," that is, entirely independent of experience from without the mind, produces its own ideas, and, by virtue of this, the principles of knowing objects when presented to the mind.

This theory of Kant has been the battle-ground of many a learned and skilfully conducted controversy between men of powerful and acute intellects. But the theory is clearly wrong. For none but the Divine uncreated Intellect can be the source and cause of its own knowledge. That Kant was a great man, all must acknowledge. His works bear testimony to his mighty intellect. But, with all his greatness, cannot be more than a negative help to science.

The volumes before us are neatly bound; the paper and type are excellent. The editors, so far as we have observed, have done their work well.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT, with a sketch of Irish Parties from 1843, with an addition containing a full account of the great trial instigated by the London *Times*, and giving a complete history of the Home Rule struggle from its inception to the suicide of Pigott. By *T. P. O'Connor, M.P.* Authorized version. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1889.

We have copied the entire title page of this latest authorized edition of Mr. O'Connor's book, so that its scope can be seen at a glance; and its added pages, of which there are one hundred and fifty, justify the promise here held out. The reserve made in regard to several passages in the earlier edition, doing seeming injustice to certain Irish statesmen and politicians, applies to this edition as well; but with this reserve, the book is most valuable to students of recent and contemporary Irish history. The style is bright and terse, and the pen-pictures of men and events graphic and clear. There are four additional chapters in this volume, and they embrace all the leading events in Irish history, from the year 1880 until the wretched Pigott's disappearance. The subject of the first of these, the thirteenth of the whole work, is the Tory-Parnell combination; of the second, the Home Rule struggle; of the third, the Parliament of broken pledges; and of the fourth, the régime of brutality which is still in force. A copious index increases the size of the volume to almost seven hundred pages.

MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS. By *Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D, F.R.S., F.G.S.* New York: Harper and Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B Lippincott Co. 1889.

The author of this work is already well known for his contributions to the literature of science, especially by his "Story of the Earth and Man" and "Origin of the World." Though the motive of his latest book was, as he tells us, a desire "to share with others the pleasure and profit of a tour in Italy, Egypt and Syria," yet the result redounds to the pleasure of all who can read profitably the higher order of books of travel; for "it was his special aim to study such points in the geology and physical features of those countries as might throw light on their ancient history, and especially on the history of the sacred Scriptures." He also makes use of his experience as a geologist "to elucidate some difficult geological and historical questions, and to present to the reader, whether geological or non-geological, intelligible and, it may be, novel ideas as to the structure and history of the countries referred to." But it must not be understood that the present work is intended to discuss general questions bearing on the relation of the Bible to science; yet it is here clearly shown that the Biblical writers, in their references to nature, as it existed around them, were pre-eminently truthful.

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH; OR, THE FACT AND THE WORD. By the *Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C.P.* Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the "Ave Maria."

The author does not pretend to much originality in these pages, as he says he borrowed the idea of short cuts and tunnels from a passage of Father Fidelis's (James Kent Stone) "Invitation Heeded." This present volume, too, is a development of a Sunday evening lecture delivered in St. Louis six or seven years ago, and owes its actual shape to the suggestion and encouragement of Archbishop Ryan, then coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick.

In this work of controversy Father Hill writes for all those outside the communion of Rome who believe in the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Four Gospels; and to these his intention is to show a

short cut to the truth which, had any one pointed it out to himself, would have saved him a circuitous journey. Four mountains of difficulty are to be tunneled, these being Papal supremacy, transubstantiation, auricular confession, and the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin. By his straight-forward treatment and cogent reasoning he has compiled a most useful manual for those in search of the truth about the points discussed.

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THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. By *Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S.J.* Freely translated and adapted, by *Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B.* Fr. Pustet & Co.: New York and Cincinnati. 1889.

Though bulky, and composed entirely of strictly spiritual reading, this work, to those who peruse it, and especially those for whom it is intended, will be found not only profitable, but decidedly entertaining. The work is subdivided into four books, of which the first, containing forty-one short chapters, is entitled "The Return"; the second, "Confirmation in Good," subdivided into forty-five chapters; the third, "Progress," has fifty-one; and the fourth, "Consummation," contains thirty-five chapters. Each chapter is a separate subject for fruitful meditation and deserves to be pondered well. The process of development adopted by the author supposes that "a young man has yielded to temptation; he has sinned more or less grievously . . . He is reminded of his final aim and end . . . He is shown how precious is the season of youth . . . He is encouraged to take steps toward reconciliation . . . A saving sacrament is pointed out to him . . . He is advised to approach it; and behold!—the dead young man arises from the grave!" Beyond this, he is constantly reminded that "final perseverance is granted only to persevering prayer."

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INTRODUCTIO IN CORPUS JURIS CANONICI. Cum appendice Brevem Introductionem in Corpus Juris Civilis Continente. Exaravit *Dr. Franciscus Laurin.* Friburgi Brisgoviæ et Vindobonæ: Sumptibus Herder. MDCCCLXXXIX. (Same house, St. Louis, U. S. A.)

Here is presented a clear statement, in a concise text, with ample foot notes, of the elementary and fundamental principles of canon law, arranged so methodically as to be admirably adapted for use by those for whom they are intended, namely, students preparing for the priesthood. In an introductory chapter the subject is defined and the plan of arrangement set forth. The first part of the work proper, in eight chapters, discusses Gratian's decree; the second deals with the various collections of decretals, and this part is divided into six sections; and the third sets forth the body of canon law. In an appendix, of about a hundred and fifty pages, there is given a concise summary of the civil law of the Roman empire. The style is clear and simple, so as to be easily intelligible to any student.

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THOMAE À KEMPIS DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI Libri Quatuor. Textus edidit, considerationes ad cujusque libri singula capita ex ceteris ejusdem Thomae à Kempis opusculis collegit et adjecit Hermannus Gerlach. Opus posthumum. Cum approbatione Archiepiscopi Friburgensis. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder. MDCCCLXXXIX. (Also same house, St. Louis, U. S. A.)

The learned doctor of sacred lore and canon of the Cathedral of Limburg, whose name appears as editor of this little work, and who unfortunately did not live to see it published, spent several years in the compilation of the notes that he has added to the immortal text that is now familiar to every Catholic reader, and to multitudes of Christians who are not Catholics. The text given here is that of Rosweyde's edi-

tion of 1626, and the additional considerations which are added after each chapter are taken from others of Thomas à Kempis's works. These are really important illustrations, and greatly enhance the book's value. We would like to see a well executed version in English of this annotated and handsomely printed edition.

SEVEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. A complete Hand-Book of Difficulties in English Pronunciation, Including an Unusually Large Number of Proper Names and Words and Phrases from Foreign Languages. By *William Henry P. Phyfe.* New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. Received from and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

There is no more obvious test of general culture than pronunciation of a spoken language. The moment the words of a speaker fall upon the ear of his hearers, an impression is made that is favorable or the reverse as to his culture. Even in a speaker of recognized ability, mispronunciations create the suspicion that his early, if not his later, education has been deficient in polish, or that he has not been accustomed to the society of refined people. These and other considerations make it highly important that every one should endeavor to acquire correct pronunciation, and avoid the mistakes which he hears constantly made by persons with whom he associates or is brought into contact.

The author of the work before us is a gentleman who has made the subject of correct pronunciation a special study, and who is thoroughly competent to treat it properly. The words contained in this volume are so numerous that they comprise almost all that are commonly mispronounced. In giving their correct pronunciation the author has followed the highest authorities on the subject. In addition to the list of words, the preliminary papers on the sounds of the English language, both native and adopted, and kindred topics, are valuable.

MORES CATHOLICI; OR, AGES OF FAITH. By *Kenelm H. Digby.* Vol. II. Containing Books V. and VI. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 1889.

On the reception of the first volume of Mr. O'Shea's new edition of this incomparable work, we spoke of it in terms of high praise and at considerable length. The second volume, though received a few months ago, inadvertently escaped our attention until just now, when, through the last pages of the REVIEW being on the eve of going to press, we have neither time to prepare nor room to insert other than a very brief notice.

The volume now before us treats of the fourth of the "Beatitudes,"—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice." Like the preceding volume, it is a rich storehouse of erudition, ancient and modern; of lofty, ennobling and edifying thoughts, laborious and carefully gathered from the writings of the sages of antiquity, from the poets, historians and philosophers of all ages, the writings of the Christian Fathers, and from the treasures of wisdom contained in the sacred Scriptures. All these, so arranged as to throw a clear light upon the subjects treated, are illumined with the writer's own lofty imagination, and expressed in language of the highest beauty.

The work should have a place in the library of every clergyman, and in the home of every intelligent Catholic layman.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Francis T. Furey, A.M.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1889.

In a previous number of the REVIEW we briefly noticed this work from proofs received in advance of its publication. We now re-express the

favorable opinion we then formed of it. Its method, style and contents are excellently well adapted to what should characterize a text-book, and the author has evidently carefully studied his subject. That subject, too, is one of high importance, and yet one to which, up to this time, very little attention has been paid in schools and colleges. We hope the work will be generally introduced into Catholic parochial schools, seminaries and colleges.

LIFE OF ST. BONAVENTURE, CARDINAL BISHOP OF ALBANO, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER. Translated by *L. C. Skey*. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The name of the author of this biography of the seraphic doctor is not revealed, most probably by reason of humility; but we should like to know to whom to attribute the story as here told of the career of John, son of John Fidenza and his wife, Mary Ritellis. It is a model biography in brief compass, a narrative that lets the facts speak for themselves and the Saint make known his devotion in his own words. Though apparently very close to the original, the translation is more than fairly well done.

CHURCH HISTORY. By *Professor Kurtz*. Authorized translation from the latest revised edition, by the *Rev. John Macpherson, M.A.* In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1889.

The author's decidedly Protestant bias is shown more plainly in this volume than in the first. He of course justifies the "Reformation," with all of its social and political horrors and filth. The old exaggerated story of corruptions in the Church are dwelt upon in order to excuse the revolt, and the silly remedy is advocated of cutting off the head in order to cure the body. This part of the work is a libel on the times, a travesty of history as it should be written.

GERMANY'S DEBT TO IRELAND. By *Rev. William Stang, D.D.* New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1889.

American Catholics owe Rev. Dr. Stang a deep debt of gratitude for his fruitful labors in the field of history; and especially those of German and Irish origin for his present little pamphlet, in which he sketches the labors of Irish missionaries among the Teutons in the early Middle Ages. It is unnecessary to assure our readers that he has performed his self-imposed task, which to him must have been a labor of love, both carefully and satisfactorily.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1890. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The variety of subjects contained in this year's issue of the standard "Annual" is rich, and most interesting and timely as well. Besides correct calendars, there are many illusterated historical and biographical sketches, among the latter being memoirs of the late P. V. Hickey, Rev. Father Hecher, and the lamented editor of this REVIEW, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, D.D. The book is a manual of information which no intelligent family can well do without.

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